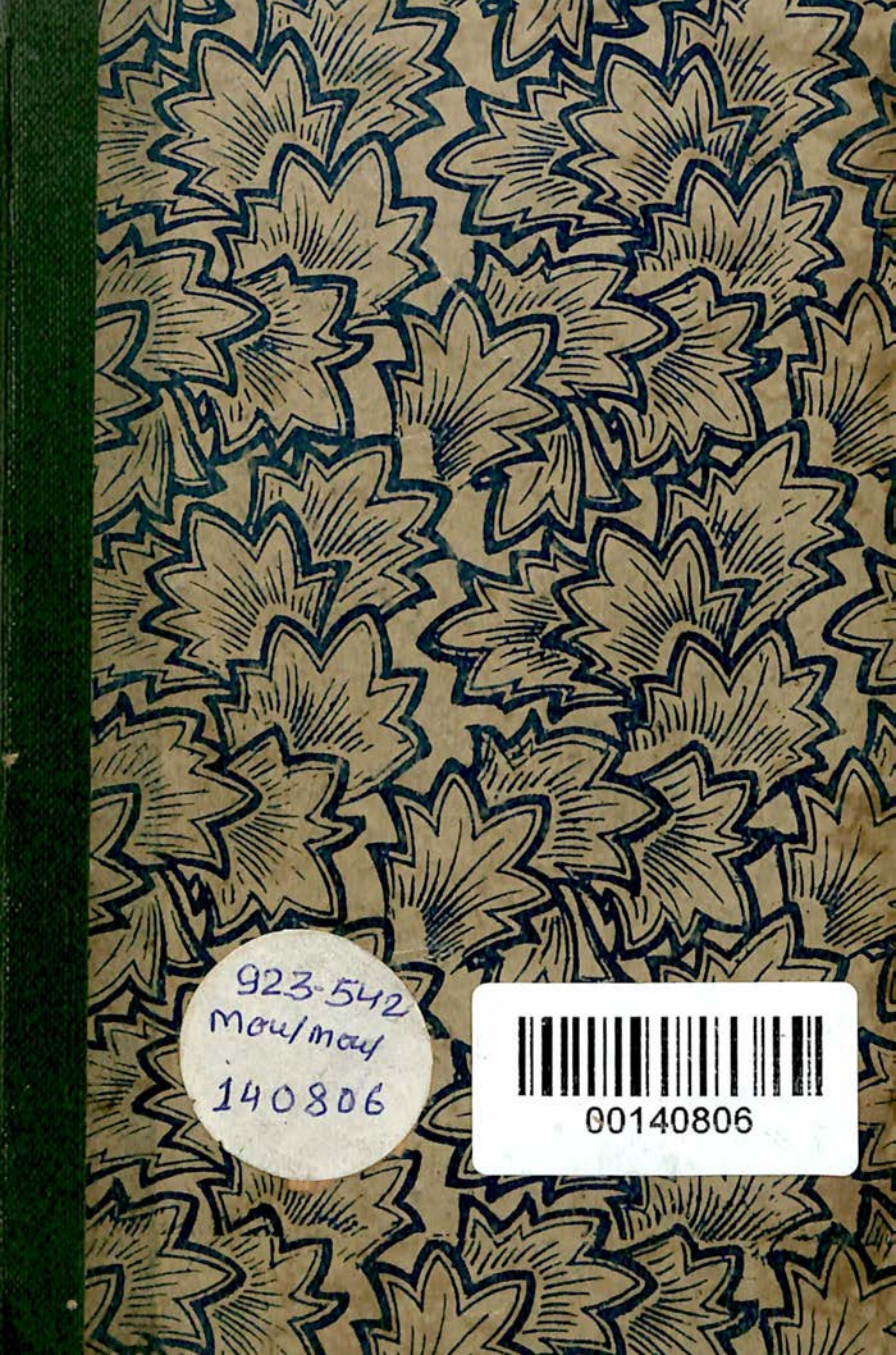
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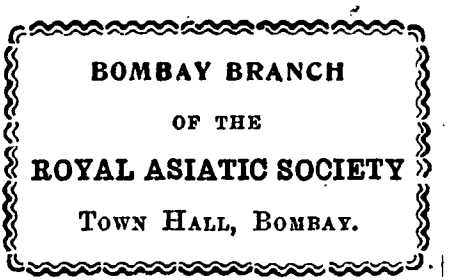

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James H. Mountain

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

OF THE LATE

COLONEL ARMINE S. H. MOUNTAIN, C.B.

AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN

AND

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA.

EDITED BY

MRS. ARMINE S. H. MOUNTAIN.

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LONDON:

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1857.

140806

TO

THE BRITISH ARMY

THIS MEMOIR

OF A BROTHER SOLDIER

WHO ARDENTLY LOVED HIS PROFESSION

AND HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS

Is Dedicated,

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM,

BY

THE EDITOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 62. for "2nd regiment" read "52nd regiment."
139. line 9. from bottom, for "Roona" read "Poona."
151. line 6. for "rial" read "trial."

MEMOIRS, LETTERS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

ARMINE SIMCOE HENRY MOUNTAIN, the fifth son of Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, was born in Quebec on the 4th of February, 1797, in a house in St. Louis Street, which had previously been occupied by Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria.

Bishop Mountain was descended from a French Protestant family, who took refuge in England upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (the name having been originally Montaigne, and of the same family as the celebrated Essayist), and became possessed of a moderate landed property, the estate of Thwaite Hall, in Norfolk. He married Miss Eliza Mildred Wale Kentish, co-heiress of Little Bardfield Hall in the county of Essex, a property that had

belonged to her family for nearly 600 years. She was a descendant of Sir Thomas Wale, a Knight of the Garter in the reign of Edward III. It is said that the right to wear the Crusader's Cross was won by an ancestor of the family of Wale (then written Vaux) under Richard I.

Dr. Mountain was appointed to the new diocese of Quebec in 1793, and presided over the Church in Canada for thirty-two years. The following passage, taken from a periodical published in Quebec shortly after his death, will show the estimation in which he was held in that city: —

"His relations and friends will always remember him with most reverential affection, and all who knew him, with respect. The poor will mourn him as a benefactor of no common generosity; and 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish' will mix itself, to embalm his memory, with the thankful recollections of many whom he has soothed in affliction, relieved in embarrassment, advised in perplexity, withheld from imprudence, reconciled in estrangements from their brethren, or led by the hand in the way of Truth. Those who have known him in the public business of the province, will acknowledge no less his ready exercise of the powers of a mind rarely gifted and richly stored, than his integrity, his *droiture*

d'âme, his singleness of purpose, his firmness and consistency of conduct; and those with whom he acted in concert will own, that there were times when others leaned upon him in difficulty, borrowed strength from his example, and counted upon him to preserve things in their proper course. . . . . He was eminently a scholar, a gentleman, a companion, a domestic guide and comforter; and united in a most remarkable manner, qualities which commanded respect and even awe, with a cheerful affability, and often a playfulness which threw a charm about his society, and made him as it were the centre of a system, to the whole of which he imparted light and warmth. Besides the three learned languages which he had acquired in the course of preparation for his profession, he was acquainted with as many foreign tongues. . . . . In all things he possessed a delicate and cultivated taste, and excelled in early life in many accomplishments, which he discarded as trifles when he became a Bishop in the Church of Christ. Never was a character more perfectly genuine, more thoroughly averse to all flourish or ostentation in religion. He was friendly, both from feeling and principle, to all exterior gravity and decorum in sacred things; and in his own public performance of the functions proper to the episcopal office, the com-

manding dignity of his person, the impressive seriousness of his manner, and the felicitous propriety of his utterance, gave the utmost effect and development to the beautiful services of the Church. In the pulpit, it is not perhaps too much to say that the grace, the force, the solemn fervour of his delivery, the power and happy regulation of his tones, the chaste expressiveness of his action, combined with the strength and clearness of his reasoning, the unstudied magnificence of his language, and that piety, that rooted faith in his Redeemer which was, and showed itself to be, pregnant with the importance of its subject, and intent upon conveying the same feeling to others, made him altogether a preacher who has never in modern times been surpassed."

Bishop Mountain left four sons and two daughters. The two elder sons took Holy Orders; the second became in 1836 Bishop of Montreal, and is now Bishop of Quebec. The third son, Robert, entered the army, and served during the Peninsular War in the 75th Regiment. He was with the forlorn hope at the siege of St. Sebastian; and once, when in charge of the defence of a bridge, he was severely wounded in the foot; but though suffering great pain, the ball having entered the instep, he could not be persuaded to leave his post, and remained, with his

wound bleeding, leaning on a sergeant, till the enemy had retired. After the peace of 1815 he returned to England; and in 1819 resigned his commission in the army, and entered into the ministry of the Church.

The fourth son died in childhood.

The fifth son, Armine, the subject of this memoir, was placed in 1805, together with his three elder brothers, with the Rev. T. Monro, rector of Little Easton, in Essex, a favourite pupil of the celebrated Dr. Parr, and a scholar of repute. There he remained for about three years, and made good advances in classical learning.

When about four years old, the child of his nurse, to whom he was much attached, a much older boy, who was allowed to play about the house, used to tyrannise over him; and one day in the courtyard forced him under the shafts of a cart, hurting him very much, and putting him in considerable danger. The butler, who saw this from a window, saved the child, and called down the Bishop; but the only fear of the little sufferer was lest his oppressor should be punished, and he cried out, "Oh, papa, pray forgive him; he was only in fun, and did not know it hurt me."

Of his early religious dispositions, little has been

recorded; and one of his brothers, writing in the present year, says: —

"On this subject I have nothing marked to say. In the personal history of individuals, as in the advance of the Gospel over the world, it may often be said that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. My brother was one whose parents prayed for him, and sought to mould him, without any austerity or forcing process, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and he was a very good and amiable boy, in whose young heart the seed took effect, and developed its fruit gradually more and more through life. I may mention, that my father took particular pains with his children before their confirmation; and when I was about sixteen myself, he went through with us a course of very familiar conversational lectures upon the Gospels, sometimes reverting to the subject as we walked about the fields, and making it as engaging to our boyish minds as he could by very simple illustrations. My father took great pains with us in every way: among other things, he cultivated in our minds that taste for the beauties of nature, which in my brother Armine was of so exquisite an order, and often made excursions with us to a variety of charming and romantic spots which are within easy reach of Quebec. His own perception of the charms of scenery, and the details of picturesque effect, was remarkably keen, and his relish for them of the liveliest kind."

In 1810 Armine returned to Canada, where he remained in his father's house, studying under the

direction of his brother George, till he received his commission as ensign in the 96th Regiment in 1815.

During this period, he won the love and esteem of his relations by his tender affection, his reverential attention to his father and mother, his cheerfulness, and the steadiness of his conduct; whilst, with the general society at Quebec, his courteous manner, gentlemanly bearing, and many agreeable qualities, made him a universal favourite.

In the autumn of 1815 he left Canada, to join his regiment, the 96th; and soon after his arrival in England, wrote the following letter to his father:—

"Sampford, Oct. 4. 1815.

"I can hardly express, my dear father, how great was my delight on finding two letters for me when I called at the agent's the other day, one from you, and the other from Eliza; they were the first that I had received from Quebec, and as it is the first time that the Atlantic has separated us, I felt a mixed sensation of joy and sorrow that I cannot easily describe. . . . .

"Upon my first arrival in London, I of course waited on Sir Henry Torrens with Sir Gordon's letter, and paid all the visits which you desired, but found few people in town. On the 6th of September, I went down to Chalfont with Robert; neither Jacob nor Frances recollected me. Jacob, whose kindness to me it would be impossible to exceed, looks as young and handsome as when I last saw him; he is esteemed one of the best and most active

clergymen in this country, and has already acquired great and universal influence in his parish. At the end of a fortnight Robert left us to join the depôt at Newport; he does not like his situation there, and is anxious to get to the regiment; but he is so useful where he is, that I do not think they will be willing to part with him. He is little altered in person, except in looking older; and he is the same kind, benevolent, noble-hearted fellow that he ever was. In writing to my father, I think that I am justified in praising my brothers. That I may resemble my father and my three brothers is my earnest prayer, and the object of my ambition.

"The Duke of Kent having sent me word that he wished to see me when I was next in town, I wrote from Chalfont to have a day appointed, and came up to town last Monday week, and found a letter fixing the following Friday for my seeing H. R. H. I was thus obliged to spend a week in London by myself at a considerable expense. When I saw the Duke of Kent, he asked me very rapidly a number of questions about you, my brothers, and myself; he began at St. Louis' Gate, and asked the present occupier of almost every house in the town; he then desired me to remember him to you *most particularly*, and to tell you that I had seen him; and I took my leave. His manners were so gracious and easy as to divest me of the embarrassment which I felt at first. . . . .

"I was much affected by the death of my much esteemed master, Mr. Monro, of Easton. I had anticipated the greatest pleasure in seeing him again, and retracing all my boyish haunts. I was very glad to have

your opinion respecting my remaining in the army during peace. I felt, I will confess, when I first heard of the peace, a little vexed that I had come too late, and rather unsettled; but General de Rottenburg said the same thing to me that you did, in nearly the same words, which determined me to stick to the profession now. I have often since thought that I should do well to go to High Wycombe, the military college for officers of the army, where I understand there is no greater expense than with regiments, and a thorough knowledge of the profession may be acquired. . . . .

"That God may bless my father and mother is the constant prayer of your affectionate son,

"A. S. H. M."

In November he joined his regiment in Ireland, where he made many friends, amongst whom may be mentioned the family of the Bishop of Meath (O'Beirne), through whose kindness he became acquainted with Maria Edgeworth. In a letter to Mrs. O'Beirne, written about this time, Miss Edgeworth speaks in high praise of him, and says, "If you were to cut Armine Mountain into 100 pieces, every one of them would be a gentleman." This was truly his character through life: in every situation, in the privacy of domestic life or in more public position, in gay scenes or in the moment of danger, he was essentially a gentleman. His courteous manner and attention to every one was based not only upon re-

fined feeling and the desire to give pleasure, but upon the higher Christian motive of rendering "honour to whom honour is due;" and no one ever more completely followed this precept of St. Paul, or more consistently acted on the command of our Saviour to "do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you." Yet was he fearless in opposing vice; and his favourite aphorism, written in all his earliest journal-books, was this line of Racine's —

"Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

In the summer of 1817 he went abroad, in order to study the continental languages, and passed a year and a half at Brunswick, living in the house of Professor Köcky, and studying German, French, Italian, military drawing, and mathematics at the College.

In 1818 the Bishop applied for a year's extension of his son's leave, that he might continue on the Continent; and Colonel M'Carthy, in recommending him for leave of absence, says:—"From my knowledge of this officer's zeal for the service, and his uniform propriety of conduct, I conceive him highly worthy of the indulgence requested for him by his father; and therefore, feeling convinced that his time will be employed to the best advantage, I feel happy in being able to state that the duties of the regiment do not

require my making any objection to the leave in question being granted."

In February, 1819, Professor Köcky writes as follows to Sir Harry Calvert, Adjutant-General: —

"C'est avec le plus grand regret que je vous annonce le départ de M. Mountain. Je me fais un devoir de vous rendre compte de la conduite exemplaire qu'il a tenue pendant son séjour à Brunswick, ainsi que de l'application soutenue qu'il a constamment mise à ses études. . . . Il serait enfin impossible de mieux utiliser son temps, que ne l'a fait M. Mountain."

To the Bishop of Quebec M. Köcky says: —

"L'époque à laquelle monsieur votre fils doit me quitter étant arrivée, je dois de mon devoir de vous exprimer la satisfaction que sa présence m'a donnée sous tous les rapports. Comme vous connaissez la douceur et l'aimabilité que le caractérisent, le zèle et l'activité qu'il met à ses études, vous concevrez aisément combien j'ai de regret à me séparer d'un jeune homme dont l'exemple influençait avantageusement la conduite et l'application de mes autres pensionnaires. . . . .

"Voilà la manière dont M. votre fils a utilisé son temps à Brunswick, et le résultat de ses efforts lui fait le plus grand honneur."

During his residence in Brunswick he won the respect and good will of the leading persons in the society; and the disgraceful behaviour of a young Englishman, whose dislike he had excited from avoid-

ing his companionship, drew forth such praise of Armine's conduct from several officers of distinction in the Brunswick army, as were deeply gratifying to himself and his relations. Sir Gordon Drummond, writing to the Bishop of Quebec on this occasion, says: —

"There can be but one opinion on the subject, which is, that your son has conducted himself throughout this unpleasant affair in the most correct manner as an officer and a gentleman. . . . . The high commendation he has received from so many persons of rank and distinction is most flattering, and the prompt and handsome manner in which the officers of the Brunswick regiment testified their opinion is highly creditable to them, and honourable to your son; and I can only add that yourself and Mrs. Mountain must ever feel proud to be blessed with such a son."

CHAPTER II.

In 1819 Armine Mountain returned to England to meet his father and mother, who had come from Canada partly on account of the Bishop's health, which had suffered much from his constant labours and great exertions in his diocese, and partly for the sake of personally endeavouring to obtain some advantages for the Church in Canada.

After a few months passed amongst relatives and friends, Armine returned to the Continent in company with the son of Mr. Angerstein, of Weeting. They spent some time in Germany, France, and Switzerland. In 1821 he went again to Germany and spent a winter at Augsbourg, where Queen Hortense, the mother of the present Emperor of the French, held her court. In a letter to his brother, dated Jan. 1821, he writes thus:—

"On a bien le temps de s'appliquer à Augsbourg; c'est une belle ville, mais dépeuplée, et par conséquent un peu triste; cependant, je suis fort content de mon séjour ici,

Le soir nous allons quelquefois au spectacle, et de temps en temps chez la Reine Hortense, à laquelle nous avons été présentés par Monsieur de Saxenhofen, qui nous a montré bien des amitiés. Sa suite est composée de deux dames d'honneur, du Gouverneur, du jeune Prince, et de l'aumônier, et l'on trouve chez elle le bon ton de la cour sans étiquette ennuyeuse. C'est une dame remplie d'esprit que la Reine, et j'aime mieux encore aller chez elle quand il n'y a point d'étrangers, que les jeudis, où elle reçoit les personnes distinguées de la ville."

It was in the preceding year that he wrote the following to his mother: —

"Lausanne, Christmas Day.

"Ever dear Mother,

"As it is not this day given to me to embrace you, and to express to you by word of mouth the tender affection which fills my breast, I must have recourse to my pen. Long practice has, alas! accustomed me to live far from my family; and although I daily think of you, the hope of returning to you softens the pain of separation. But it is on festivals such as this, on which the whole family was wont to come together, that I feel all the loneliness of my lot, and love to occupy myself in retracing the scenes of the days of old. It is upon the anniversary of the great day upon which the Eternal Love blessed a world, that I consider myself called upon to cherish more goodwill towards all my fellow beings; that I feel myself invited to love my friends and relatives more dearly, more disinterestedly; that I think it my duty, in pouring out my gratitude to the Father of all for his

infinite mercies to me, to thank also with all my heart my earthly parents for the tender care which they have taken of my youth.

"May it please an all-powerful God, that you, father, mother, brothers, sisters, cousins, may spend happily this day's festival; that the coming year may bring you each the accomplishment of your wishes; and that we may all one day be united upon English soil!"

During his residence on the Continent, Armine wrote long journal letters to his own family, giving accurate and minute descriptions of all he saw and did; but so many accounts have since that time been published of tours in Switzerland and Italy, that only a few extracts from his letters are here given, to show how, in distant countries and varied scenes, his heart clung to his parents and relations, and how the "besoin de se communiquer," which was so marked a trait in his character, was undiminished, even when he was sharing in the gaieties of Paris, Vienna, or Rome.

"1819.

"I arrived at Frankfort on the 19th of July, where my friend Angerstein joined me the next day. Preparations for our journey occupied four or five days, at the expiration of which we resolved to try our newly acquired carriage in an excursion to Hesse Homburg. Angerstein knew Sir Henry Campbell, whom we supposed to be

there, and we hoped by his means to be introduced to the Princess.

"Upon our arrival there we found that Sir H. Campbell was gone, and that the Prince and his attendants had ridden out. The servant showed us into a room, as we supposed to write down our names; when the Princess Elizabeth, to our surprise, came forward, and after a short conversation, in which we introduced ourselves and apologised for the intrusion, H. R. H. herself showed us round the château, talking with the most unaffected good humour of her husband and new relations, and asking with genuine politeness after our respective families. At the end of an hour, she desired her servant to show us the grounds, and we took our leave."

To his youngest Sister.

"Orleans, Dec. 1819.

"None but those whom the waves of an ocean separate from all that they hold most dear, can conceive the delight that your letter, my dear little girl, and those of my father and mother, have given to your distant brother. The knowledge of your safety, the hope that all goes on well with you, and the conviction that I still retain a place in your memories, softens every vexation and heightens every pleasure of my varied existence."

"*Sens.* — This ancient capital of the Sennones, still surrounded by Roman fortifications, is situated at the confluence of the Yonne and the Vanne, the water of which latter is conducted in small canals through its streets. The dilapidated battlements, grey with time, and the

name of Julius Cæsar, who built a small fort near the town, render interesting this obscure place, once the seat of an archbishopric. In the choir of the cathedral stands the mausoleum of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI. One of the priests preserved this beautiful specimen of Coston's art from the fury of the multitude during the revolution, by taking it to pieces and hiding it in his house. A singular record of human folly and superstition, la Prose de l'Âne, is still preserved in the museum. This was a procession in which, in commemoration of our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, an ass figured as the principal personage, was crowned with flowers and conducted to the altar to the sound of music, composed by a bishop of Sens, to imitate the braying of this animal.

"Having traversed four leagues of forest, the road through which is paved with square blocks of a beautiful whitish stone, we arrived at Fontainebleau. The ancient palace of the French kings is a royal and imposing mass of buildings, but it does not bear scrutiny. Built by different princes, each of whom followed the architecture of his day, there is not one of the courts which has two corresponding sides. Amongst many handsome rooms, those which interested me most were the apartments occupied by the Pope during his captivity, and Napoleon's bedchamber: in this last is the table into which the great emperor stuck his penknife in impotent fury as he signed the abdication. There are two gardens attached to the palace; one, in the old style, with fountains, terraces, avenues, and clipped lime trees; the other, divided from the first by a fine piece of water, is tastefully laid out like an English plantation. In this last, our guide, an

old soldier who had served under Laroche Jaquelein in the Vendean war, and received a sabre wound which has left a deep incision directly across his face, pointed out to us the spring that was discovered by the spaniel Bleau, an accident to which the town and palace owe their name and origin.

"*Orleans.* — We have taken the second, or, I believe, according to English ideas, the third story of a house on the right bank of the river; and, as I write these lines, I see the boats gliding down the rapid and noble Loire, and the spire of Oliver rising from among the trees on the opposite shore. Our *bonne* (for they are no longer *servants* in France) provides the little that we require. It is the first time in either of our lives that we have been housekeepers. Our mornings are chiefly occupied with masters; of an evening we read, go occasionally to the theatre, and on Saturday to the Prefect's, who receives on that day, and generally gives a little dance. Thus have hurried past four entire months, during which we have made but two excursions beyond a walk out of the gates of Orleans. One evening that we drove towards the forest, we had the good fortune to see nine wild boars together; we left our cabriolet and gave chase, hoping to get a nearer view of them, which, as we were afterwards told, was a dangerous service.

"On the 1st March, we mounted our German waggon and drove out of Orleans. A man who, after living four months in a place, can leave it without any sort of regret, must have lived there under very peculiar circumstances, or be of singularly cold temperament. I was sorry to part with several of my Orleans' acquaintance, and most

particularly with my old master, M. Blanvillain. For four months I had spent two hours with him every morning, and generally three or four evenings in the week; and I have to thank him not only for instruction in French and Italian, but for the opportunities which his interesting conversation gave me of improving my information upon general subjects. I have heard it said, and I believe with some truth, that there is no more agreeable man than a Frenchman who adds solid information and experience of the world to his natural gaiety. Blanvillain is such a man; and, though old and infirm, and the victim of a modesty with which the inhabitants of this clime are not often reproached, he is lively and playful in conversation, yet abundant in knowledge. Amongst the Swiss guard, who form the garrison of Orleans, we left some pleasant acquaintances. The colonel of one of the battalions brought his wife to patronise a little evening party which we gave before coming away, and by his unaffected good humour animated us all.

"*Bordeaux.* — The Port of Bordeaux, as it is called, which is in the form of an horse-shoe, the town lying along one shore, the varied bank opposite, and the river, the beautiful Garonne, covered with vessels of all the nations in Europe, present a *coup-d'œil* which is grand and unique. We spent six weeks in this great capital of La Guienne; but as we were living at an hotel, and only waiting till my companion, who had been taken ill, got better, I did nothing but take a few lessons in Italian, and make a few excursions into the country. One very interesting excursion was to the Landes. These are

vast tracts of sandy heath, lying between Bordeaux and Bayonne, and inhabited by a peculiar race of people; they have the appearance of savages, but the patriarchal usages are said to exist among them, and they are not only harmless, but hospitable and benevolent. We could only penetrate as far into the country as our horses could go and return in one day, and yet had the good fortune to see several shepherds tending their flocks. I will endeavour to describe one young man, who did not, however, essentially differ from the rest. He somewhat resembled the Indian Simon, whom my father will recollect, being a little below the ordinary stature, but well made. He was perched upon stilts about five feet above the ground, and carried in his hand a long pole, which he occasionally planted against his back, and thus rested, watched his flock, and pursued his knitting. His legs were well armed with black sheepskins, but his bare feet rested upon the steps of the stilts, and from beneath a close woollen cap hung his long black hair. The rest of his person was covered with a large surtout of white sheepskin, with a bag at the back for provisions. It is really striking to find, within a morning's ride of so refined and populous a city as Bordeaux, a race of beings in such a savage state of existence. I afterwards saw some of them walk into town on their stilts, upon which they go at a great pace. The fellow whom I mentioned before, kept our horses in a smart trot, as he strode over the heath with his 'seven-leagued boots.' When Napoleon passed through this country, the prefect of the department sent him a guard of honour, consisting of a

couple of hundred of these fellows, who ran on their stilts beside the carriage.

"We left Bordeaux on the evening of the 30th April. Having cleared the town and suburb, I felt like a bird escaped from a splendid prison. Looking 'abroad into the varied field of nature,' now clad in her richest garb, and breathing an atmosphere 'full of life and vivifying soul,' I experienced that elation, that joyous sensation peculiar, I believe, to this season of the year, and directly the reverse of that melancholy but delightful feeling which an autumn evening produces.

"Upon ascending the hill above Malange, the postillion suddenly cried out, 'Now you may see the Pyrenees!' We left the carriage and ran up to the highest point of the hill, which commands a magnificent and extensive view of the whole surrounding country. Before us, and stretching many leagues to the right and left, lay the beautiful valley of the Garonne, and far beyond, mingling with the heavens, the snow-clad Pyrenees, whose broken summits, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun, were of a delicate rose colour. The events of the late war, the reflection that Robert had seen these mountains under circumstances so different, rushed upon my mind, and I remained chained to the spot, until the postillion called to us that night was coming on, and that we had still some distance to go."

"Vevay, Oct. 1820.

"My dear George,

"I have been much reproached, and by none more than by my own conscience, for having written to you so seldom — if you did not write to me, it was be-

cause you had constant and important occupation, and it was my duty to write to you. I felt it, and I feel it. But do not think that, in ceasing to write, I ceased to have pleasure in hearing of you, to sympathise sincerely in each joy and sorrow that befel you. Believe me, that my recollection of your indulgence and affectionate kindness, of the many happy hours which we have spent side by side, is much too lively to be lightly effaced. If I have seen a good deal of the world for my time of life, it has taught me how inestimable is the affection of my family; it has made me feel that 'no ties are like the ties of blood.'

"At last, on the 29th June, we started for Bonneville, a small town in his Sardinian majesty's dominions, where we slept; having passed through much pretty country. The next day we continued along the plain, passed up the beautiful valley of Maylan, and having visited the Grotto de la Baume, a cavern which extends 190 toises into the rock, slept at St. Martin, within six leagues of the tremendous glaciers of Mont Blanc. On the 1st July, we mounted our mules, visited the beautiful cascade of Chède at the end of the valley, and ascending the passage of the Forchaz, dined at Savoy, a village in the midst of a small plain, shut in by the wildest mountains, the Aiguilles Noires, and the huge Mont-de-fer; from hence, ascending through the savage pass called Les Montées, where the Arve roared at an immense depth beneath us, and the châlets perched upon little platforms of grass on the rocks above us, afford a precarious residence to the mountaineer, we came upon the vale of Chamounix. Here again I was disappointed; the glaciers seen in the distance appeared diminutive, but upon approaching

them, these vast pyramids of ice jutting out into the valley, excited my astonishment and surpassed my expectation. It was late, and two guides, who had joined us, opposed our passing the Glaciers des Boissons : our guide offered to take us; and after about an hour's ascent through the wood, we arrived at a sort of platform in the glacier, where it descends from the mountains, and from whence, tossed into pyramids and masses of transparent ice, it projects into the valley. A troop of women and children, emerging from the wood, cut steps for us with their axes, and with the assistance of the staffs, with which we had been previously armed, we crossed the glacier in about ten minutes. It suddenly began to rain violently, and having vainly sought shelter under the huge blocks of granite which encumber this side of the glacier, we regained the road, jumping and fording the torrents, which already descended in all directions from the mountains. The rain fell as I have never seen it fall; the thunder, bursting like ten thousand fireworks, continued in one tremendous roll, reverberated from rock to rock completely round the valley; the lightning reddening the road before us, dazzled our eyes, and a thunderbolt falling, as our guide protested, into the forest, within a hundred yards of us, so startled one of the mules which we drove before us, that he set off at full speed; at length, thoroughly drenched, but delighted with the magnificence of the scene, we arrived at the Prieure of Chamounix, the principal village of the valley. The next morning proved rainy, but in the afternoon we ascended to the Croix de la Flessière, and on our return enjoyed a noble view of the Mont Blanc, the Dôme du

Gouté, and the chain of the Aiguilles: it is impossible to conceive anything to equal the dazzling whiteness, the unsullied purity of this enormous mass. The following morning was fortunately fine, and leaving our inn before 4 o'clock, we began to ascend. Having passed the Ravine du Caillet, where our guide desired us not to speak lest the sound of our voices should occasion an avalanche (I believe a very unnecessary precaution), we gained, after three hours' march, the stone hut of the Montauvert, where the shepherd leads each summer his solitary life, tending the cows and goats entrusted to him. Descending into the valley at the approach of winter, the Berger du Montauvert (by which name he is known), is supported by his countrymen, living, as he told us, with each peasant as many days as he has had cows of his under his charge. It is to this hut that all travellers ascend, in order to get a good view of the Mer de Glace; we were determined to proceed to the spot known to the Savoyards by the name of Courtil or Jardin. Bearing in mind the frozen basin of the St. Lawrence, I was disappointed by the comparative smallness of the Mer de Glace; but the Aiguilles, which border it, the points of rock peeping from amongst eternal snow, give a grandeur to the scene that is perhaps unequalled.

"Our shoes being armed with sharp nails, provided by the berger, and our hands with long spiked staffs, and our guides laden with provisions and a rope (in case of accidents, which, however, seldom or never occur), we crossed the Mer de Glace in its greatest length, and arrived, after a couple of hours' march, at the foot of the

Glacier du Taléfre, having found our poles of essential service in jumping the crevices; from hence we were to cross the Rocher du Couvercle, but my shoes not affording sufficient resistance to the sharp stones, I proposed going up the glacier, and leading the way, came in a few minutes to an enormous chasm, which obliged me to take a circuit. Angerstein now got first, and, determined not to be outdone, led up places which called for the utmost exertion of our hands and feet. Our guides assured us that they never had heard of any persons having gone up the glacier—more, probably, because there is a better path up its side than on account of its difficulty. In another hour we arrived at the Jardin: this is a point of land, situated in the midst of a waste of snow and ice, and shut in on all sides by rocks, whose bleak peaks contrast with the universal whiteness, where the traveller might suppose himself dropt from the clouds into some uninhabited and desolate planet; and so called because, being the only spot in this *enceinte* where the sun can rest in the middle of the day, it alone is bare of snow and covered with brownish grass. In a hole in the earth we found a bottle where the travellers, who come here, leave their names. We were only preceded this year by a Dutchman, who had written his name there the day before: this was the only sign of living thing that we had seen for hours. We dined at the Jardin on cold provisions, and falling asleep, awoke in a couple of hours in a state of such complete exhaustion that we could scarcely crawl: the heat of the sun, reflected by the ice, probably was the cause of this; the mountain air soon revived us, and returning to the Montauvert, where we found the berger provided

with milk, and a host of children with strawberries, we descended the mountain to the spacious blue ice vault at the foot of the Glacier du Bois, where the river Arenon rises, and reached the Prieure soon after sunset, after a march of fifteen hours.

"The next morning I started, my companion not feeling inclined to move, with a party of French people for the Col de Balm, intending to return by the Tête Noire. These are two passages which lead from the Vale of Chamounix to the Valais: the former is preferred in fine weather only, on account of the view which it commands of the Mont Blanc. Our party consisted of Monsieur G——, a tall lean Frenchman of the old school, with a long queue, with a bandage tied round his head under his cap, in consequence of a fall he had had the day before, and mounted on a raw-boned mule,—he might have personated Don Quixote to perfection; madame his épouse, ronde comme une boule; Mademoiselle Zélie, an exceedingly pretty, interesting girl; and an Englishman, one of those who serve as a model for the French caricaturists—his whole stock of French consisted in oui, oui, and pong-du-tout. The night before, at supper, Monsieur G——, who is a lively, pleasant, well-bred man, asked him if he would sit down and join us, 'pong-du-tout.' Mademoiselle Zélie, with one of her sweetest smiles, asked if they should have the pleasure of his company the rest of the way to Geneva; 'pong-du-tout'—the ruffian! And last and least the fair Zélie's humble squire and plant gatherer, a mountaineer. Proceeding up the valley, along the border of the boisterous Arve, we arrived, after a rapid ascent of two hours and a half, at the cross on the top of the Col (between 6000 and

7000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean), which from its weight and proximity is certainly one of the best situations for viewing the Mont Blanc and the glacier. After descending a short time, we came to a châlet, where we ate our cold dinner; from hence I had the honour of giving the fair Zélie my arm down the mountain, upon which Don Quixote congratulated her on upon finding des cavalier *Français* partout,—a dubious compliment, I thought, although well meant. Pong-du-tout took care of mamma, but was so inexpert in scrambling, that he was obliged to resign this office to one of the guides, the famous Jacques Balma, dit des Dames, in consequence of his steadiness in conducting ladies. Arrived at the village of Trient, I took leave of my new friends, and returning by the Tête Noire, recrossed the boundary of Switzerland, which we had entered in passing the Col de Balm. The passage of the Tête Noire, probably so called from its forests of dark lupin, is interesting and remarkable; the road, cut in several places staircase-wise in the rocks, is conducted along the mountain at a great height above the torrent, which descends from the glacier of Trient. The peeps through the wood of the rocks opposite, and of a mountain a little beyond cultivated and covered with châlets nearly to its summit, are of extreme beauty. On returning to Chamounix I inquired for my friend, and heard to my surprise that he had set off late in the day, without a guide, to overtake us. This I thought so imprudent, that I determined to go after him, and ordering a fresh mule for myself, and giving one to the guide, who was on foot, we rode back. At the parting of the roads I

desired him to ascend the Col de Balm, while I went round by the Tête Noire. 'Je ne veux pas vous laisser aller seul dans la nuit.' But my good fellow, if you will, and I will, whose will is to carry the day? 'La vôtre, au plaisir,' and off he rode.

"I arrived about three in the morning at Trient, and found that Angerstein had crossed the Col de Balm with considerable difficulty, and thinking that I had gone on with the party to Martigny, had pitched his tent for the night in that town. My ride gave me an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful sagacity of these mountain mules; in coming through the wood it was quite dark, and my animal carried her head within two inches of the ground; whenever she apprehended any difficulty, she stopped, and felt the rock with her nose before she trusted herself upon it. Having breakfasted, I left Balma, our guide, who arrived not long before me, to await Angerstein, and reascended the Col de Balm, on my return to Chamounix. When I had reached the top of the mountain, I recollected that as I was paymaster (an office which we take by turns) he might be detained for want of money, and redescended to leave some with Balma. On coming to the inn at Trient, I found that he had gone on. As it was drawing towards evening, I thrust hastily a bottle of wine and half a loaf of bread into my havresac, and set out again. After the steepest part of the ascent, I mounted my mule, and chilled by the rain which fell heavily, I drank off my wine, amused by the thought, that in my present trim I should make a good Sancho Panza for my Don Quixote friend. On arriving at the uninhabited châlet, I gave my mule the bread, and

hurried on. The clouds, which I had perceived flitting over the summit of the mountain, soon enveloped me, and I lost my road; I abandoned my monture to her own guidance; she brought me upon some snow, which I calculated must be to the left of the path, and turning to the right, gained the cross in a few minutes; the fog, or rather the clouds, became thicker, and I could but just distinguish that the path before me was not the same by which I had come the day before; knowing, however, that it must lead to some habitation, I pursued it, and in about half an hour heard the tinkling of some cow-bells. I began to see clearer as I descended, and in less than another half hour some children, wrapped in sheepskins, crept from a shelter of loose stones to stare at me; for a stranger without a guide in the mountains is as indecorous as a lady without a footman in London. I soon regained the road, and not far from the Prieure, met Angerstein and Balma coming in their turn to hunt for me. I have detailed this little expedition, not because I am so silly as to imagine that it was connected with any risk that I ran, but because it was attended with that interest which is created by being quite alone in situations totally new to me."

"Augsburg, Dec. 1820.

"Dear and Honoured Father,

"You will imagine the state of discomfort, to use no stronger expression, in which I live, when I tell you that my last letter from Quebec bears date the 29th April. Since this letter, which I received four months ago, and upon the fold of which four delightful words in

your handwriting led me to look forward to a letter from you, I have no intelligence of you.

"On leaving Friburg, we went to see the peasants dance at a village in the neighbourhood, and proceeded the same evening to Berne. But who shall give you an idea of the scene which struck our view upon ascending the hill above Neuneck, the last village of the canton of Friburg? A country rich in wood and every romantic beauty lay before us. The last rays of the setting sun, which shed a fluctuating red over the partially clouded heavens, coloured with tints of rose and pink the whole tremendous chain of snow-capped Alps which bounded the horizon. I believe the veriest Jew on earth would have lost for a moment the thread of worldly gains and dealings, and given way to the sensations which such a scene inspires.

"Sir C—— being intimate with a friend of mine, seemed, when I met him in Berne, not indisposed to cultivate my acquaintance. I found him a young man of agreeable manners and superior acquirements, but, unhappily for himself and his friends, a younger brother brought up in the navy, he felt, upon coming to his title and estate, the laudable desire of qualifying himself for his new station; but his studies, ill-directed, have led him to embrace opinions which cannot fail to make him an unhappy man. He is too gentlemanlike and well-bred to obtrude them upon those whose feelings they shock; yet he is fond of argument. I could never look upon him without that feeling of regret with which a farmer regards his goodly field of wheat blighted by the mildew. It is now past five in the morning. I have devoted the

night to writing this and other letters, and at seven I shall go and take a lesson of a French emigré. His silver white hair corresponds with the expression of his handsome and benevolent countenance. C'est une tête à peindre.

"You will have been surprised at the date of my letter. Having finished our Swiss tour, we were almost in the act of starting for Italy, when my fellow-traveller received letters which obliged him to change his plans. I was, I must confess, very undecided whether to give up my friend or Italy, but I resolved on coming here, and I am not sorry, after a bustling summer, to have leisure to read and write to my friends. We shall probably be in Italy at the end of another three months. As I shall not write again in 1820, receive, my dearest Father, for yourself and all of ours, my dearest, warmest wish for your happiness and peace; my prayer that many future years may find us united in each other's love, that the gratitude and affection of their children may be a consolation to our revered parents amid the cares of the world. Do not leave me, kindest of fathers, in this dreadful state of ignorance of all that concerns you. If you cannot write yourself, beg my indulgent mother, Eliza or Charlotte, to send me a few lines by every conveyance. Tell them how much I love them, how unceasingly I think of them, what interest I take in all their pleasures and their sorrows. Remember me kindly to my old friend Dunn, and to all of your Quebec friends who may recollect the existence of your tenderly, affectionate, and dutiful son.

"ARMINE."

The following passage from a letter to his sister shows the deep feeling of reverence and love which the Bishop of Quebec impressed upon his youngest son, whose heart ever clung to home: —

"If you look at your calendar, you will find that the 20th day of May, 1821, fell upon a Sunday, and this is the day, even the day, on which I am writing. If I were to tell you all that passed through my noddle during my short walk, I might write a volume. I thought of old Quebec, of my father in his robes, of his cathedral, of our pew, as it was of old: in the upper corner sat my dear mother, then your brother Armine, then George, then Bess, then Chatty, next to her Marianne, and in the corner my aunt Mary. I saw my father ascend the pulpit, I felt the blood fly from my heart to my face, and back again to my heart, my whole frame trembled with agitation as I heard his deep, solemn, awe-inspiring voice echo through the aisles. I saw a congregation moved to tears; he pronounced the blessing, I followed him to the vestry, where we eagerly gathered round him. Eliza, this picture was too affecting. I forced myself from it. I thought of the Sunday family party — of the evening walk. Mais mon journal n'avance pas beaucoup comme ça!"

The progress which he made in the acquirement of the continental languages is shown by the following little extract of a letter from Rome, written in 1821. He had a peculiar turn for languages, and took great

delight, not only in speaking and writing with elegance, but in studying the origin and history of words.

"It often diverts, sometimes provokes, and sometimes flatters me, that I am scarcely ever taken for an Englishman. The English themselves frequently hold me a German, the Italians generally a Polacca. 'The tall Polacca is waiting for you, Signore,' said the waiter at the Caffè Nuovo, who has known me for the last six months, to an English officer, the other day — and the poor man was at a loss to understand him. Last night I went to eat some salad at the Trattoria; at the next table was a party of men gabbling forth a language which rubbed even my germanised ears. When they went away, I asked the Cameriere who they were. 'Countrymen of yours, was the answer.' The devil they are, said I! 'Come! non è lei Polacca!' Ah! replied I, my countrymen have diverted themselves by speaking some language unknown to me, for I call the Virgin of Loretto to witness that I have not understood a single word."

After detailing his journey across the St. Gothard, he writes,

"I cannot describe to you the effect it has, when sometimes, after walking for hours, perhaps, surrounded by rocks uninhabited by man or beast, in silence so dread that the sound of your own voice startles you, you see winding round the point of a cliff a train of sumpter mules with their drivers. The appearance of the caravan is picturesque beyond expression, and the

jingling of the bells, with which the animals are adorned and the cries of the muleteers remind you that you belong to a world which you had almost imagined to have left for ever!

"The moment you have crossed the Alps, you breathe in a different atmosphere; a different language salutes your ears; a brighter sun shines upon you, and all around you wears a fairer aspect. It was our original plan to recross the mountains to Discutis, and, traversing the most savage and uninhabited valleys of the Grisons, penetrate as far as Char or Coira, but the unremitting rain, which we had suffered in the mountains for the last several days, had rather cooled our ardour, and we felt tempted to spend a few days under the gentler heaven on this side the Alps. After a little hesitation we determined to proceed to Bellinzona the capital of Ticino, and set off accordingly betimes the next morning. We reached the town, having performed in eleven hours' march, the halt at Giornico not reckoned, eighteen Swiss hours, at a moderate calculation, forty English miles, but our friend Angerstein covered the same ground in considerably less time. Having been lazy in the morning, we left him to follow us in a char — he set off on foot, however, several hours after us, and arrived at Bellinzona in the night, having carried, fearing that the pace at which he went might fag old Michel, for the last ten or fifteen miles, the old man's knapsack in addition to his own. The consequence was, that we were deprived for two or three days of his company, he being obliged, on account of his blistered feet, to follow us on a char or on a mule. . . . . Having crossed the Tessin by a handsome

stone bridge of ten arches, we continued under the right valley amid rich and delightful scenery, in which the vast Mont Cenere was always a principal feature. We stopped at Caymasco to eat some grapes, and having passed near the beautiful village of Tenero, the bridge of Vergasca, which with a single arch connects the banks of a ravine, 120 feet above the torrent, which rages in the depth beneath, we perceived Locarno before us. Scarcely arrived in this neat little town, which is situated on the Lago Maggiore, we embarked upon the Lake. The Swiss territory extends three leagues beyond Locarno; but we were amongst Italians, under Italian heaven, and in fact, in Italy, the Land of Promise — none of us much desired to speak! My imagination was occupied, now in retracing past scenes, now in picturing in fairy colours the southern regions, which I soon hoped to explore, now in vain wishes to share the delight I promised myself, with far distant friends."

The feeling here expressed formed a very marked feature in his character. No one ever had more strongly the "besoin de se communiquer," and his intense and reverent love of nature, as the work of the Almighty Creator, joined to the wish of sharing his thoughts with a friend, made him the most delightful, and, in later years, the most improving companion. It was impossible to be with him in grand or lovely scenery without sharing in the intense feeling of admiration, the quiet awe, with which he would gaze in

silence for some time, and then give expression to the deep and holy thoughts which filled his breast. The writer was particularly struck by this, many years after the date of these letters, when crossing with him the desert between Cairo and Suez. They had slept at the half-way station, and as he dressed more quickly than his companion, he went out alone, and after some time returned for her. As they wandered on with nothing but the apparently boundless sand around and the clear blue heaven above, he said, "It is delightful to feel ourselves away from all the world. This desert is like the sea; it seems as if unstained by man, and there is nothing to come between us and the Creator of all. The coldest heart must rise to Him in love and gratitude."

"Sept. 27. 1822.

"My friend Grey, who has been almost seven years abroad, during three of which he travelled in the East, maintains that the recollection of his travels is melancholy in the extreme, and consequently hateful to him, because it superinduces comparison between the happiness of the past and the dulness of the present time. I cannot say the same of my more humble peregrinations. I never take a walk that fifty trifles do not recall something that I have seen in Canada, in England, France, &c., to my mind; and now that the present is full of vexation, and the future overclouded, I hang with greater fondness on these recollections, seeking in the past that enjoyment

which I cannot find elsewhere. So much so, that I have but ill kept my promise of making speed. I never was happier than when scrambling over rocks, with my kit on my back; — how free, how independent did I feel."

The summer of 1822 he spent in Rome, visiting daily the various places of interest, and perfecting his knowledge of the Italian language; but his health suffered from the climate; and on reaching Florence, in the autumn, a severe attack of illness kept him in his room for five weeks. He thus describes, in a letter to his sister, the first walk he was allowed to take: —

"A day or two afterwards I walked out; and I cannot tell you, nor indeed account for, what I felt, since the time of my seclusion was not, after all, very long. I was agitated by the strange indescribable sensation, which filled me some years back, on entering every new place, and which I perfectly recollect experiencing in supreme degree, on first walking into Montreal; but which, by time and travelling, had completely worn off. Every most ordinary object was a source of enjoyment to me, and I wondered at my former supposed indifference. The beauty of the landscape, in all that distinctness of perspective peculiar to Southern climates, chained me to the spot; the endless expanse of unflecked azure above, the sun's resplendent Italian light, shed upon palaces unstained by smoke or fog, the gardens still green, and full of flowers, the beautiful bridges over the Arno, and the

neighbouring groves of the Cascine, just tinged with the first brown of autumn, attracted by turns my delighted gaze; but when the setting sun shed a rose-coloured mantle on the distant Apennines, which gradually changed to the deepest blue; when the water, which had seemed a transparent veil, extended over volumes of flame, reflecting faintly and still more faintly, the surrounding objects, at length assumed the still dead hue of night, I could no longer restrain my emotion. How indescribably grand is the spectacle of departing day; how lovely, my sister, how wonderful, how infinitely varied in all its parts, and yet how admirably blended,—how majestic and beautiful as a whole is the face of nature; and how happy might be man, even in this transitory life, amid the thought-surpassing works of his Maker, if the fury of his passions, the intrigues of his petty interests, and the fictitious existence which luxury has created for him, did not obscure his sight, and entangle his every step."

At his father's desire, but to his own great regret, he now left the sunny plains of Italy, and crossing the Simplon, visited Switzerland, from whence he continued to send to his parents and sisters long journal letters describing the scenes through which he passed, and the way in which he employed his time. But the same tour has since been so often detailed by other pens, that only one more extract will be made from these letters.

"Surprised by old Michel's iron-appearance, we determined that I should proceed to Neufchatel, while my friend remained at Lodi to receive the account of the parties we had sent out in search. Crossing the hills to the village of La Sague, I followed from thence, alone and on foot, a path which led me over hill and dale, through woods, and by deserted châlets, to a point where a spectacle so magnificent, so extraordinary, so unique, that all description would be vain, struck my astonished view. The newly risen sun shone over my head, and illumined an immense ocean of white vapour, that covered the lake of Neufchatel and the vast tract of country beneath me, and extended itself to the foot of the Alps, the whole chain of which, from the mountains of Unterwalden to those of Savoy and Piedmont, forming a line of fifty leagues in length, I distinctly discovered. The Engelhorn was there, the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn, the two Eighers and the Virgin, in all the unsullied chastity of eternal snow; while Mont Blanc, with his tremendous chain, rose in unrivalled majesty, receiving a light red tint from the few clouds which floated upon the blue firmament. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I sank on my knees upon the rock and thanked my Maker that I was permitted to behold a scene, splendid beyond all thought, and which perhaps it is not the lot of one traveller among hundreds to enjoy. . .

"From Schaffhausen we proceeded through Ulm to Augsburg, where we spent nearly four months; which, thanks to the Queen Hortense and other kind friends, I reckon among the happiest of my life."

Early in the summer of 1823 he returned to England, and writes thus to his father: —

"I am glad to write to you once more from my brother's house, and you will be glad to hear of him and his from one who had not seen them since you have. My eldest brother does not look a day older, and enjoys more than usual good health; he is decidedly the preacher the nearest approaching to yourself, that I have ever heard. Both he and Robert are very much respected and beloved; the latter looks well, though thin, and seems more happy in his new situation. The first time I went to church here after our long separation, I was obliged to recollect my 'baffi,' and look fierce to keep down my emotion, as I heard the voices of my two excellent brothers in the desk and pulpit. These excellent men make me almost wish that my cloth were black instead of red. . . . . The Duke of York was the best *string!* I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have had on my account; and if Mr. Canning, having done nothing for me, be the more induced to set you on the English bench, I shall be much obliged by his neglect. I called on him, and he sent me word he was sorry he could not see me, but begged I would leave my address. I did so, but have heard nothing. Sir Robert received me very kindly, and offered, before I opened my mouth, to propose me to the Duke of York for the full pay of the 52nd, which he has done with *success;* telling me at the time that they are one of the finest regiments in the service, and hoping that their destination (Nova Scotia) would be agreeable to me. When you spoke of the possibility of my getting a com-

pany, you were not aware that one cannot be promoted from half-pay. I think myself lucky in these times to get into a crack corps without paying the difference as lieutenant."

The following extracts from letters to the Bishop of Quebec show that the years he had spent on the continent had not been passed in idleness. The first is from the wife of Sir G. Drummond; the second from a friend who was intimate with all the literary people of the day.

"It will give you pleasure to hear that we have had a visit from your son Armine, and that we are quite delighted with him; without any flattery, he is the most accomplished, elegant, and handsome young man possible, and every parent must be proud to possess such a son. . . I am told that he speaks German, French, and Italian, all equally well. Sir Gordon is quite grieved to think that Mr. Armine Mountain should go to a place like Halifax, where his merits cannot be appreciated."

"Armine has been amongst us, and proved his legitimate claim to the name of Mountain; he is, indeed, one of its highly accomplished sons, and daily did I wish for the power of drawing forth the fund of information with which he seems to have stored his mind during his residence abroad. You would admire the manner in which he relates a thousand entertaining anecdotes; it is free from all the fastidiousness which young men so often betray towards the old and ignorant, or the amplification

so common in the traveller's tale. In short, he is delightful, and disposed to be as good as he is agreeable; most thankful may we therefore be, that he has obtained such important advantages without material harm. He looks in good health, and may be called handsome, now that he has shaved away those odious moustaches. He takes scarcely any wine, and eats of the most simple food. Such, at least, were his habits here, and I like to tell them, knowing them to be such as you approve."

CHAPTER III

AFTER his appointment to the 52nd, Armine Mountain spent a few months amongst his friends in England, and then embarked for Halifax. The following extracts from letters to his father will show his careful management of money trusted to him, and his scrupulous desire not to be a burden on his parents.*

"Although I have scarcely time to write a few hasty lines, I will not put off doing so, as I think it may give you some pleasure to know that when I have paid every sixpence I owe in the world, including the enormous expense of an entire new equipment for a regiment on foreign service, I shall have full 600*l.*, which I shall dispose of for the present as Jacob shall think best. I, of course, consider the money as yours, and if you should, whenever you return to England, and have satisfactorily settled all more important concerns, find it *convenient* and expedient to add to the 600*l.*, and purchase me a company, I shall be very thankful for such present, which I would

* The money spoken of was a legacy left to him by a relation.

never consent, much less propose you should make me, if I did not suppose that your thus enabling me to give up my allowance for ever, would be desirable for you as well as for me. If I can save anything in the course of the next year, I shall be most glad to do so, but as the 52nd is what is called in the army a crack corps, in which everything is on a more expensive footing, it is, I fear, little likely that I shall be able to spend less than when I was in the 96th."

"Halifax, 1823.

"I must mention to you now the step I took before leaving England. Sir Herbert Taylor, upon hearing that you were likely to go home, kindly sent me word; that if I wished to exchange into a regiment in England he would have it done for me. Both my brothers urged me to use the opportunity thus offered for applying for permission to purchase, but I was unwilling to take so important a step without your sanction; but as they both continued to press me, Jacob repeatedly assuring me that it would be no inconvenience to him to advance the money, I at last went to Sir Herbert, and said that I should be very unwilling to leave the 52nd except upon promotion, but that I feared such application on my part would be premature. He said that as I was an old lieutenant, it would not be so, desired me to send in an application, promised to have my name put upon the purchase list before I sailed, and gave me of his own motion a letter of introduction to my commanding officer, Sir John Tylden. . . . . The purchase money is 1100*l.* Notwithstanding the expenses of my fit out and my

passage have greatly exceeded my calculation, I have been enabled with the help of presents and my allowance to leave 700*l.*, instead of 600*l.*, with Jacob, and he will advance the remaining 400*l.* at any time. As I have been guided by my brothers, I hope you will be satisfied with this arrangement. In the mean time I must live on my pay, which, having no debts, I shall, I think, be able to do. . . . . Every military man I have spoken to agrees in thinking that everything depends upon getting this important step, and although I have certainly nothing to say for myself on the score of service, I feel that I am rather old for my rank, and that some are surprised that I should return to this country after eight years a subaltern! I trust that I am better able to separate the ideas of promotion and *happiness* than I was as a boy; but I am so convinced that my future rising in my profession depends in great measure upon getting this step, that I would rather give the money for a half-pay company, and trust to Sir Herbert Taylor's kindness to restore me at the expiration of some time to full pay, than wait to purchase into a regiment, which would of course be more desirable. I am much obliged to you for kindly thinking of sending me the interest of my aunt's legacy, but I never calculated upon it, and most decidedly, though respectfully and gratefully, beg to decline it. . . . . I could not after my appointment walk the streets of London without being congratulated by acquaintance on my appointment to the 52nd. The fact is, the light infantry regiments, but particularly the 43rd, 52nd, and 85th being considered the crack corps of the army, the appointments to them are kept open at the Horse Guards

for active young men of respectable connexions; they are on this account somewhat more expensive than other corps, but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by the advantages of having good society, the certainty of being first employed on service, and the probability of avoiding the East and West Indies. Sir John Colborne, who is our proper Lieut.-Colonel, has got the 52nd into the highest order. . . . . I most bitterly regret not being in Halifax, principally because I had hoped the regiment would be together, and we should have frequent field days, for I want drilling after my long desuetude of opening pans; now we are scattered about, and shall have nothing to do and learn nothing."

"St. John's, New Brunswick, Oct. 1823.

"My dear Mother,

"I left Halifax on the 29th September with the postman, and enjoyed much my journey through the province of Nova Scotia. After the confinement of an odious, nauseating, beastly, detestable ship, filth and salt provisions, I could appreciate the luxury of moving more than ten yards in a straight line of cleanliness and good living. . . . . I do not like the appearance of this place nearly so well as that of Halifax, and regret much that the regiment is so much broken up. We have only twelve officers here, and most of those youngsters. I hope that the regiment will not barbarise in this country; at present it is certainly a pleasure to see the men such clean, smart, well-dressed fellows, and our mess is by

much the handsomest, best arranged, and most gentlemanlike I have seen. Indeed everything, whether it regard duty or comfort, is carried on in much better style than in the majority of infantry regiments. The officers' barracks are not yet finished; and we are all dispersed about in lodgings. One furnished lodging, which I am in treaty for, and the only one which I have heard of, is a long mile from the barracks. Now as I, like all new comers in the 52nd, of whatever rank, have to go through the same drill as a private recruit, beginning with my facings and goose steppings, and have consequently to attend drill three times a day, at 7 and 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., it is rather fagging work to be so far from the men. I at first thought of buying a 10*l.* horse to ride backwards and forwards, but as, having been twice returned absent without leave, I am cut out of two months' pay for the present, I cannot conveniently manage this; and it is all the better, as exercise will keep me from growing fat.

"Although I much regret having remained in uncertainty so long in England, and having so little time before me before winter sets in, I hope to be tolerably perfect in light bob drill by the close of the year; and you may therefore tell Charlotte, with my love, that if she does not hold up her head and move nimbly, I shall put her through her facings regularly three times a day when I come. Give my love to George, and tell him that amidst my sorrow there enters a little anger at his want of care. His corporal understanding is so necessary for the conveyance of his mental to the assistance and comfort of others, that he should be careful of

himself. I am told that if I had been quartered in Fredericton, which you for some reason suppose I am, the people there would, in quality of his brother, have carried me on their hands."

His brother George, Archdeacon of Quebec, who had previously been some time at Fredericton as clergyman of the place, had been thrown out of a carriage, and severely injured.

"Sept. 27. 1823.

"My dearest Father,

"I have this instant received Charlotte's letter with your ending, and have but a moment to vindicate the 52nd from an impression given by my carelessness of expression. 'Men of the world,' happened to be the term used by the person who repeated to me what Sir Howard had said; it meant in this case nothing more than gentlemen accustomed to good society, and incapable of abusing the intimacy to which he admits them. Of 'men of the world,' such as you mean, and such as I too despise and detest, I really don't know one amongst us. . . . . The 52nd regiment was for a long time the hobby-horse of one of the finest soldiers and best men that ever breathed. He gave his attention too to the mess, and he was often heard to boast that 'his officers drank better wine, AND LESS OF IT,' than those of any other regiment of the line. We do nothing more than keep up the system he established; our mess is certainly, I think, for the gentlemanlike style in which all is carried on, but by no means for 'extraordinarily

good cookery' remarkable. The officers now composing the head-quarters mess are, with the only exception of one, who is the son of a baronet, and myself, sons of old general officers, and I do not recollect that I ever heard them talk of eating or drinking. . . . . We dine at six, coffee is brought at eight or soon after, and the mess breaks up, whether friends are there or not, often sooner and never later, unless persons of such rank happen to be present that the mess waits for them to give the signal.

"So much for the 52nd mess.

"Your very affectionate son,

"A. S. H. M."

Before he obtained his lieutenancy, the prospect of his rising in his profession seemed so uncertain, that the bishop had offered to use his interest to get his son into the Civil Service; but the lieutenancy having been procured put an end to this idea, and Armine thus writes to his father from St. John's.

"In your letter of October you mention having written both to the Duke of York and Mr. Canning. I should, perhaps, as you suppose, have readily embraced an opportunity of establishing myself as a civilian, particularly at that time, when the sight of my brothers, happy in the midst of their wives and children, was present before me, and increased those yearnings of the heart and cravings after domestic comfort which are innate in most men, and certainly predominate in the Mountains, but I now rejoice that I am not a statesman

or diplomatist, and am well content that what is, is. The character of the true soldier, the preux chevalier of the olden time, offers all that can flatter the imagination; and although my rank may not correspond to my standing in the army and the prospects with which I entered it, I have some reason to hope that I shall obtain a company ere long, and I would not give the recollections of the past for much money. And if all fail, I have at least learnt to amuse myself by occupation, and say with Boileau,

'Je ne trouve point de fatigue si rude;
Que l'ennuyeux loisir d'un mortel sans étude;
Qui, jamais ne sortant de sa stupidité,
Soutiens, dans les langueurs de son oisiveté,
D'une lâche indolence esclave volontaire,
Le pénible fardeau de n'avoir rien à faire.'

"How many such beings have I seen, and do daily see!"

After having been with his regiment a short time, he was selected, though still only a lieutenant, to take command of a company which was to be detached and sent to Prince Edward's Island. This, though honourable to him, as showing the confidence felt in him by his commanding officer, was not agreeable to a young man fond of society, and who had so long been accustomed to the amusements of foreign countries. He gained great credit with the official authorities for the manner in which he accomplished the journey and commanded his detachment. The following extracts of a

letter to his mother show how cheerfully he yielded to his banishment, which he expected would last for the whole winter.

"Charlotte Town, Aug. 1824.

"My dearest dear Mother,

"Here I be
En Sibérie!

"Very much so! Observe, I beseech you, the beauty, the delicacy, the admirable simplicity of that thought! I call this island the Siberia of these our North American colonies—the comparison is perfect—and I put the verb in the subjunctive, *not at all for the sake of the rhyme,* but because I suppose myself to make this exclamation upon awaking suddenly from a trance, still unwilling to believe the sad reality. . . . . Seriously, here I am safe and sound, but here I am, alas! This place is worse than I expected. The town is small, and there are few clean-looking houses. There are not more than three or four people who even aspire to the acquaintance of the officer commanding the detachment, and he is better without than with the acquaintance of these few. I am told so; and from what I have seen the report must be correct. In short, a man has nothing for it, but to become either a sot, a student, or a fisherman. Now it happens, unfortunately, that I cannot sit and soak in whisky and bad port like an old sponge, therefore this resource is, I fear, out of the question; my inclinations might lead me to study, but unluckily again, I have had one or two hints in my life that much sedentary employment

won't do for me. I must therefore absolutely turn fisherman, though I could never fancy the pleasure of sitting in a boat by the hour together, like a statue, with an apology for a tandem whip in your hand, with a hook at the end instead of a thong. Mais, après tout, I may as well grin as cry, since crying wont help me, and betwixt reading, writing, and walking, and a little drilling occasionally, the time will pass. . . . . There is no library here; and, to sum up all, here I am pinned till May next.. . . . . I could not resist drawing the picture in its real colours, because it is so bad, and the difference between this and the same period in former years is so striking that it rather amuses me than otherwise. Don't be uneasy on my account, dearest mother,—I promise you not to cut my throat. It is, perhaps, no misfortune to be thrown for a time entirely on my own resources, and if I keep up what little I have acquired, and gain a wrinkle or two, the time will not be a blank in my life.".

A change unexpectedly occurred in the disposition of the troops, and before the winter set in, Armine was recalled with his company to head-quarters at Fredericton, where Sir Howard Douglas, then Governor of New Brunswick, showed him great kindness and attention. The society at Government House was congenial to the young soldier, and his gentlemanly manners and varied acquirements made him a general favourite; but wherever he might be, his heart and thoughts always turned to his mother and

his home. On Christmas Day he writes to his mother: —

"When shall I again be permitted to pass a Christmas with you and my dear father? My thoughts are often and daily with you — but on Sundays they seem to hover round my home more than at other times — and still more on this day, so endeared by the charm of early association. . . . . I have just come from church, and have taken the sacrament at the altar where my excellent brother George officiated. It would have been a great comfort to have received it at his hand, or at that of my revered father! but, dear mother, we must not expect too much, and I have many blessings and comforts to be thankful for."

After Christmas, being very anxious to see his father and mother, he obtained leave of absence to visit Quebec, and crossed the Portage on snow-shoes. The cold was extreme, and the fatigue of walking on snow-shoes, to one unaccustomed to the exercise, was very great. One day, overcome by fatigue, he laid down on the floor of a hut, of which the walls, made of rough logs, let in the piercing air upon him, and slept for some hours, thus laying the foundation of rheumatic pains, from which he afterwards suffered severely; and on reaching Quebec, he was long confined with inflammation in the ankle, called "mal de raquette," caused by the strain of the snow-shoe upon the muscles of the ankle and foot.

It was at this time that he made acquaintance with the late Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, who ever after were kind and steady friends to him, and in some degree influenced his professional career, as will be shown further on.

Mrs. Mountain, writing to a friend at this time, says: —

"Armine came across that horrid Portage, and the season being particularly unfavourable, he has suffered materially — one leg is so affected by the cold, that he is obliged to sit with it up all day; his general health is good, and the cheerfulness and patience with which he bears the confinement and privation much gratify us. Parties were made for him by all his old and new friends. Lord and Lady Dalhousie are very kind, and Sir F. Burton disposed to take much notice of him. . . . . He is a fine young man, and with exterior improvements has not lost the better qualities of his mind. He is modest and affectionate, and I was nearly saying is *all* we could wish him to be."

He returned to Fredericton in the summer, again crossing the Portage, but this time with a companion, and in fine weather, and remained with the 52nd all this year.

His courteous manners and love of foreign languages and poetry led some of the young officers to

quiz one of whose extreme rectitude and purity of conduct they were perhaps a little jealous; in return for their satire he wrote the following lines, and giving them in a letter to a servant, they were handed to the president of the mess, and by him read aloud after dinner.

"RETALIATION.

IMITATED FROM GOLDSMITH.

"'They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them."

[*A vignette of a table with decanters and glasses, and persons sitting sleeping around.*]

"Now a-days when to pic-nics our beaux are invited,
Each man takes his bottle, the feast is united —
If old Blossom provides for our feeding, I think,
If each guest bring himself, he will bring the best drink.
For Hewett's mull'd port, that's abundantly spiced,
And St. John choice claret, that's cool, but not iced,
Our Ronald madeira, that's twice crossed the line,
Johnny Bentham, old hock from the banks of the Rhine.
And Lummy champagne that has turned rather flat,
(But leave it alone, t'will get better of that!)
But curse all foreign wines, and each foreign lingo,
Our Wog, I am certain, is capital stingo —
With curly-haired Harry it is not small beer,
Then as best bottled porter, he now shall appear.

But, Longworth, pour gently — to lovers of soaking
That froth in the beaker is plaguy provoking.
Yet drink manfully on, sirs, and never despair,
There's good liquor at bottom — du moins, je l'espère.
Now last, tho' not least, that poor shatterbrained sub,
Magnanimous Mountain is fresh sillibub.

"With such excellent liquors to wash down our food,
Who would not be merry? Ho! Longworth bring wood—
Let us draw round the fire — we've had a long drive,
The cold air exhausts one — our lads ar'nt alive —
So while o'er the rest I see drowsiness creeping,
I'll ponder, and tell what I think of the sleeping.

"Here sleeps honest Hewett, who gloried in tandem,
A bold whip, whose motto was 'Nil desperandum.'
His pencil was skilful each scene to portray,
Unused to disguise, he would impulse obey.
His feelings were quick, and they bore him along,
But he ne'er would persist, if he felt himself wrong:
And tho' he endeavour'd to make us believe
That he thought 'twas but folly for others to grieve,
None prompter than he to serve friends at a pinch,
Or slower than he from a duty to flinch.

"Here Frederick sits, fast asleep in his chair,
With whom, say the girls, there were few to compare;
The lads liked him too, for he'd join in a lark,
And be cautious withal, not to shoot o'er the mark.

His spirits were buoyant, his manner was droll,
To whate'er was his hobby, he'd give his whole soul.
He'd travelled — and knew both the world and its ways,
Would follow his fancy, and let the folks gaze.
The mishaps of this life he profess'd not to feel,
Yet was sometimes brought up by an accès de bile.

"Here . . . sleeps, who made pun after pun,
And harped on old jokes, and mistook it for fun;
But yet our friend . . . . to give him his due,
Sometimes too, would say a good thing, it is true:
Of modern events and the news of the day,
As . . . . few people have so much to say;
He was friendly and cheerful, and never bore grudge,
So when he was witty, we only cried — 'Fudge!' —
And if in the spleen we'd sent Bob to the devil,
Soon felt, that to want him, would be a worse evil.

"Here Bentham is dozing — a good piece of stuff,
Ingenious, manly, with talents enough.
He relished a joke, and would tell a good story,
But soon lost his patience with prosers that bore ye.
Amongst amateurs he was greatly in vogue,
He'd act well, or sing well, or tip ye the brogue.
Yes, John was a jewel — but oh! botheration!
One thing Johnny wanted—'t was this — application;
Thus, since more than he *was*, he felt he *might be*,
John oft was opprest with the demon, ennui.

"Here sleeps Colonel Lummy, the Prince of Vagaries,
Who long made a figure amid the Canaries —
He wanted not feeling, had taste and good sense,
Read Greek, and could construe each case and each tense.
Knew Shakspeare by heart, could recite and could rhyme,
And talked a vast deal of the value of time —
But our Lummy, alas! spent much time in dreaming,
Oft changed his pursuits, and was constantly scheming.

"Here Bacchus reclines, with his feet on the fender,
(That seat in the corner he ne'er would surrender),
Here he sleeps, little man, half buried in gills,
Forgetful alike of this world and its ills.
If aught hit his fancy he'd laugh till he cried,
He'd 'blame' us all round, if his temper was tried,
But Bacchus was ever a kind-hearted lad,
And welcome to all, whether merry or sad.

"Here sleeps Harry New-come, a comical cove,
As e'er in this world buckled sword on, by Jove!
He'd tell you long stories of feats he had done,
Of horses he'd ridden, and hearts he had won.
But was, we must own it, a queer pleasant creature,
'And slander itself must allow him good nature.'"

In the spring of 1825, he was hastily summoned to Quebec to see his father, whose strength was failing

under repeated attacks of illness. He started immediately, but arrived too late to receive his father's blessing. The bishop died some days before his son's arrival.

Armine found his mother and sister living in a house, not far from Quebec, to which they had removed for the benefit of the bishop's health, and here he remained with them, devoting himself to the task of soothing this dear mother and sister, to whom he was attached with all the warmth and tenderness of his ardent disposition. Of her four sons, the youngest was the only one who had the happiness of watching over his mother in the first days of her widowhood, for two of his brothers were living in England, and the archdeacon had gone there in the hope of inducing the government to appoint the Hon. Mr. Stuart as suffragan bishop, so that his father, who was quite unable to continue the very arduous duties of his diocese, might return to England. Bishop Mountain, however, sank more rapidly than was expected, and when the royal yacht arrived, which was to have taken him to his native land, his pure and saintly spirit had passed to its rest in Christ.

On Armine devolved the duty of arranging all his mother's affairs, and in October, he obtained leave of absence to take her to England. The commander of

the royal yacht, Sir Harry Leeke, who had received instructions to convey the bishop and his family to England, concluding that these orders would equally apply to the widow, received Mrs. Mountain and her son and daughter on board the "Herald," and throughout the voyage showed her the greatest respect and kindness, endeavouring by every attention to mark the reverence felt for her husband's memory, and sympathy for her loss.

Soon after reaching England Armine, in writing to an old friend to tell of his mother's arrival, adds —

"That you will have felt for us, my dear and kind friend, in our recent affliction, I do not doubt; few, I believe, of his early friends cherished so warmly as you did the recollection of my beloved and revered father. Time, and a sense of duty, have already, with us all, softened the bitterness of sorrow; but I do not wish to forget what I have lost, I love to dwell upon his memory; and, whenever we meet, I shall feel a consolatory pleasure in talking of him with you; for indeed, my dear W——, 'take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' He was in good truth the most princely-minded, the most highly gifted, the kindest, noblest, most strictly upright, simple-hearted human being I have ever seen.

"My dearest mother and sister had not only to pass alone through the last scenes of sickness and of death, but spent afterwards three weeks at Marchmont, by themselves, in the country, where every surrounding object

was calculated to bring affliction still more home to them, for my mother, deluded by false hopes, and partly from kind though mistaken motives, would not allow me to be written to until a few hours before his death. That letter was a fortnight in reaching me, and not without toil I arrived in Quebec, passing a third time the Portage in eight days more. My mother's forgetfulness of herself and exertions for others were even in her astonishing. . . . .

"It has pleased Providence to give my mother many consolations, and though we have lost him to whom we all looked up for counsel and support, and referred alike every pleasure and every pain, still we have all much to be thankful for, and the respect and sorrow shown by the whole population of Quebec from the highest to the lowest, as by those who knew him in general, stand foremost among consoling reflections.

"As for myself, you will, I know, be glad to hear of my promotion, and I consider myself fortunate in these times to have got a full-pay company, though I regret leaving the 52nd."

He had just obtained a company by purchase in the 75th regiment, then quartered in Jersey, having borrowed from near relations the necessary sum to enable him to make up the price of this step. From the time of the death of the Bishop of Quebec his yearly allowance had ceased, the bishop having spent in his diocese the whole of his income, and the small private fortune he possessed he had bequeathed to

his wife and daughters. Armine now lived entirely on his pay as a captain, and scrupulously paid off the debt he had contracted in buying his company.

The regret of the 52nd regiment at losing young Mountain was extreme, and great exertions were made by the officers to arrange some means by which he could procure a company in their corps, but it could not be accomplished, and he never rejoined that regiment. He always, however, looked upon the time spent with the 2nd as the foundation of his military experience, and when in the course of service he obtained command of a regiment, his aim ever was to introduce the high feeling of honour, the *esprit de corps*, and gentlemanly conduct, which had been fostered in that distinguished regiment.

Before leaving England, Armine saw his mother and sister comfortably settled near his eldest brother; and by his devoted affection, judgment, and tenderness, smoothed many little difficulties and softened many trials that were unavoidable in the changed position in which Mrs. Mountain was now placed.

CHAPTER IV.

In the spring of 1826, Armine joined the 76th regiment in Jersey. Sir Colin Halkett was then Governor of the island, and the correct conduct, and devotion to military duty, of the young soldier, soon won his esteem. Captain Mountain was often at Government House, and from the knowledge of his character then acquired, Sir Colin was induced, on becoming commander-in-chief in Bombay, some years later, to offer him the post of military secretary.

The following letter to his mother gives a sufficient insight to his habits and feelings at this time:

"Jersey, July, 1826.

"My beloved Mother,

"It appears to me so long since I have had any conversation with you, that I will not let another post go out without writing to you, although this is a busy day with us. We have had muster and inspection of kits this morning, and are going out ball-firing this afternoon,

and I am, moreover, by no means in a brilliant humour. Owing principally to my not being mounted, but partly also to sundry engagements of business or of pleasure, I do not very often go into the country, and have as yet made none of those pedestrian rambles which I projected. The day before yesterday, being invited to join a pic-nic at St. Ouen, about seven miles from hence, I hired a rattle-trap with the doctor, who being called to the sick, left me to drive out alone. The road lay through the valley of St. Peter's, the most picturesque in the island. The fields of waving corn, ripe for the sickle, struck me with equal surprise and dismay — scarcely conscious of the arrival of summer, I beheld the approach of autumn. I thought myself in a dream, and asked myself, with mingled regret and shame, how the time had been spent; what good I had done; how I had enjoyed the blessings given me; what intercourse I had held with those I love? The internal answer to these questions was by no means satisfactory; and I have scarcely yet shaken off the feeling of melancholy surprise with which I awoke as it were, and found that day after day had imperceptibly stolen away, until another of the best summers of my life had flown, without aught to mark the progress of time—without an event for memory to cling to—without a consciousness of some self-improvement — which can alone console us for the rapid departure of life's best days.

"The house of Sir Thomas Le Breton, Lieutenant Baillie of the island, is the one I most frequently visit; it is more of an English house, on y est plus à son aise; and their parties are pleasanter than any others. We

had a pic-nic a few days ago, to which they gave me the means of vectitation ; that is, a very nice English tilbury, with the younger son, just returned from South America, as a companion. We breakfasted at Pontac, an isolated inn in a pretty bay on the sea-shore, and then proceeded to Mont Orgueil Castle, where we dined. It is supposed that the Romans had a stronghold upon this rock. The present castle, however, is evidently gothic, though of what date is not known ; it has existed time out of mind, and is certainly one of the finest ruins I have ever seen. In the days of the Charleses it was successively the refuge of distinguished persons, and more than once of the monarch himself. The Duc de Bouillon, who fitted up a few rooms as a temporary residence, was its last tenant. The castle crowns a promontory of rock, the base of which is washed by the sea, and from the highest tower the view of the village of Gozey beneath, of the island shore, and the opposite coast of France (only fifteen miles distant), is magnificent. . . . . I have, as I believe I said, as far as parties go, which invariably terminate in a dance, as much society as I wish, and more than is quite convenient, as most of the principal people live in the country. . . . . I continue to take my Spanish lessons three times a week ; but I shall curtail them to two, as they are somewhat costly. I read a little, not as much as I ought, and have abundance of books, besides my own. I subscribe to a library, and the Le Bretons lend me whatever I want. I do not neglect my company, which gives me, however, mighty little trouble. Our men are all English, and of the best, though not most brilliant, description, — that is, lads

from the plough tail, who have no vice: out of four companies since I joined there has not been a single punishment, and but one since the depôt came to the island. I have in my company a good many louts of course, but some comely, well spoken, almost gentlemanly lads, who colour up to the temples if you check them, which, however, they seldom require. I have had some cry and sob like children when I find fault sharply; but these are too soft, I don't like them: every man that can read has a prayer book, and the Bibles are given between comrades. . . . . Dearest Mother, I have gossiped of myself as much as possible, in the hope of inducing you to give me more particulars of the Vicarage than I generally get from any of you.

"Ever your tenderly affectionate
and dutiful Son,
"A. S. H. M."

About this time Captain Mountain was strongly urged by his friends, and particularly by Sir Colin Halkett, who first suggested the idea, to apply for an unattached majority. The difficulty was how to procure the necessary sum of 1400*l.*, even if he were so fortunate as to obtain permission to purchase. The following extract of a letter to his eldest brother, who ever acted towards Armine with the love of a father, will best explain the circumstances: —

"My dearest Brother,

"I have been vexed with myself for having troubled you with a letter, and I certainly should not so soon be

again guilty of the like indiscretion had I not led you by my own words to expect to hear from me again. . . . Sir Colin had more than once, in the course of conversation, before said to me, 'You ought to apply for one of these unattached majorities,'—which I, conscious of my poverty, had passed over in silence; but that day, when he gave his opinion more at length, and concluded by an offer of recommending me to Sir Herbert Taylor, I came to my room hot from the encounter, and, having but barely sufficient time to scrawl a few lines, seized hold at once of pen and paper.

"That it should be possible for me to raise the cash and actually get the permission to purchase, being so young a captain, seems too great a piece of luck to fall to my lot, and I am half sorry that I wrote to you in the zeal of the moment. And yet, had I been silent, I might, perhaps, years hence, have looked back, and reproached myself with having missed a chance: the more, too, I reflect, the more do I feel, that no sacrifice *of myself* could be hardly too great to obtain such advantage . . . In the event of a war, I should be sure of getting on full pay for nothing and, if I have the luck and the *pluck* (and, considering whence I come I ought to have), be also pretty sure of doing *something*. . . . . In short, after the most candid and impartial consideration of the matter of which I am capable, the advantages by present purchase are so immense, that I would say to you, raise the money by your credit, and trust to me to pay the interest, as with great attention I might do, until I shall be able to repay the principal, which I have, sooner or later, reasonable prospect of being able to do: this I would ask frankly

under present circumstances, *but for one thing*, — I may die; — there's the rub: if I insured my life, I could not pay interest and insurance, and exist myself, — there's the choking bone, and, writhe as I may, I cannot swallow it."

The unattached majority was not attained at this time; but during the winter the war in Portugal opened the door for employment on active service, and Captain Mountain hurried to England in the hope of getting permission to join the troops proposed to be sent to Portugal. On reaching London he wrote to his mother thus: —

"After being nearly a fortnight without news, a packet brought three mails at once, but, to my disappointment, not a line from you. I had fancied it would bring my promotion; Sir Colin, too, was disappointed that it did not. I got on my horse on Saturday last about mid-day, and rode to Government House. 'Well, Mountain, what are you going to do?' 'I come to ask you, sir.' 'You had better be off without loss of time; it will cost you a few pounds more, but it is worth the risk. Meet me at the Office at 3, and I will give you a line to Sir Herbert Taylor.'

"I gave over my company, sat up all night to pack up my books, and make what arrangements I could about my things, and started in the packet at daylight. We had a very good passage, arrived at Weymouth yesterday about mid-day, took a chaise to Dorchester, and got there into the coach, which set me down here an hour ago. I shall be with you probably on Thursday; but as

it must entirely depend on what Sir H. Taylor says to me to-morrow, you must not be surprised if I do not come. Now, dearest Mother, I am very anxious to get to Portugal; but I have no chance of success, for I am late, and there are crowds of young men equally eager to go. Angerstein and his cousin Locke are both disappointed; but if I can persuade them to give me the majority, I shall be in the way disposable, if anything occurs. I send you Sir Colin's letter, to show you what he has done for me: he has done by me rather as a father than as a general officer whose acquaintance I made a few months ago. When I went to the office, he read me his letter, and said, 'I have said little, because I thought a short letter best. Now, Mountain, you are taken by surprise in this journey. Do you want money? Tell me if you do. It is no inconvenience to me to give you what you may want, and I hope you will have no hesitation in taking it.' I was taken by surprise by this offer, and by his kind manner, so that, hang me, if I could have found a syllable to answer. It happened that the paymaster had already advanced the wherewithal to make the journey, so that I needed not Sir Colin's assistance, which was so sincerely offered that I would otherwise have accepted it. I have left my horse and my things to take their chance; but it is worth the risk, and I could not do less than follow Sir Colin's advice. . . . .

"Kind love to all,

"Ever your tenderly affectionate
and dutiful Son,

"A. S. H. M."

The following is Sir Colin Halkett's letter: —

"My dear Sir,

"I have this moment seen my friend, Captain Mountain, 76th Regt., whose intentions were to have gone on leave of absence in the course of next month; but, as it appears beyond a doubt that troops are to be sent immediately on active service, he has determined, with my permission, to leave this place for London this evening, with a view of using his exertions to get employed. Captain Mountain is a young man whose character and military acquirements (added to his *great proficiency* in languages) would render him a most useful officer, and I can only say that, were I myself employed, I should consider him an acquisition in any staff situation about my own person. May I also trouble you by recalling to your kind remembrance the unattached majority he is so anxious to obtain.

"Believe me, ever,

"Yours most faithfully,

(Signed) "COLIN HALKETT.

"Sir Herbert Taylor, G. C. H."

The permission to serve in Portugal was not granted to Captain Mountain; but the Duke of York, who was then on his death-bed, was induced, in consideration of the Bishop of Quebec's services to the Church and country and his son's high character, to

give to the latter the unattached majority he so much desired. This was one of the last acts of His Royal Highness, and Sir Astley Cooper writes thus on the subject to the Rev. J. Mountain.

"After my letter of last week, it is with singular pleasure that I communicate what happened with H. R. H. the Duke of York to-day. Sir Herbert Taylor said, 'I have the pleasure to tell you Mountain has his majority, and you will do right in thanking H. R. H.' I went into his room and said, 'Sir, I thank you for your great kindness to Major Mountain. You will have gladdened the heart and added many years to the life of a widowed mother and most excellent gentlewoman, and will have conferred happiness upon a numerous and most respectable family.' H. R. H. wiped a tear from his eye, and said, 'I am glad of it, I am glad of it.'

"Yours, always most truly,

"ASTLEY COOPER."

Major Mountain now came to reside with his mother and sister at Hemel Hempstead, till such time as he could again get upon full pay. He amused himself in translating some of Schiller's poems, and wrote about this time the "Life of the Emperor Adrian" for the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." His translation of Schiller's "Ideale" is here given:—

"And wilt thou thus for ever leave me;
Of fairy Fancy's frolic train,
Thy joys, thy griefs, of all bereave me,
And never, never come again?
Is there no prayer, no spell can hold thee,
Thou fleeting flow'r, life's golden prime?
Ah no! away thy current's roll'd thee
Far to the gulf of endless Time.

"Dimm'd is the glorious sun that gladden'd
My buoyant course in early life;
The glowing thoughts are changed and sadden'd
Wherewith the bounding heart was rife.
And gone too is the fond believing
In beings that my dreams portray'd;
My noblest visions, past retrieving,
Reality's cold spoil are made.

"As lip to lip in fervour seeking,
Pygmalion the stone embraced,
Until the flash of human feeling
The marble's chisell'd features graced,—
E'en so did I, to Nature rushing,
Hang on her charms with youthful zest,
Till she 'gan breathe, and, sweetly blushing,
To warm upon her vot'ry's breast.

"And, sharing my impassion'd yearning,
Her silence into rapture grew,
And now, the kiss of love returning,
My bosom's inmost throb she knew.

Then sang for me the silver fountain,
Then lived the forest and the flower,
E'en the rude rock and frowning mountain
Felt then my spirit's genial power.

"An impulse keen, each young thought firing,
Thrill'd conqu'ring thro' my swelling heart,
With life to grapple, loud aspiring,
In word and deed, to bear my part.
This world, how stately seem'd it moulded,
While only in the bud 'twas seen!
How little has been since unfolded;
That little, too — how poor and mean!

"The youth with headlong courage burning,
Unknowing care, despising fear,
Bright honour in his day-dreams earning,
Dash'd hotly into life's career;
Up to the palest star of heaven
His fancy soared with eagle flight,
Nor from the distant morn to even
Was aught could stay her pinions' might.

"What could not he, when blest and blessing,
So lightly he was borne along?
Around his car of triumph pressing,
How gaily danced the airy throng!
Love came, and lavish'd sweet caresses,—
Fame, that a crown of stars had won,—
Fair Fortune with her golden tresses,—
And Truth, resplendent as the sun.

"But ah! ere half the way was over,
The train had slacken'd in its pace,
And, one by one, each faithless rover
Turned sidewards with averted face.
False Fortune fled, as in derision,
The thirst of knowledge craved anew;
While of dark doubts a misty vision,
Truth's sunny form had veiled from view.

"Fame's sacred wreath I saw degraded —
Profaned upon the vulgar brow:
Love's bloom, alas! too soon had faded,
Nor promised e'er again to blow.
Still more and more forlorn and weary,
More waste and rugged was the way;
And o'er the scene, so dark and dreary,
Lone Hope but left a lurid ray.

"When all that glittering train denied me,
For me who dared their scorn to brave?
Who stands consoling now beside me,
And follows to the dull dank grave?
E'en thou, who for the stricken carest,
And gently heal'st each hidden wound,
Thou, Friendship, who life's burden sharest,
Thou, whom I early sought and found;

"And thou, her meek and mild attendant,
That lay'st, like her, the bosom's woes,
Employment, harmless, independent,
Unwearied sweet'ner of repose.

Thou line by line unwearied tracest
The fabric of Eternity —
Yet from th' account of Time effacest
Minutes, days, years, so silently!"

He remained nearly two years in this place, watching over and comforting his mother, and winning the affection and regard of rich and poor. Twenty-five years later, when his widow came into the neighbourhood, the remembrance of his character and virtues was preserved by his old friends and acquaintances, who vied with each other in showing, by kindness to her who bore his name, their respect and affection for Armine Mountain.

He soon began to weary of this life of inaction, and made many ineffectual efforts to get employment on active service. One of these he mentions in the following letter: —

"I have been lately much more in town either than I like, or than suiteth an h.-p. pocket; but I thought it right to wait on Sir Herbert Taylor, and was twice disappointed in the day; and I received to boot a very kind letter from Sir Colin Halkett, telling me that he had written to recommend me to Lord Beresford, for the Portuguese service, and desiring me to leave my name at his lordship's house in town. The noble lord was hourly expected, but would not arrive; so that, after waiting three or four days, I entrusted my card and

address to a serving wench, and came back to my dear mother's quiet cottage. I should like very well to obtain the command of a battalion of Caçadores for a few years, and should not feel disposed to trust to said serving wench's powers of memory, but for the report that no English officers will be employed in Portugal on account of the jealousy of the people to foreign rule. I have been offered two exchanges to full pay. . . . . Mais il y a une petite difficulté ; c'est que je n'ai pas le sou !— Exchanges without difference are immensely difficult to obtain, and I must be patient."

About this time, Sir John Harvey was commissioned by a nobleman to seek for an officer who would accompany his eldest son on a year's tour on the Continent. Sir John Harvey's thoughts turned to Major Mountain, and he concludes a letter to Mrs. Mountain in these words : —

"You and your son will, I hope, impute this address to its real motives, the sincere regard which I feel towards all your family, and the high opinion which I entertain of your military son ; and you will excuse my adding my wish to secure for a very fine young man the benefit of a very valuable acquaintance, which may ripen into friendship."

This offer was not accepted, as Major Mountain's earnest desire was for employment in his profession ; but a few years later circumstances threw him into

the society of this family, and the friendship desired by Sir J. Harvey sprung up between himself and the young nobleman, whose early death caused real grief to his friends. He afterwards regretted having declined an offer which, as circumstances turned out, would have led to his earlier promotion, and, in all human probability, his career would have been more brilliant; but his mind was too well balanced to dwell frequently on the chances of what might have been, and he ever saw and gratefully acknowledged the guiding hand of Providence, that led him, through many disappointments and trials, to high posts in his profession, and a sphere of widely-spread usefulness.

During the winter of this year he went into Essex to visit a relation, and was there attacked by inflammation of the lungs. The severity of his illness, and the remedies employed to reduce it, left him in a state of great weakness and exhaustion, so as to cause very great alarm to his friends; but the sympathy and kindness shown by the neighbouring families were very gratifying, as proving the interest felt for him wherever he went. As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to his mother's cottage; and with care and kind nursing, and the tender watching of mother and sister, he in time regained strength. In the spring he went to visit his brother, the rector of

Havant; and whilst there, his true and constant friend Captain Angerstein, having heard of his delicate health, sent from London a thorough-bred horse and servant, to be at his friend's disposal till he was stronger. Such kind and thoughtful attention could not be rejected, and the change of air and scene, which he was thus enabled to enjoy, contributed largely to his ultimate recovery.

Towards the close of 1828 he had gone to London, to make another effort to be restored to full pay, but found that nothing could be done for him at the Horse Guards unless he could give the difference, and even then Lord Fitzroy Somerset held out little hope of employment. He was on the point of leaving town, much disheartened and downcast, when he met the Earl of Dalhousie in the streets: almost the first words of the Earl were an offer to get him into his own regiment, the 26th Cameronians, then stationed at Madras. The offer was thankfully accepted, as the step was expected to go in the regiment without purchase. It proved, however, that the difference must be given; but, considering the difficulty of being restored to full pay, and that Lord Dalhousie, who unsolicited had made him the offer, was going out to India as Commander-in-Chief, his military friends advised his raising the necessary sum, and joining

the 26th. This, by the kindness of relations, he was enabled to do, and, to secure them from any loss in the event of his death, he insured his life, and then punctually paid off by instalments the heavy debt he had contracted.

In December, 1828, he was gazetted into the 26th Regiment, and in May, 1829, sailed for India. His greatest distress in leaving England was the parting with his mother, whose advanced age and delicate health made him very anxious; but he had made up his mind, and determined to look forward cheerfully to the hope of return. The following extracts from a letter to his dear mother will close this chapter.

"Gravesend, May 10.

"My dearest Mother,

"Here we are windbound, and I am not sorry for it, as it enables me to write you a line. I have been arranging my cabin all the morning, and it is really very comfortable. . . .

"I should have come on shore to church, but till the tide turned it was not determined to remain till to-morrow. . . . . I went to evening service, and I thought that my dear mother was perhaps at church at the same time at Hemel Hempstead, and perhaps thought of me, and I prayed to God for His blessing upon her and upon dear Tatty, and all my brothers and sisters; and I trust to a kind Providence to bring me back to my beloved

mother; only let her take care of her precious health, and make Tatty do likewise, and, please God, you shall yet see six or seven feet of old Indian walk in some fine morning and claim the fatted calf. I dare not trust myself to think much of my separation from you, for it almost unmans me; but I have many things to be thankful for, and yet I feel that I am launched alone upon the world. When I went to join the 52nd, it was to a country the sister province to which gave me birth, and looking forward to seeing you all after a time; but now the distance is fourfold, and I look forward to new faces only and totally new scenes. In these there will be much to interest, and I go cheerfully, and satisfied that what is is best, and without a wish to exchange at present. . . Dearest mother, how can I ever thank you for all your goodness to me; how can I show the tender and dutiful affection which I feel, and which is part of my being, if I may so say, — that feeling which will cling to me as long as life lasts, and can never know change!"

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a voyage of nearly four months, Major Mountain landed at Madras, and joined the Cameronians in Fort St. George. He had spent the early part of each day in studying Hindostanee and Persian; so that when the feeling of sea-sickness wore off, the monotony of a long voyage was not irksome, and he felt, as he wrote to his mother, "that every situation in life has its redeeming bright moments for those who would rather turn their minds to them than dwell upon unavoidable annoyances and privations."

Voyages to India have been so often detailed, that I shall only give here two extracts from his journal-letters to his sister, and then proceed to his first impressions of India.

"May 21.

"Having got clear of that horrible Bay of Biscay, I sit down again to finish my letter to you. I think of the vicarage garden now, as in its greatest beauty; my heart

yearns for a sight of it, and a peep through the window at the inmates of the pretty little drawing-room, where I have spent so many happy days, and which always looked so neat and nice and comfortable, whenever I returned home after a short absence. I recollect going in unperceived on my return from Jersey, and finding our beloved mother sitting in her arm-chair near the fire. I remained some moments without speaking to her, for she was quite a picture, and all around was so snug and ladylike, and so familiar to one's old and most cherished affections, that it was happiness to look on in silence.

"I am always on deck before sunrise, which at this season in these latitudes is not till half-past six or later. After breakfast I devote the morning to Hindostanee and cabin occupation, and the evenings are spent in the society of this vessel. The captain, who seemed at first decidedly opposed to the ladies dancing, relented all of a sudden, and this became the evening amusement whenever it was fine, and rather oftener than I, for one, wished. It is always dark before seven, but we enjoy the most beautiful moonlight nights. I do not, however, agree in the idea that sunrise and sunset and the moon's full light have greater charms at sea than on shore. They may possibly invite more to thought, as there is less to disturb the attention; but there is surely less variety and less to interest the affections, or excite, by association, recollections of the past; yet to see the great solar globe, rising, red as fire, at once out of ocean, is certainly a sublime spectacle.

"On the 21st, at midnight, we recrossed the line; we coasted Ceylon, and fancied we smelt the spicy air of

land, though not within sight. On the 27th, I went up to the main royal yard before breakfast, but could discover nothing: in another hour, however, there was a cry of land, and the hills of Sadras, like dim blue cones on the horizon, were soon visible from the quarter-deck. We were all eagerly on the look-out for the first catamaran, and as we hugged the shore, in the course of the morning, several met us. It is impossible to conceive a more primitive vehicle; it consists simply of three logs of wood, some seven or eight feet long, lashed together, without any attempt at excavation or bulwark, and awkwardly, though not always, brought to something like a point in front. On this rudest of rude rafts, generally, three natives stand in line, stark naked, and with only a string tied tight round the waist, just above the hips; but I immediately observed the truth of Bishop Heber's observation, that the duskiness of skin does away with the idea of indelicacy. They were generally small men, not so perfectly formed as I expected, and very noisy. On one catamaran, an old man, who stood in the centre, particularly struck me, as his long silvery beard singularly contrasted with the dark copper hue of the rest of his person. I forgot to mention that the catamaran is propelled by a long narrow piece of board, which is used on one side as a paddle, when the men stand, and is held by the middle and used alternately on either side, when they sit. A little before sunset we anchored in Madras Roads, in full view of the town and fort, which have an imposing appearance from the water. The ship was immediately surrounded by a number of native boats of extraordinary formation,— but probably

calculated for the surf which unceasingly lashes this beach, — rude and clumsy, and of most disproportionate depth, and each manned by a Serang, and ten or a dozen rowers, who half stand, half sit to their work, and use by way of oar a rude pole with a piece of circular wood attached to the end of it. One man sings or rather chants a sort of stanza, which seems to be repeated by them all; and when several boats are together, the jabbering noise they make is almost deafening, and yet disposes one to laugh. Many of these boats were now filled with servants in robe and turban, all anxious for employ; and in a few moments we had received numberless salaams, and had written characters forced into our hands. I was glad to hear that the Cameronians were in the Fort, as I shall enjoy an up-country march much more when I am less of a griffin; but I did not land in the evening, and was afterwards sorry for it, as the king's letter was presented the next morning at daybreak to the Nawab of the Carnatic, who lives as a sort of state prisoner, though holding his own court near the government house. His highness gave a splendid breakfast on the occasion; our regiment and several native corps, and the elephants in full caparison, were paraded, and a grand salute fired from the fort. It would have been a striking show to a new comer on first landing, and it is a pity that we lost it by a few hours.

"By daylight on the 28th the ship was again surrounded by country boats. The natives crowded the deck, and were, I dare say, troublesome; but I was very indignant when I saw the chief mate running about with a great hunting whip, and mercilessly lashing all who came

within his reach. The poor devils scudded away as fast as they could into the chains, and dropped into their boats; but I heard many a heavy lash on their bare shoulders. . . . Having made a signal for an accommodation boat, a vehicle somewhat, though but little less, rude than those which came off with supplies for the ship, I took leave of the 'Grenville' a little before midday, under the guidance of a very flash native, whom I had engaged for the day, having been cautioned not to take permanent servants till I got on shore. Our landing reminded me a little of passing the rapids of the St. Lawrence: there is always a high serf upon the whole line of coast, as far as the eye can reach. I had explained to the people that Master would give two rupees extra if they landed him dry, and nothing if they wetted. They watched their opportunity, accordingly, of passing each breaker, still as mice, and suddenly plied the oar with great energy, making a clatter and a hubbub perfectly original in its sound, and almost loud enough, methought, to be heard at the Vicarage. After tossing about in a strange way, that might not have been so pleasant, if I had not known that a sousing was the worst that could befall me, I set my foot for the first time, safe and sound and dry, upon Asiatic soil.

"The fellows often make me laugh, though it is, I know, a too great relaxing of my dignity. I told my Moorman, as they call the Mussulmen here, just now to ask the drum-major when the mail for the Pradwan was to be made up. He wanted a chithee or note, for this is the most note-writing country under heaven; this very Drum-major writes me a note to tell me about mails.

I was determined, however, that my Moor should carry a verbal message for once, and I repeated it over and over again: at last he exclaimed, — 'Maloon Massa,' — equivalent to 'je comprend Monsiegneur,'—'vat time is go England chithee;' and off he ran to ascertain.

"I had scarcely touched the shore, before I was surrounded by some score of native coolies, screaming, squabbling, and struggling for the porterage of the few things I had brought with me. I consigned them to a regimental Peon, whom Colonel Oglander had sent to meet me, and followed my flashy attendant to a palanquin, which conveyed me to the Custom House. I had heard of persons mistaking the mode of reclining in a palanquin;—it appeared to me very obvious. The vehicle is a long panelled box, with sliding doors and venetians on the sides, and windows at the end, like a sedan chair cut down and prolonged: in this you lay your full length, or sit, as you fancy, with your shoulders supported by cushions. The legs, of course, must be always in a horizontal position; but to obviate the fatigue of this posture, when you sit up, a small bolster is placed under each knee: over the feet there is a shelf for your hat, and a drawer for papers, &c. . . From each end of the palanquin protrudes a thick pole, turned up at the end, which lays upon the bearers' shoulders: there are generally six in a set, four working at a time, and the short man (for no attention is paid to sizing) placing under the pole as many of the little pads, which are generally suspended from it, as to bring his shoulder on a level with the tall one. The vehicle is a much heavier and larger one than I expected, and, with a weighty man

within, must be a tremendous burden. Yet these fellows run you along at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour, under the mid-day heat of a vertical sun: they work the opposed shoulder to that on which the pole rests, with a singular, rapid, and jerking motion, that appears to assist them; and they make a sort of complaining, grunting noise, that still gives me a painful sensation. When they meet another palanquin, however, or arrive near their destination, they set up a shouting and jabbering that may be heard a mile off, and increase their pace. . . .

"From the Custom House, I was carried to Grant's tavern in Black Town, where I engaged a room, and then waited on the colonel in the Fort. It would be difficult to describe the feeling of interest and surprise which the utter novelty of all that met the eye occasioned, as I passed through the streets. I can conceive nothing on earth so striking to an untravelled Englishman as the first landing in India direct from his own country. To one who has been a good deal about the world, and lost in some degree the zest and freshness of novelty,—to one who has seen the wild natives of America, of whose Asiatic origin there is, I presume, no doubt, and become familiar with the primitive costume and usages of uncivilised (or what *we* call uncivilised) life,—to such a person, the first effect must of course be something less; though, if not of absolutely dense intellect, he may probably have acquired such tastes and habits of observation as may render his enjoyment of the scene more permanent. For myself, as far as regards the natives themselves, my expectations have been fully answered in the pleasing and picturesque effect of their personal appear-

ance, costume, habits, occupations, vehicles and utensils; but in the face of the country I have been wofully disappointed. I see no fine trees, no luxuriance of foliage, no richness of vegetation; and I was even more mortified by the first sight of plantains and cocoa-nut trees than at that of the vineyards and olive-trees in the south of France, which imagination had pictured from infancy as objects almost divine, and which are in fact less attractive than a green meadow in England about the end of May, with a hedge of holly and wild flowering shrubs. But I suspend my judgment, recollecting that the soil in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras is particularly arid, and that I have arrived at the close of the hot season.

"The gentry, civilians and staff officers, all live in the country, and there are wide roads (probably the best in any part of the globe, and bordered by tulip trees, which are pretty enough) extending in every direction: the garden-houses, as they are called, are spacious and luxurious; . . . but the immediate grounds are in most instances arid and neglected. . . . Though I find luxuries certainly not within our reach in England, little English comforts are sometimes wanting. At a house where I dined the other day, and where iced champagne was literally abundant as water, I was offered a bath before dinner. I took it, but had to wait for towels to dry myself, which were after all scarcely so big as napkins, and could not get a bit of soap to wash my hands, because somebody was either in the way or out of the way, I could not make out which. You all anxiously cautioned me against indulging in fruit—most unnecessary appre-

hension! I have not yet seen, even at the governor's table, any fruit fit to eat! I am told mangoes are very good, but this is not the season for them. As for the meats, they are so bad, that I, who am no great epicure, am reduced to eating curry and rice, to which I am not partial, to get something that has at least a little taste. I do not fancy, either, the style of life. Gay folks here sit down at three to tiffin, which is a regular dinner and the principal meal; . . at half-past seven or eight they dine: there is a great spread, where nobody eats, but where great he-fellows drink an incredible quantity of beer and champagne: . . but let us return to the natives. In my ride last night I met a variety of native gentlemen. The first ambled along in true oriental style upon an Arab palfrey, with native saddle and bridle, attended by six turbaned fellows on foot, extending out on either side, to make as much show as possible. He wore his beard, which seems to be the distinction of the higher order of Mussulmen, was a great fat porpoise of a fellow, and pouted his lip at me, as if to say, I am a greater man than you, Mr. Redcoat. The second was driving very knowingly a little English phaeton, with a pair of long-tailed white ponies,—an equipage that appeared to accord oddly with his own Eastern dress. The third was the Nawab himself, in a barouche and four, and attended by some of the troopers of his body-guard, who are a rather better sort of cavalry than Bishop Heber saw in attendance on the great man at Dacca. But the fourth was the most striking personage, —a mighty solemn-looking man, seated in an old bundy (as a gig with a head that has an opening behind is called), and drawn by a wretched white horse, whose scraggy tail

was stained a bright pink. A black servant was leading the animal by a rope attached to the bridle, while a naked boy, with his head close shaved, excepting a long lock on the crown, ran by the side, and kept most unremittingly and gratuitously lashing the unfortunate beast with a long Europe whip. On the shaft behind was crouched another attendant of the Sahib, another naked boy, with such a head as I have described. I never saw a more comical turn-out, and should have looked on, but for the eternal sound of the whip, with unmixed enjoyment. The genuine vehicle of the country is the hackery. This is a sort of wee tent, covered more or less with tinsel, and scarlet, and bells and gilding, and placed upon a clumsy two-wheeled carriage, with a pole, that seems to be also a kind of boot, as it is at least a foot deep. This is drawn by a pair of white bullocks (really an elegant animal, that trots nearly as fast as a horse). Nothing struck me more on first landing than these bullocks, who are employed for everything, and stand ready harnessed in the streets of Black Town. They are light made, have a hump on the shoulder and a bump on the forehead, with an animated tapering muzzle, and very long horns, which are generally stained red, sloping backwards and inclined inwards. . . . The people who supply us with water, which is contained in leathern bags, use an inferior description of bullock, but are very agreeable objects in the scene around. . . .

"I must not omit an incident which afforded me some amusement, and is one I imagine of purely Eastern character. I was sitting with my coat off in my room at the hotel after my return from the Fort, when a somewhat consequential, though miserable-looking native, with a

club-foot, hobbled in, made his salaam, tucked a towel under my chin, and, without uttering a syllable, began to cut my hair. All this passed in an instant. I expostulated with all my might, but the fellow continued his occupation with perfect unconcern, only replying from time to time 'make handsome.' I resolved therefore to resign myself for this once to my fate, and see what he would do. When he had arranged my hair to his satisfaction, he proceeded to shave me: he then cracked all the joints of my fingers, and loosened those of my wrist, elbows, shoulders, and neck, which last he performed by laying one of his arms on my shoulders, and catching me under the reverse jaw with the hand of the other. This done, he filled my ears with cotton, and cleaned them with a little silver implement: he then produced a small pair of pincers, and plucked the hairs out of my nose. . . . This person was the barber of the inn, who seems privileged to shave any new comer, asleep or awake, and whether he will or no. When the question of payment arose, I discovered why he so strenuously insisted on cutting my hair, though I told him it was not requisite, and he in fact so far attended to me as to take very little off; — the customary fee for hair-cutting is a rupee, while the more ordinary task of shaving and joint-cracking is recompensed with a few pice. On my removal to the Fort, the local barber was very anxious to obtain my employment; but once was quite enough for me, and I succeeded, though not without difficulty, in convincing the gentleman that it was my serious and fixed determination to shave myself, and to dispense with the attendant luxuries; for which, by producing with most persuasive

gestures a little bag containing the implements I have noticed, he showed me he was prepared. . . . It happened to be a stranger day at the mess (I am still speaking of the day of my arrival). The mess room is a fine lofty room, pointing towards the sea, with a capital punkah extending the whole length of the table. As I had no distinct idea of a punkah myself, till I saw one, I will describe it. It consists of a wooden frame-work of more or less length and depth, covered with painted cloth, and suspended from the ceiling by ornamented ropes: other ropes attached to the punkah centrate in one, which is carried through a pulley in the opposite window or door, and drawn backwards and forwards by a man outside: the breeze thus produced is delightful, and you live in comparative comfort in the hottest weather. After dinner, the band, which is a good one, struck up, and I might have felt merry, but for the reflection that I had now fairly set my foot in Asia and become a member of a new society, after traversing some 15,000 miles of water since I turned my back upon the Madre's cottage, and that I could only hope to hear, after long intervals, of the welfare of its inmates. My vanity was flattered the next day by hearing that one of the strangers present took me for a cadet just joined. . . . .

"Sept. 27.

"I left off this letter the day before yesterday, to go to Palaveram. I got an invitation to dine and sleep in the quarter-master-general's tent, in order to be ready for the review of the native regiments composing the cantonment, which was to take place at day-break the next morning. I happened to have friends to

dine with me at the mess, and to be field-officer of the day; but where there's a will there's a way, and I was anxious not to lose the opportunity of seeing a considerable body of Sepoys manœuvre. When my friends therefore left me at eleven o'clock at night, I despatched my saddle horse and servants to Colonel Hanson's tent, and at twelve I went round my guards on foot; and having made out my reports, and provided that Major James should answer for me in case of any extraordinary call, and that the gates should be open at three, started myself at that hour. It was very cool and pleasant, and in my English buggy, with lamps lighted and an English cut of a nag, I might almost have fancied myself in England, but for the black horse-keeper alongside of me, whom, as I cannot be brought to believe that running is more agreeable or more wholesome than riding, I always take in, in defiance of custom, when I am alone. The feathering forms of the cocoa-nut tree, of which I caught occasional glimpses through the tulip trees that border the road, and the uproarious croaking of the frogs, whose sonorosity puts to shame the stoutest Canadian bull-frog, destroyed the illusion. I reached Palaveram before daybreak, and in time to dress and get a cup of coffee in Colonel Hanson's tent before the troops paraded. I should be very sorry to have missed this review. The plain of Palaveram, with its detached conical hills and cantonment, consisting of officers' bungalows and Sepoys' huts in regular lines, the native brigade under arms, and the company assembled to witness the show, composed of ladies and flashy staff-officers and naked natives, presented altogether a novel and striking scene, and gave me

a feeling of pleasure that I have not had, I confess, since the first few days after my arrival. . . . .

"I was much pleased with the appearance and manœuvring of the Sepoy regiments: at a distance, indeed, you could hardly distinguish them from British. . . . The morning was delightfully cool, so that our party, amongst whom was a young lady on horseback, rode round the cantonment after the review was over. After breakfast in Hanson's principal tent, nearly as large as the Vicarage, we adjourned to a hill, upon the summit of which the brigadier has built a bungalow of matting, that is a curious specimen of native architecture; it consists of a large room, with a small one for a bed, with all manner of windows, or rather openings (for you see panes of glass in but few houses), looking into a verandah that runs all round, and is entirely constructed of bamboo, sticks, and different sorts of mats. Here at the risk of being thought a stupid fellow and a cool hand, I took leave to take a snooze, being somewhat exhausted by the heat and want of sleep. I had been conveyed to the hill in Hanson's tonjon, which differs only from a palanquin in being like the body of a gig with a head to it. I held an umbrella over my knees, but the sun managed to get at one of my feet, and burnt it for me as if it had been close to the fire. The hill was very steep, and I felt ashamed of being carried, and inclined to get out and walk; but the bearers when they had deposited me, went back for Mrs. W——, the lady I have mentioned, and returned for Colonel Hanson, who is as tall as I am and twice as stout, consequently no feather. At three we sat down to dinner, or tiffin, as it is called, though we had

two courses, and abundance of beer, claret, and champagne. When we got away from table, I espied some jugglers amongst the crowd outside, whom I immediately encouraged to display, and, to my surprise, the whole party came out, and seemed to take an interest in the performance. They were three in number: an old man, who beat a sort of monotonous roll with both hands upon a small drum, slung before him, and made a still greater noise with his tongue, and two tall naked fellows, more like Canadian savages than any natives I have yet seen, who performed various feats of force and dexterity. The most difficult fell to the share of a lean lanky fellow, whom you would not have judged to have any strength in him. He produced part of the trunk of a tree, about eight feet long, nearly as thick as my body round the waist (on second thoughts certainly thicker), with a rope fastened round the centre of it. He went to a little distance, ran back to the log with all sorts of cries and anticks, crouched down to the ground, caught the rope with his teeth, raised himself on his haunches with the log pending transversely from his mouth, and then with a sudden jerk threw it over his head, and away it rolled. The old Indians present seemed as much surprised as I was; but a Captain M—— stepped forth and defied the native. He sent for a grenadier's musket, which he seized with his teeth just where the thick part of the but is fined off in a narrow ledge, and walked about with it for some seconds thus extended horizontally from his jaw. The native would not attempt it; and I certainly never witnessed such an exhibition of brute force, for there was no balance, the whole weight of the firelock being on

one side. The captain repeated his feat successfully, and left the mark of his teeth imprinted on the hard wood of the but! . . . We descended the hill towards evening, and went to dine with a Major P——. As we returned at night — three buggies and a carriage, the gentlemen in the former chose to have a trotting match. I kept up for some time, but finding my nag a little distressed, — for my buggy with the hood on is heavy,—took it quietly, and they shot ahead of me. *My* horse-keeper, be it observed, was alongside of me, and I asked one of them the next morning if it were possible that *his* was running at that rate. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'the fellow kept up till I got to the turning close to the colonel's, when he gave in, being fairly blown. I felt him two or three times hanging on to the buggy with his hand upon the rail, but I soon stopped that by rapping his knuckles with the whip!!!' As Colonel H. lives on the opposite side of Madras to the mount, the horse-keeper had about ten miles to run, as fast as a very fast nag could trot over the ground: — the driver was a guest of his.

"Port St. George, Oct. 1829.

"I have just had my drive, and now, as I hear that the 'Lady Macnaghten' does not sail till Sunday, sit down to talk to you. . . .

"There is nothing to me so irksome, as the restraint and confinement to which one is unavoidably subjected; and it certainly requires some resolution to resist the feeling of languor, and rouse oneself to employment during the many hours that it is neither comfortable nor desirable to go out. The general routine of my existence

is as follows: I get up at gunfire, that is at five, by lamp-light, and, having a cup of old Tony's coffee, am on my horse half an hour before sunrise. Riding is not pleasant much after seven; so that I have had my bath and am ready for breakfast by half-past eight. At nine Mahomed the Moonshee appears (unless on occasion otherwise ordered), and stays till eleven or twelve. I write or read till three, which is our mess hour. At half-past five, when the great heat of the day is over, I take a ride or drive; and as it is quite dark by half-past six, I am in for my tea by seven at latest, and write or read again as long as I can keep awake. . . . But there are various interruptions to this routine: sometimes I attend parade with the colonel; sometimes I command it; and, never having before given the word to more than 200, I find that it requires as much voice as I can muster to make 700 hear me. . . . This sort of life, though it may appear very pleasant on paper, is sadly sleepy and monotonous. To me, as yet, there is such an inexhaustible fund of interest in observing the natives, that if I had but some one being near who cared a little for me, and to whom I could communicate my ideas and feelings, I should be happy enough. I think I shall make a friend of Mahomed. . . . As I had asked some questions about the beetle nut, Mahomed brought some one day to chew before me. He put a couple of nuts, something like a small nutmeg, into his mouth, and then about a dozen funny little hoods, each made of a couple of beetle leaves, stuck together with lime, of which he carried an additional supply wrapped up in a leaf. He chewed away lustily, and the inside of his mouth, his teeth, and lips, were soon

bright vermilion. The nuts, he said, were for the good taste, the leaves for the colour, to produce which, however, the lime, which he admitted to be bad, was necessary. To complete the mess, he put into his mouth a couple of nuts, which he called 'ilachee,' and which are, I find, known in medicine by the name of cardamum (to my taste very particularly nasty), and a single clove. He indulges in this *chew* twice a day, and added that beetle nuts are an article of expense amongst the natives. . . . It is curious that the natives are said to allow their inferiority to Europeans in everything but music. Now let me tell you what their music is: one fellow puffs away on a sort of instrument that looks something like a magic lantern with a tube stuck into it for a mouthpiece, and produces a screeching noise, to which you may suppose our bagpipes and the penny trumpet you buy for a child to be father and mother, for it is something betwixt and between; another fellow rattles an accompaniment with his fingers on a little drum, shaped like our kettle-drum. Sometimes there are four or more of them; and you may always see them in the villages of a morning, playing before some native dwelling, and hired probably upon occasion of some domestic festival. Nothing can be more utterly remote from anything like tune or melody; and it is difficult to conceive how any rational or irrational beings can attach any notion of pleasure to such an abominable noise. They look upon bagpipes as the nearest approach that white men have made to harmony divine. At Colonel Hanson's the other day, a juggler was introduced, who was a very clever fellow, and at the close of his performance, to the astonishment

of all and terror of some, he suddenly produced, from nobody could conceive where, a cobra di capella. The deadly animal reared itself on its tail, as the conjurer squeaked on the instrument already noticed, and inflated his hood, on the back of which a pair of old woman's spectacles were as distinctly traced, as if they had been painted on it.

"The town of Madras, called Black Town, is situated on the sea-shore near the Fort. There are the Custom House, merchants' counting houses, principal shops, some public offices, and divers streets, entirely tenanted by, and for ever teeming with, native and half-caste people of all sizes, descriptions, and colours. At rather a greater distance landward and near the Nabob's palace, is the native village, or rather town of Triplicain, where there is a handsome mosque and several small pagodas; but I rode one morning by chance into another native village of much more rural and pleasing character. It is embosomed in cocoa-nut trees, and the streets were so shady that I was induced to prolong my ride much beyond my usual hour, and at last had some difficulty in finding my road home, though within a couple of miles of the Fort; for I had lost my way, and was some time before I met a native who could speak English. Hindostanee would probably have helped me as little, for the lower people speak Malabar, which is a distinct language. In the principal street there is a small pagoda, only remarkable on account of six or seven monstrous idols in a row in the court before it: monstrous in every sense, for they are hideously ugly, and quite colossal: the largest, which considerably overtops his brethren, must be twenty feet

high. They are painted gaudily, have something on the head between a helmet and a fool's cap, and an enormous club in one hand that rests on the shoulder. The poorer natives live in huts of matting thatched with reeds, looking at a little distance very like wigwams; those who are something better off, in brick or stone houses, very low, and built round a court, and presenting no opening towards the street but the door, which is always elevated a few steps above the ground, and on a line with which is the floor of a little verandah, where they are always squatted of a morning, cleaning their beautiful teeth with a couple of little sticks. Nothing can be more picturesque than the groups of these people, nothing more interesting than to ride early along the streets of their villages, in which they swarm to such a degree that it is not advisable to put your horse out of a walk. In the same street you see them of every shade and gradation of colour, from a fine deep black, to a brown so pale that, but for its evenness and peculiar tint, it would not be distinguished from European complexion; and their costume is as various as their hue of skin. The Mussulmen particularly are often very gay, wearing scarlet turbans, gowns of various patterns, and coloured silk trowsers. The Brahmins are distinguished by their string, by a broad stripe of yellow paint on the forehead between two stripes of white, as well as by their consequential and lazy gait. The fakirs (beggars) wear orange turbans and cloths, and are bedaubed all over with paint and behung with strings of beads, but the majority are naked with the exception of the turban and waistcloth.

"The women wear a white, coloured, or generally pink checked cloth round the waist, and a similar one thrown

over one shoulder, so as to cover the breast and part of the back. Sometimes this second cloth is coiled up at one end on the back of the head, and brought round to cover the breast, leaving the back bare. Nothing can be more graceful, more fitted for the sculptor or the painter, than this costume. From the early habit of carrying burdens on the head, they have an erect carriage, and they walk well and bear with them an imposing air: the old women, however, neglect themselves, and, with their matted grey locks and shrivelled skins, are often the veriest hags you can imagine. . . . . It is one of the most striking proofs of their perverse notions of beauty, that they seem fond of staining their faces, legs, and arms all over with yellow, which gives them a jaundiced appearance. But the children amuse me most; and I often feel surprised that Bishop Heber, who noticed almost everything, should not have been struck by them. They have the rotund body, but not the fleshy limb, of the English child, and seem to get the use of their legs much sooner: minute urchins, naked as they were born, swagger about in all directions, like so many Lilliputian men and women, and look up at you with a sort of pert confidence, that always makes me laugh heartily. The infant is always carried astride on the mother's hip, with its stomach to her, and its back to the world: the woman inclines her body a little to the reverse side, to make a ledge for it to ride on, and puts her arm round it. I have seen them enjoy the maternal nutriment in this position as the woman walked along.

"I shall start to-morrow before daylight on an excursion, from which I promise myself much gratification.

Colonel Hanson, the Quarter-Master-General of the Company's army, is going to visit Vellore and some other places on duty, and has asked me to accompany him; an offer which I gladly embraced, as I may have, if we go on to Bengal, no other opportunity of seeing anything of this Presidency. . . . .

"I occasionally get a visit from the son of a wealthy native, who died not long ago, and held an appointment in the Treasury, to which the young man is to succeed. His name is Colar Vencatachellum Chitty. He is a Hindoo of high caste; and though he wears the dress of a native and paints his forehead, he has made considerable progress in general knowledge, and speaks French and English with tolerable fluency. . . . Not long before I arrived he was married, and his uncle and guardian gave a feast upon the occasion, that cost him, it is said, 5000 rupees, and to which he invited several of our officers. Chitty's bride sat by him in state upon a sofa, in solemn silence, and as soon as the feast was over returned to her parents, with whom she will remain (being only nine years old) for the next four or five years, during which time her husband is not to see her. She will then, after a second festival, take up her abode with him. Chitty says that the woman must always rise when her husband enters the room, and even the mother for her son. This is horrible; and one can feel, I think, but little permanent interest in a people amongst whom women hold an inferior rank in the scale of human beings.

"Poonamalee, Nov. 1829.

". . . . I was to have dined and slept at Colonel Hanson's garden house last night, and started from thence this

morning; but I was unluckily obliged to apply leeches to my ankle, in consequence of a trifling hurt, and could not, therefore, leave my room. . . . . After writing till a late hour, I lay down for awhile, rose again at four, and, hobbling into my palanquin, started upon my first days' journey in Asia. . . . . The country between Madras and Poonamalee is flat and uninteresting, save that to me, who am still so new in the country, there is always source of interest and amusement in the poorest native village and in the various groups of wayfarers that we meet: — now a long line of bullock-carts, now a troop of Hindoo girls bearing the chatty on the head, now a Moslem woman riding astride upon a pony, but completely enveloped in a long white cloth, with only a peep-hole for the eyes. The chatties, in which the women carry water, are globular earthen vessels, with a bell mouth at top, such probably as the Jewesses used in Canaan, and only differing a little in shape from the amphoræ of the Romans. Sometimes they carry, in addition to the chatty, a bowl of milk upon the palm of the hand, extended horizontally on a line with the shoulder, to which the wrist is doubled back.

"We left Perambankum before daylight. Large flocks of the brown, short-haired, lop-eared sheep of the country, and herds of cows and buffaloes, were grazing upon the wide plain. Our road lay through a regular avenue of enormous banyans: these extraordinary trees emit at random from their branches pendulous fibres, that grow downwards till they touch the ground, and gradually become so many props or secondary stems. . . . There was nothing to interrupt the bareness of the plain on either

side of this singular avenue, which extends for several miles, but one small village. . . . But the most interesting event of this day's march was our rencontre with a line of seven and thirty commissariat elephants. The head man, a handsome old Mussulman, with a long white beard, came up to our palanquins, and salaamed to us. Hanson told me afterwards that the keepers of the public cattle are highly respectable people, and that an elephant is a provision for a family, the office of Mohout descending from father to son, as long as the line lasts and the animal lives. . . . . On emerging from the avenue, we came upon a village, in front of which is a singularly beautiful tamarind tree (ever the most graceful and amongst the most magnificent of trees); the leaves are something like those of the sensitive plant, and fall like those of the weeping willow, while the tree itself grows much in the form and attains the size of a fine isolated beech. Whilst breakfast was preparing we walked to the pagoda; there was a Brahmin saying his prayers upon the border of a tank near it. We waited till he had done, and then asked him to show us the temple: this he declined, and going up to a huge clumsy car, that stood before the gate, and is destined for the idol on procession days, he began to mutter to himself, and tap his ears and cheeks in a manner that made the preservation of our gravity no easy task. We followed him to a little chapel at the end of the village, where he performed the like grimaces: there was a light burning before an image in this building, and some flowers on an altar in front of it.

"After dinner, as the evening was fine, we mounted our horses for a gallop. My little Arab—though, in addition

to his daily march, I have ridden every evening, though he has been without cover every night, and wet and dry half a dozen times in the day—is in better condition and higher spirits than when he was at home, doing little and carefully groomed. He feels like his master the invigorating influence of air and exercise, and of a purer and less artificial mode of life. We galloped straight from the tents till we came to some paddy fields, which we attempted to cross along the ridges that separate them; but our horses slipped off into the paddy, and were knee-deep in mud. We found another way, however, to a village, which was our mark. Two European horsemen were a rare, perhaps altogether a novel, sight in this retired spot. The natives crowded round their doors to gaze at us, and I observed that the younger women and children were here as much adorned with gold and silver earrings, nose-rings, anklets and bracelets, as I had seen among the better caste people at Madras. A Brahmin called out to us that we had mistaken the road, and could not proceed in the direction we were going. We were not folk, however, to care for a road. As we left the village the sun was setting, and the cattle returning from the pasture to be milked. It was a domestic scene that reminded me of dear England, and made me feel that human nature is everywhere essentially the same. Men are formed by their governments and institutions, and above all by their religion: their own caprices and prejudices confirm the broad line of distinction; but there may be as much innate intelligence and a heart as naturally good, under the tawny skin of the Moor or the Hindoo, as the white and red European brought into the world with him. We gal-

loped for some distance along the side of the village tank, and, striking across the country, came to a solitary farm house with something like a farm yard, where some monstrously ugly buffalos were undergoing the operation of milking. Here too was a little detached swamee house (or chapel), with a lamp burning before a little idol. We returned to the tents through Trimalpore. Some wizened old women were spinning in the street before their doors, while the young girls huddled together and giggled much as they might have done in Canada, or France, or Italy, or even in staid England.

"Our march from Moorkunjairy was highly interesting. After passing several choultries, which really speak well for the charity of the wealthy natives, our road lay upon the elevated bund of a tank, seven or eight miles in circumference, under which was a long narrow strip of water, which I took for a river; in this were several cranes, the first I have seen in their natural state. . . . Having passed this tank, we entered the native town of Trivelore, remarkable for a handsome pagoda and superb oblong rectangular tank in the centre of the place. The sides of this last are formed in regular grades of granite, presenting four immense flights of steps; and in the middle is an island with a pagoda upon it. . . . . Just as we passed, the chief Brahmin was progressing to the pagoda on an elephant caparisoned with scarlet cloth: a fellow sat behind him, with a huge horse-hair fan in either hand; and he was preceded by a drummer on an ox, and a number of pedestrian pipers, whose squeaking I can never hear with common patience. Amongst the crowds, whom the cries of our bearers brought to their

doors, I noticed two beautiful Brahminy girls, distinguishable generally by their lightness of hue and profuseness of ornament.

"About a mile and a half from Trivelore is the town of Tripasore. Here, in a small bungalow on the rampart of the ruined fort, we were received by Mr. Spring, the chaplain of Poonamalee, who comes over here (a distance of nineteen miles) every Wednesday to perform divine service to the king's pensioners and their families. Tripasore is one of the stations for discharged soldiers of the king's service, who, having married half-caste women, have obtained permission to remain in the country.

"While breakfast was preparing, Cunningham and I walked out and entered a handsome though somewhat decayed pagoda, which stood within the old fort. The whole centre space of this pagoda is enclosed, leaving only a broad paved way all round between it and the outer wall. On the east side we found a couple of entrances, with a black bull, carved in stone, facing each. No admittance was to be obtained; but a part of the wall that had fallen in enabled us to discover, in the middle of the internal space, a huge white bull, adorned with streaks of red and gilding. . . .

"After breakfast Mr. Spring read the service and preached in a large open shed, which also does duty as a school-room; and the boys and girls were afterwards examined. It was really a pleasing sight to see these half-caste children, all of them neatly dressed, presenting each in turn their copy-books, which would have done credit to gentlemen's children. There is here also a native catechist, who performs service in Tamil and instructs the

boys in that language. A remarkably handsome, intelligent native boy stood at a little distance, watching the progress of the examination with intense interest. He was, I suppose, in the service of one of the pensioners; for I saw him afterwards carrying a clumsy, white, fat, heavy-eyed child, nearly as big as himself, astride on his hip. The natives are certainly a smaller, lighter made, less powerful, but handsomer race, than any European nation, taking them generally; and I incline more and more to Bishop Heber's idea that the pale brown is the original colour of the human species, and that lighter and darker shades have been produced by variety of climate and perhaps other causes, till they have degenerated into our white on the one hand, and the Negro's black on the other. . . . . When the colonel had inspected the pensioners' huts, we proceeded on our journey; and I was amused by the noisy contention of our palanquin boys to get next the colonel's, which I suppose they consider the post of honour. Mine got the start of Dalgety's, but were foiled by Cunningham's: they revenged themselves, however, at the end of the march. Just as we had cleared a wood of banyan and palmira trees, we espied the tents. My boys set off with loud cries at a rapid trot, and brought me in first, in spite of all the exertions of their competitors. This struck me as a singular amusement, after carrying a heavy fellow in a heavier box nearly twenty miles. . . .

"I now got on my horse for a ride, though it was nearly dark. . . . Our camp presented a variety of little isolated groups and scenes for the pencil, which I love to wander amongst—though, alas! unable to sketch them.

As I passed the tank, the Mohout was washing our elephant: the obedient monster, who measures ten feet in height, lay down, first on one side, then on the other, as he was bid, while the man shifted his position on his huge carcase, and then raised himself on his knees, and threw water over his back with his trunk, timing each supply to the word, as the Mohout gave his orders in a low tone of voice, as if he were conversing with a fellow-creature. After returning to my tent, where my servants poured chatties of deliciously cold water over me, and washed my feet, according to the primitive custom of the country, I repaired to the colonel's tent, and sat down to as good a dinner as would have been served in his dining room at Madras. . . . . After I had returned to the tent, the Dâk (letter-post) passed by, not carried in a mail coach and four, but on the shoulders of a naked man. These fellows are relieved every five or six miles, and perform that distance in about an hour. When the Dâk-bearer carries an express, he wears a bell about his neck; if it is of great importance, he has two bells; but if three, it is a signal of haste, and then he is bound to run as if for his life."

After a tour of a few weeks, Major Mountain returned to Madras, and shortly afterwards obtained temporary command of the regiment. His account of his first Christmas spent in India shall be partly transcribed, as giving a good picture of Anglo-Indian customs. But the beginning of the letter, in which he speaks of his tender love for his mother, and the

deepest thoughts of his heart as he joined in the solemn services of this holy festival, is too sacred to be laid before the public.

"Dec. 26. 1829.

". . . . I was up, as usual, half an hour before sunrise. On going out for my ride, I found the door into the verandah behung with a garland of flowers, and on either side of the outer door below was a stout plantain stem, the long broad leaves of which met in an arch at top, and were entwined with fruit and flowers. I felt a marvellous affection for the sea that morning, and only walked my horse along the shore, thinking of dear England and the dear inmates of a certain little Vicarage, till it was time to return. When I had performed my ablutions, and sat down to breakfast, I found my revered Father's picture which hangs above the little table opposite to me, my large bookcase which stands behind me, and certain little mosquito fans that Tippoo's taste has left pendent upon the wall, all hung round with festoons of yellow flowers. My house-servants now came in: the head-man presented to me a lime covered with gold-leaf, and two nosegays, and, placing a couple of wreaths of flowers round my neck, made way for his fellows, who put each a dish of fruit upon the table. You would have smiled to see me—bewreathed like the image of a Roman Catholic saint, with nosegay in either hand, and heaps of shaddocks and red and yellow plantains before me—return my thanks for this present, and intimate my intention of making a return on New Year's day; upon which, with low salaam, the party retired, and

left me to my solitary meal: before it was over; however, the two horse-keepers appeared, dressed out in their best, with more limes, with other two wreaths of flowers, other two nosegays, and fresh offerings of fruit. After my return from church I would fain have been alone for awhile, but it was not so ordained. I found my Moonshee waiting for me. He had asked me some time before to let him bring me a dish of rice on Christmas Day, to which I assented, lest I should mortify him by refusal. He now followed me up stairs, and, as soon as I got into my room, behung me again with two wreaths of flowers, and presented to me five gilt limes and two bouquets of roses. But the Moonshee's wreaths bore away the bell; they were like the others, of yellow flowers closely set together, with rings of white at intervals, and a pendant or sort of locket of white and lilac flowers; but they were larger, and the above-mentioned white rings were further graced with roses. The Moonshee's man then appeared, bearing three large baskets, that contained some twenty dishes of various descriptions. . . . .

"June 30. 1830.

"I often look back to the quiet happy days spent *auprès de vous* and the *Madre*, and sometimes think of the queer chances and changes of human life, and of our unfortunate propensity to be for ever disregarding the present, regretting the past, and eagerly anticipating the future. How many comforts and enjoyments, then little prized, do I long for now!—and how totally changed is the scene. Instead of being utterly disregarded, and equally unknowing and unknown to all beside the very few individuals I have mentioned, here I am, the commander of a thousand

men, in official communication with endless public authorities in the King's and Company's service. Instead of having nothing to do but read French with my niece, or put my poor sister out in a duet, here I am obliged to work, to decide for others as well as myself, to punish and reprieve, feeling myself in great measure responsible for the conduct and comfort and efficiency of the largest body of European troops within 200 miles of the place! . . . I am so far better pleased, that I am professionally employed, have a better income, and feel that I shall obtain by this period of command an insight into many things that are only to be learnt by practice.

"September.

"I am still exercising the functions and enjoying the emoluments of commanding officer, but look for Colonel Oglander's return in a few days. Whether he will take command of the station, and leave me in that of the corps, I don't know. . . . I am glad to have had the opportunity of five or six months' command, and feel more up to the thing than any man can well do who has never tried his hand at it."

In the autumn of this year the Cameronians were removed to Bengal, and, after a few weeks spent at Chinsurah, the regiment was ordered to march up the country to Meerut. Some account of the march will be best given in his own words: —

"Camp, Tarngooneah, Dec. 1830.

"Here I be, *amata Madre*, commanding a camp, containing some 3000 human beings of all sorts, flanked by fifty elephants, and surrounded by several hundred oxen

and horses!—With a good tent over my head, a good camp-couch to lie upon, and plenty of English blankets to keep me warm, . . . with a sentry and two orderlies (one European and one native) at my door, with seven and twenty servants and immediate followers, with five hackeries for my tents and baggage in the rear, and with a couple of beautiful young Arabs picketed on one side, what more can I want?—what but to know that my beloved mother is as well as I am at this moment, and the vicinity of some one loved object, male or female (I should prefer the latter), to console me for the separation from all dear relatives and friends, and cheer the lonely evening hour . . . . .

"My command here is merely temporary and without emolument. . . . We were to have made a fair start for Benares on the 7th; but the contractor deceived the colonel, and the requisite number of hackeries were not forthcoming, and he therefore sent me off with the regiment one day's march, and remained behind himself to bring up the baggage. . . . I therefore, after all, marched off the old Cams. upon their first march in India. We started from the parade in Chinsurah by beautiful moonlight. I was on a young Arab, who had only had his first shoes put on the preceding evening, and on whose back I had never been but once before. When the band struck up he was much frightened, made bobbery, got his foot into a hole, and nearly pitched me; but I brought him round in a canter by another road to the head of the column, and in less than ten minutes had him walking close to the band, as placidly as if he had been born amongst us.

"Dec. 19.

"One evening, dearest Tatty, during our stay at Tarngooneah, I was taking my wonted ride, and had just entered an avenue of fine old banyans. My attention was attracted by a number of people descending a tree in file, and assembling on a bank by the road-side. On approaching, I perceived that they were monkeys, and of a species I do not recollect to have before seen, — of a light ash colour, with black faces and prodigiously long tails; the tree was full of them, and of all sizes, from that of a greyhound to that of a lady's poodle lap-dog. . . .

"My first employment this morning was to attend parade, which I had generally dismissed long before sunrise. I then took a ride or a stroll, and returned to my *lit de justice*, which was now open to camp followers and villagers, as well as to our own people. I have, I believe, before mentioned, that a European regiment has never before marched this road, and that the progress of so large a body of whites is matter of surprise and terror to the timid Bengalees. It was, therefore, a great object with us to establish a good name at first, to prevent them from deserting their villages, and the consequent difficulty of procuring supplies. You may suppose that some 3000 human mouths, with 50 elephants, and more than 1000 head of horses and oxen, create in their passage a sudden demand, which no single native village could meet: previous notice is therefore given to the collectors of districts, who issue their orders to the Daroghas of the different villages, and the requisite supplies are thus daily brought to each new camp before the regiment arrives. The judge of the district wrote word to Colonel Oglander

at Chinsurah, that it would have been impossible to furnish the requisite supplies, during our protracted stay at Tarngooneah, but for the *excellent discipline* maintained in the camp! . . . I had no occasion, however, to enforce any extraordinary discipline in the camp. Not a single instance of complaint occurred against a European, and but two against followers: one of these was for forcibly taking some plantains from a villager. Having ascertained the value of the seizure, I sentenced the culprit to pay double the price, for having taken them against the will of the owner, and the verdict was received with great satisfaction by the crowd of Thanadars, Daroghas, and Chupprassies, who surrounded me at the door of my tent. On the 16th, the tenth day from our arrival, the colonel having joined the day before, we resumed our march. . . .

"Dec. 26.

"We had service again on Sunday morning, and the band sang a psalm. A chance traveller finding us upon this wild heath, and hearing the solemn sounds, might perhaps have thought upon the origin of the regiment, and imagined we were emulating the covenant-men of yore. The service of the Church of England, however, was read by the colonel, according to the King's regulations, with the only addition of singing a few verses of a psalm, as customary in churches. The colonel reads very well, and the soldiers' children, drawn up in a line on the other side of the big drum, which is the usual desk on such occasions, repeat the responses. I have heard the service less respectably performed in many a parish church."

"Meerut, April, 1830.

". . . I marched into this cantonment at the head of the Cameronians, on the 26th of March. The men walked in as clean and fresh as they walked out at starting, and a great deal more healthy. . . . . I have never been so busy a person as since I arrived here. As the general thought proper to inspect us after our march, I have had a great deal of regimental duty, and as several field officers are on leave for the hot season to the hills, my name has appeared in station orders almost every day, as President of the Prize Committee, President of an Invaliding Committee, President of the Court of Requests, &c. Besides this, I was obliged to take, upon our arrival, the Presidentship of the Mess Committee, and to incur all the consequent trouble of purchasing, repairing, and furnishing a mess house, &c., &c.;—besides this, the business of purchasing a castle for myself, and establishing myself therein."

CHAPTER VI.

TOWARDS the end of July, Major Mountain was invited by the Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Dalhousie, to visit him at Simla, and as he was the junior major, and had no prospect of commanding the regiment, the invitation was willingly accepted. He travelled in a palanquin carried by bearers; but as the rainy season had set in, the rivers were all swollen, and difficult to cross. I shall give his description of the passage of one of the smaller rivers, as it equally shows the way in which travellers in India still have to cross rivers, if their route lie away from the grand trunk road leading from Calcutta to Delhi.

"We came to a river that had widely overflowed its banks. Some natives were in readiness with a small raft of Kedgeree pots, upon which the palkee was to be ferried over. These large earthen pots, of which there were only six, are placed on the water, with their mouths downwards, and fastened together by a light but rude frame of

bamboo. First my petarrahs were ferried over, then the palanquin; but as it was full as long as the raft, and a top-heavy load, it was no easy matter to place it upon the pots without either upsetting or breaking them. It was, however, at length accomplished: two men swam on each side to steady the palanquin, while three or four others swam ahead, to pull the raft and its load across. When the raft returned, they placed a charpoy or low native bedstead upon the pots, and I extended myself gently upon this. Two fat naked Brahmins, bedaubed with paint, had been importuning me for money during the two former voyages, upon the ground that they were padres, and that all passengers, black or white, gave them something to pray for their safe conveyance over the water. I had refused upon the ground that (speaking after their fashion) 'in my book it is written—give to the old and feeble, but give nothing to the young and able bodied;' but now I promised to give something if they would see me over,—upon which they instantly plunged into the water; my bearers and the ferry people followed their example, and I had a dozen men swimming about me with one arm, while, with the other, some of them pushed the raft and others pulled by the rope ahead. We had still much mud and water to wade through, and my bearers became so fagged, that I was almost as glad as they were when at length they reached a solitary well, where the relief was in readiness."

"Simla, Aug. 1830.

". . . I have said nothing of the scenery of the hills, and it is always difficult to give an idea of it. Here are no

lakes, no torrents (save just after a shower), no waterfalls, no bold projecting crags, no valleys!—nothing in short to compare to the magnificent and varied scenery of Switzerland;—and yet the hills are beautiful, and delightful as a change from the dead level of the interminable plains of Hindostan. This part of the Himalaya is only a continued succession of ridge and ravine. The ridges are sometimes connected by a narrow neck, with a precipice on either side, but more generally deeply divided by the narrow bed of what is, after rain, a torrent: but they throw out spurs in all directions, and form, as it were, a variety of caldrons, that look as if they had been produced by the action of water. The north sides of the mountains, which are richest in foliage and herbage, are clad with oak and rhododrendon, which rivals the oak in size, and the south side with pine, larch, and scotch fir. Further in the hills there is said to be fine timber; but I have not yet seen a single fine tree. . . . The hill cattle are very small, but not otherwise peculiar; but higher up, near the snow, the yak (bos grannicus) is used for the saddle and bearing burdens. I saw one the other day, which seemed oppressed with the heat even here. It is like a small cow, but with a larger and somewhat peculiar head: its long hair sweeps the ground; and its broad tail, which when supplied with a silver handle is used as a fan in the plains, is something like a bunch of maize. Near the snow, too, there are pheasants as large as a turkey poult, of most brilliant plumage, and a great variety of very beautiful partridges. . . On my way from Barr, I passed or met natives of every variety of complexion, from the black of the Negro to the even white of the northern

Asiatics, and some who perhaps came from the borders of Tartary, singularly clad in long plaited robes and high caps. The Ghoorkhas, the conquered conquerors of these mountains, are generally small and dark: we have two corps of them; they are very active and excellent marksmen. The Sikhs, who come here from the Punjab, are a fine race, tall, well proportioned, and very often of that very light brown, transparent, reddish copper colour which admits of a reddish lip and a glow on the cheek, and is (no unprejudiced person can deny) by far the handsomest colour for a human being. I saw some noble youths of this colour on the road, naked save their girdles, and with long hair, black as jet, and neither straight nor curly. . . . The original natives of the hills, who are the coolies and tillers of the soil, are generally fair,—a short thick-set race, with a distinctive cast of feature. . . Simla is an extensive place: the bazaar and village are upon a spur of Jakko, whose summit may be some 800 or 900 feet above it, and consequently nearly 8000 feet above the sea; and the European dwellings are scattered about within three or four miles around, wherever some conical summit, the neck of a spur, or a chance level on the mountain side afford a site. . . . The weather has been so cloudy and rainy, that I have had but one good view of the snowy range, which is certainly very fine, but did not strike me so much as the Alps from the hills above Neufchatel. Gungoutri and Jumnotri are more to the eastward, and not to be seen from the immediate vicinity of Simla, . . . I met with a very kind and warm reception both from Lord and Lady Dalhousie: the latter looks quite well,—looks as young and is as active as when I

first saw her; the former is much recovered. . . . He expected me to wait and go down with him to the plains; but I think I shall be off sooner, though I should like to see his camp, which will assemble at the foot of the hills. The camp of the Commander-in-Chief, who is attended by the heads of the staff, contains 5000 souls, elephants, camels, horses, oxen, cows, goats, dogs innumerable; and two of his own tents are each of them fifty feet long, thirty high, and twenty wide. What was the progress of a European sovereign in old times to this? . . . Lord and Lady William Bentinck are remarkably agreeable in their own house, and they keep an excellent table; so that it is in all respects a pleasant place to dine at. It is finally settled that Lord William is to meet Runjeet Singh, the sovereign of the Punjab, at Rooper on the Sutlej in October. Both great men will be escorted by a large force, and it will be a sight worth travelling far to see; but as Lord Dalhousie goes down to see our regiment, on his way to Calcutta, at that precise time, I could not with any propriety ask to join the Governor-General's camp.

"September 17th.

"We started at dawn from Kotghur for the Sutlej. The bed of the river is 3500 feet below Kotghur, and the greater part of the path too steep for ponies. We walked the whole way. At the point where we struck the river, it is a rapid, muddy stream, something more than 100 yards wide, flowing in a narrow channel, and shut in by wild bleak hills. A Fakir had just crossed the bridge,—a naked wretch, bedaubed with paint, and with his hair browned by the sun, and matted by long neglect into long, woolly rolls, like

the fringe of a curtain. I could not believe that it was human hair until I pulled it, to the evident gratification of his saintship, who was proud of the deformity. Our chief object in descending to the Sutlej, was to swing on a Joolah bridge. The bridge consists of seven grass ropes, about twice the thickness of your thumb, tied to a single post on either bank. A piece of the hollowed trunk of a tree, half a yard long, slips upon these ropes, and from this four loops of the same grass rope depend. The passenger hangs in the loops, placing a couple of ropes under each thigh, and holds on by pegs in the block over his head; the signal is given, and he is then drawn over by an eighth rope; while the river, narrowed by two opposite projecting rocks to a width of about eighty yards, and fretted by rocks in the centre of the channel, rushes like a rapid, some fifty feet beneath. The first half of the voyage is performed glibly enough; but as the bridge of course gives a little with the weight, the remainder, when you are pulled jerkingly up to the opposite bank, is not so pleasant. Several natives were waiting on the opposite side to be passed over, and on a point of rock above the path a little Kooloo girl was seated, whom the General and I agreed in pronouncing the prettiest damsel we had seen for many a day. She was about fifteen, with features perfectly regular, teeth white as snow, and fine hazel eyes. Her dress consisted of one garment, a sort of coat with sleeves of white cotton, extending a little below the knee, lapping over in front, and plaited from the short waist downwards, like the petticoat of a German peasantess. Her head was covered with a piece of white cotton cloth, confined by her hair, which is always worn braided

into a long tail, that reaches below the knee, assisted, if necessary, by black worsted, and terminating in a large red tassel. Her legs and feet were bare, but adorned with heavy anklets. Silver rings hung from her nose and ears; necklaces of silver and red beads covered her throat, and massive bracelets her wrists. The only ornament with which one would have wished to dispense was the yellow ochre with which her whole forehead was besmeared. . . . The Ghorkhas have probably done much to uglify the people of these districts. When they were masters of the country, it is well known that they habitually seized all the prettiest girls, retaining such as they pleased for wives, and selling the remainder into the harems of the Rajahs in the plains. These Ghorkhas are a singular race: they were first known as a mountain tribe in the neighbourhood of Nepaul, and, after having raised their chief to the throne of that kingdom, they subsequently extended their conquests over all the hill states to the Sutlej. They must have been originally Tartars, or possibly Chinese, having precisely the features of the latter nation; but are smaller men and generally darker. . . Their conquests, and the stubborn resistance which they made to the British troops, are proofs of their activity and energy. Captain Nicholson affirms that they have all the virtues and none of the vices of the European soldier. My credulity is not wide enough to take in this; but Lord William seems to have a high opinion of them, and to prefer them to the Sepoy of the plains. The hill people, including the Ghorkhas, are Hindoos, do not kill the cow, and have a sort of inferior Brahmin among them; but they have no distinctions of caste amongst themselves, and

fewer prejudices than their lowland neighbours. In some parts of the hills they are said to reverse the order of the plains, several men being content with one wife : but this I believe was more common in former days, when female infanticide was practised. I should be inclined to think that it would be less difficult to introduce Christianity amongst these people than perhaps in any other portion of India. . . .

"18th.

"Near the summit of the mountain, we passed a common Devi, being simply the rudest possible altar of loose stones, with a long unshapen stone to represent the idol, erect upon it. The Hurkara, a well-dressed native, who acted as our guide, had been gathering wild flowers as he went along ; and when we had passed the Devi, he stopped, threw them upon it, deeply salaaming to the senseless stone. Such altars are common in all parts of the hills, and, to judge from the number of flowers previously amassed upon this in so unfrequented a spot, like respect is paid to them by every passenger. The altars of the Hindoo, like the cross of the Roman Catholic, in the mountain pass, on the desolate path, or in the deep forest, are at least picturesque objects, and doubtless often a source of comfort and encouragement in a higher sense, as well as a useful beacon to the lone and wayworn wanderer. Why should the Protestant abjure such invitations of appeal to the One Power he acknowledges ? Simply, I suspect, because, in abolishing superstitions and abuses, the pruning knife was carried also to some of the ornamental branches, which were not only harmless in themselves but useful accessories. Why should the cross be

the peculiar emblem of Romanism? Because we cannot take it from them (the Roman Catholics), and are too proud to share it with them,— are so nervously afraid of relapsing into past errors, so accustomed to regard the very name of them with horror, that even this favourable notice of an ancient custom may be read with disapprobation. . . That you may not imagine me a convert to Romanism or Hindooism, I must remind you that Bishop Heber condescends to notice approvingly the habitual and submissive reference to the Deity, so general amongst Mussulmen on all ordinary occasions of pleasure or vexation, and to wish that he could engraft it on his own countrymen, not certainly as a substitution for, but only as a frequent reviving of, inward reverence and consciousness of dependence. . . . Many virtuous persons, in their just horror of heathen blindness, blacken the unfortunate people with blame of deepest dye, leaving no redeeming points about them. It appears to me not altogether unprofitable to examine wherein some of us, with all our advantages, may take example from them."

In October he left Simla with Lord and Lady Dalhousie, and marched with them to Meerut, where the Cameronians were inspected by the Commander-in-Chief; and in December, Major Mountain received an offer from Sir Colin Halkett, who had just been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, of the post of Military Secretary. He had gone over to visit Lord William Bentinck at Delhi; and, whilst in camp

there, received Sir Colin Halkett's offer: and Major Mountain, in writing to his mother says: —

"As soon as Lord William heard of it, he very kindly proposed to me to go on, as a member of his family, to Ajmeer, in anticipation of Lord Dalhousie's sanction; and then he will hand me over to Lord Clare, who is coming to meet him at Ajmeer, and will return direct to Bombay. I was very glad to embrace this offer, because I shall thus make the journey at the smallest expense, with the greatest expedition, and the most security. . . . Captain Benson tells me that if I had any prospect of commanding my regiment, it would not be worth my while in a pecuniary point of view; but as I have not now that prospect, it will give me an increase of income, which is worth having. . . . The great value of the situation, however, is the information it enables you to acquire, and the opportunities it affords."

"Bombay, April 1832.

"Here I am, and have been since the 21st March, safely in Bombay. . . . Having received at Ajmeer the news of Sir Colin's arrival, and a few days after an official letter from the military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India, informing me of my destination, I took leave of the Governor-General on the 10th of February, and proceeded the next day Bombay-ward with Lord Clare. . . My journey from Meerut hither was one of the most remarkable of all my wanderings, and I hope, when I become a little settled, to send you a brief journal, I will only say at present, that, having accompanied his lordship as far as Put in the Doongorpoor country, I

pushed on to the coast, riding at first a camel, and then horses, which my friends in the camp had caused to be posted for me. Embarking in a country boat at Tunkurin Bendar, in the Gulf of Cambay, I was lucky enough to have a fair breeze, and reached this place on the morning of the 21st of March."

Major Mountain now set his whole mind to do his work thoroughly and well, and soon won the confidence and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. Writing home in June, he thus speaks of his work and his motives:—

"The general, most kind as a friend, expects a great deal as a master. I suffer no interference in the line of my duty. I have not yet forgotten one single order, and have been uniformly punctual. . . . Mine is an office of great responsibility, in which hastiness, inaccuracy, or indiscretion might lead to endless mischief. I feel it seriously, but not shrinkingly, and write *wigs*, or draw up orders, or offer an opinion upon a court martial according to my conscience and the best of my understanding. Every situation in life has its vexations. I sometimes long again for the free life with my regiment; but my office has its sweets, and I am in the way of getting information which will stand me in good stead in any higher post I may be destined to hold.

"Not far from my bungalow there is a common little poojah-hut, or worship-place: in the cell within, the idol stands exposed to view, being nothing but a large block of common stone very rudely carved into something re-

sembling the figure of a preposterous monkey, and bedaubed all over with red paint; in short, a Hindoo idol of the commonest description. But his godship enjoys a certain celebrity; and for more than a month past I have observed every evening, at the same hour, a handsome barouche, with a good pair of cattle and servants in livery, at the door of this poojah-hut; while the master, a wealthy Hindoo, is muttering and salaaming before the god, accompanied by two or three fellows making a noise with voice and cymbals. Strange that the adoption of European inventions and luxuries should so much precede even such partial enlightenment of the understanding as might lead to the conclusion that there is little virtue in a coarse and filthy stone. . . . . There is nothing new under the sun. It is only within these last few years that the manufacture of noses has attained any degree of perfection in Europe. Now as cutting off the nose of a wife who is supposed to be a little gay (to say nothing of the nose-cutting by way of punishment) is a common occurrence in the East, and particularly amongst the Rajpoots, who are very jealous, the art of re-fabricating them has been long successfully practised here by native practitioners; but the European civil surgeon at Ajmeer, enjoying, I presume, the reputation of greater skill, told me that his chief professional occupation was the repair of dingy ladies' noses.

"I spoke of a Sindhee or Habshee, which is the name for an Abyssinian in this country lingo. They are generally tall, athletic men, black as a coal, with the flat features and curly pate of their country. One of these fellows the other day, being angry with a Parsee, jumped

up behind the buggy which the Parsee was driving, made a grab at his ear, and bit it off. He was secured and brought before the magistrate Robin —. . . The moment the Habshee saw Robin, he bent down and made a rush at him. This false movement enabled Robin, who could not otherwise have reached to his chin, to fetch him a clinker between the eyes. Habshee fell; Robin closed upon him: two Peons ran up, but, before they pinned him, Habshee had caught Robin by the thumb, and held him so fast that they were obliged to get a chisel and force it into his mouth to make him quit his hold. Robin fainted from the pain. The teeth had entered above the nail and forced it from its socket, and he will be lucky if he saves the joint. And now the Habshee is fairly in Robin's hands."

The damp relaxing climate of Bombay soon began to tell upon Major Mountain's health, and he lost strength, and suffered much from indigestion; but in the autumn the Commander-in-Chief removed to Roona, and in that more invigorating climate he soon recovered both health and spirits. In proof of his recovered strength, he writes to his sister, in August, that —

"By way of a lark and of exercise, I, myself, a soldier of eighteen years' standing, and a major of seven, am going through the drill of a private dragoon, and am going through it too in a squad of recruits, five times a week, at daylight. The other morning I rode fifty-four

miles with a friend who had a match (upon which *I* had no bets), did the business of my office afterwards, drove out in the evening, and was up again and at rough drill at half-past four the next morning, and all the better for it."

Differences on matters of public business, between Lord Clare and Sir Colin Halkett ended in the recall of the latter towards the end of this year. For Major Mountain this was professionally a great disappointment; for had the Commander-in-Chief retained his post for even a few years, his military secretary would probably have received the step of rank that he so much desired, that King William was so desirous to give him, but which Horse Guard routine and various circumstances had hitherto prevented his obtaining. Writing to his mother, just before the official announcement of Sir Colin's recall had been received, he says: —

"If I return to my corps, I shall travel back to Bengal with the consciousness that I have had no hand in the quarrels; . . . . on the contrary, ... I shall find comfort in whatever happens. I am content to stay and content to go. If Lord William Bentinck had found me unemployed, he might perhaps have done something for me at this era; but I think it probable that he may be indisposed towards me in consequence of the differences between my master and Lord Clare, who is his great ally. . . ."

That Lord William Bentinck appreciated the discretion with which Major Mountain had acted, is best proved by the fact that, as soon as the Governor-General knew of Sir Colin's recall, he wrote to Major Mountain in the following terms: —

"Dear Major Mountain,

"From what I see in the papers, there can be no doubt of Sir Colin's removal and of your being ex-secretaried. I am sorry for this consequence, as regarding the parties affected; but it gives me an opportunity, which I avail myself of with great pleasure, of asking you to join my staff. I cannot, of course, make you my military secretary, and the only appointment I have to offer you is that of A.D.C. I am aware that this is not suitable to your merits, and I only offer it as being perhaps more agreeable to you than playing second fiddle at your regiment. We have a great deal going on in military arrangements and organisation of every kind; and while in respect to these I am sure you could give me much aid, ... I hope on my part you would never have to complain of want of confidence, or of esteem and consideration, either from Lady William or myself. . . . .

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. Bentinck."

As there was little chance of obtaining a Lieutenant-Colonelcy by accompanying Sir Colin Halkett to England, and as a considerable portion of the debt

he had incurred for the purchase of his full-pay majority was still unpaid, Major Mountain determined to resist his strong desire to go home, and accepted Lord William Bentinck's offer.

After the departure of Sir C. Halkett, he proceeded to join the Governor-General. The following extract from a letter dated August, 1834, gives a slight sketch of the intervening months: —

"Ootakamund, Neilgherry Hills.

". . . . I ought to have written to you sooner, but I have had a good deal of travelling, a good deal of employment, and a good deal—I cannot say of illness, but of continued ailments very depressing to the spirits; but I am now nearly quite well. I need not talk of my journey from Bombay, of my joining Lord William at Bangalore, of his sudden attack of illness, and our consequent move to these hills. . . . We are likely to remain here at least two months more, and then proceed either to the western or eastern coast to embark for Calcutta. . . . . These hills have been enveloped in mist for the last three weeks, accompanied with rain unceasing. To us who are well clothed and sheltered, the scene around is cold and comfortless; but of the ill-housed, half-naked natives, several have died of cold. Two Sundays ago I rode out at eve, taking advantage of a break in the weather. Just as I had ascended the hill beyond this mansion south-westward, from whence the monsoon comes, and had increased my horse's pace, he made an outrageous start directly round, which, as the ground

was slippery, bid fair to break both our necks. On looking round for the cause of this unwonted proceeding, I saw a man lying extended on the road, naked save the miserable rag that had served as a waistcloth, and which, apparently, when he laid him down to die in that keen cold blast, he had pulled up over his face. On dismounting and removing the cloth, I beheld the features of an aged man adorned with a flowing grey beard. He was stiff and stark in death, but could not have been long dead, as the body was still warm. I had him of course removed, and, upon making my report to the police-master, was informed by him that several of the poor have died of cold here during this weather, and that a servant of his, coming up from the low country a day or two ago, had found no less than five dead men upon the road between the top of the pass and this place. . . . These victims of the blast are lowlanders, whom the hope of gaining a livelihood, or other cause, had brought to these regions. The hill-people, who are few in number, are better inured to the climate, and are never destitute of such clothing, food, and shelter, as are used amongst them. . . . . I look forward with pleasure to our return to the city of palaces at the best season of the year, to Lady William, the kindest of the kind, a more mixed society, and a more varied life. You may, however, be surprised that I have said nothing of Lord William. He is, of course, so overwhelmed with business that we see but little of him. He is, indeed, worth the whole lot of us, ten times told. So much power has seldom been lodged in hands so pure. His views are all truly benevolent and philanthropic, and though he may have been

sometimes mistaken (as who is not), and has incurred much unpopularity by measures of necessary economy, of which he has been the instrument, he is a man *comme il y en a peu*, and who deserves to be loved. The happiest moments I have spent here have been in his company — the most instructive hours in his employ."

In the end of August a force was assembled to march to Shehkawattie, under General Stevenson; and the 26th Regiment being ordered to form part of the army, Major Mountain obtained leave to join his regiment, in the hope of seeing some active service. He started immediately for Bengal; but, on his arrival in the camp at Meerut, he found that the field force was to be dispersed, and that his long journey had been in vain. His movements after this are best described in his own words, in his journal-letter to his sister: —

"Brigadier-General Stevenson having, on dispersion of the Jodpore field force, determined to march with a few regiments and part of the train into this remote province, for the suppression of the Shehkawattie free-booters, invited me to join him. I wrote, in Lord William's absence, to General Sleigh upon the subject, and went, pending the receipt of his reply, from Agra to Meerut. He advised me to accept the brigadier-general's offer; so here I am with a capital tent, a horse to ride, a good table, and nothing to do but to amuse myself. How long I shall remain with the camp I have not the slightest

conception, as Lord William, who is daily expected in Calcutta, may recall me ; but, as there is not the slightest prospect of active service, I shall be content to go or stay. Upon receipt of General Sleigh's letter, I wrote immediately to young Blake, the political officer at Delhi, and left Meerut by Dâk, on the evening of the 11th. . . . General Stevenson had been marching all this time from Agra upon Sumbur. I reached Delhi at dawn on the 12th November, and halted there that day. The political officer had made arrangements for helping me on. . . . . I started half an hour before sunrise in a buggy, found a fresh horse at Sufter Jung's tomb, and at the Kuttub a couple of riding camels and an attendant Shootar Suwar. The king was with his Zenanah at the fountain ; and a sentinel posted on the road called to me to dismount, lest from my lofty *monture* I should get a peep at the royal pastime. Not thinking it worth while to dispute the point, I complied. . . . Ten long miles over a dismal country brought me to Bacon's at Gourgaon, where I breakfasted and halted till past three, and drove then in his buggy to Hursuroo Gurhee, where I remounted my camel, which I had sent on. At dusk I came upon three Suwars, resting under a tree by the way-side. As soon as they saw me, they mounted, and, galloping up to me, presented salaam on the part of their master, the Nuwab of Bareuch. A little further on, I met three more Suwars and a mounted torchbearer. I got upon one of the Suwars' horses, but did not find much relief, as the padded saddle was so awfully wide, that, despite my long legs, I felt like a spread eagle. We pushed on merrily, however, the Mussalchee floundering along in front, with uplifted

torch in one hand and a whip in the other, frequent application of which was needed, to enable him to keep the lead. Animated by the noise of our increased numbers, the camels kept up with the horses, and we reached Patoudie soon after seven o'clock. The Nuwab received me at the door of a house which he reserves for visitors, and conducted me into a well-furnished apartment, where, after I had performed my ablutions, an excellent Hindostanee dinner, consisting of pilaws, stews, game variously dressed, and sweetmeats, was served to me, with the convenience of plate, fork, and spoon. The meal concluded, his highness and his Mookhtyar or minister, reappeared, and sat down beside me; the former apologised for his native cookery, which was in my mind far better than our Anglo-Indian, and requested that, if satisfied with my reception, I would give him a letter to Blake, to whose introduction I, of course, owed my consequence. In an adjoining room I found a clean bed, studded with various little pillows, according to native usage.

"The Nuwab of Bareuch is a Jagheerdar, or Company's feudatory, ruling his own country under a certain tenure. This day's journey by the Kuttub was a good forty miles, about twenty-four of which I rode on the camel; but, by the direct road, it is upwards of thirty-five miles; and yet my bearers, who had only a few hours' start of me, had arrived before me, put on clean dresses, laid out my change of apparel, and were in waiting to receive me.

"14th.

"My camels and palkee had been sent on with separate escorts during the night, and I started in the

morning, by torchlight, on a horse of the Nuwab's, with a couple of Suwars. A Suwar is a native horseman, generally a very picturesque-looking fellow, armed with either a long matchlock or a spear, in addition to his sword, and shield, and pistols. His long cloth gown and turban are of various colours, and he wears a shawl round his waist, and another perhaps over his shoulders. His horse is more or less adorned with trappings, and the saddle bears the coarse blanket of the animal and the resai of the master, forming a soft and wide seat, on which he maintains himself without the exertion that is required upon the slippery leather of our narrow saddles. A resai is a quilt wadded with cotton ; I carry a couple upon my camel, and want nothing but a common cot to make as good a bed as any soldier need or ought to desire.

"At Janth I found my camels waiting for me with a couple of Suwars, and met four others returning from escort duty with the palkee, who drew up on the road-side and salaamed. The picturesque effect of such little groups always arrests my eye, and carries my thoughts to the dear Madre and to you, with the vain wish that I could adequately convey to you the feeling of the moment. I pushed on with the camels to Rewarree, where I breakfasted in the Thanadaree, or building appropriated to the Thanadar, or native head of the police. The little thatched chamber in which I rested was perched upon an old building above the court, where the police Suwars picket their horses, and hung around with swords and shields, bows and quivers. . . . . The Tussildar paid me a visit. He is a very respectable, good-humoured old

Hindoo, and gave me occasion to admire his tact. The deer-skin belts, that were hanging around, had led me to speak of the Hindoo prejudice against our leather; and when the Tussildar observed that the Mussulmans of the party were ranged on my side, and disposed to smile at his expense, he forthwith began to relate an anecdote of a Mogul emperor, who had assembled all the Moolwas and Pundits of the country, for the purpose of deciding upon the properties of the ox; the Mussulman and Hindoo sages were agreed that beef was unwholesome, and the emperor thereupon issued a decree forbidding the slaughter of the cow species. This story, whether got up for the occasion or not, completely imposed silence upon his Mussulman auditors.

"At three in the afternoon, I proceeded on my journey, and reached Shahjehanpore by dusk.

15th.

"Shajehanpore is the last Company's village in this direction; and Barroda, the first considerable place I came to this morning, belongs to the Rao Rajah of Ulwar. His highness, upon receipt of Blake's letter, sent his favourite camel, Ghureeba, with two Shootar Suwars and an escort of horse, to meet me at Goorjabas, with servants, and a cart loaded with tables, chairs, and provisions for my entertainment there. His Dewanjee, Balmookun, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, with six Risalas of horse, to enforce the payment of rents from some refractory vassals, was further ordered to go out to meet me.

"Arriving a day sooner than I was expected, I was

near losing the benefit of these arrangements; but, missing my way, I luckily stumbled upon the Dewanjee's camp. Balmookun hurried out to meet me, on a horse loaded with trappings, and attended by a crowd of Shootar Suwars and horsemen, and silver-sticks and swordsmen on foot. I, on my humble unadorned camel, was instantly surrounded by this glittering throng, conducted to the tents, seated upon a carpet in the midst of an assembly of chiefs, and overwhelmed with civilities and apologies. The Tussildar of the district appeared, and, with deep salaam, presented me with two rupees, which I only touched, and several earthen pots of sweetmeats, which I accepted for my people. Balmookun then presented me with a bag of rupees, containing, I presumed, about 500; and, upon my persisting in declining to accept it, he begged a certificate from me that I did not reject it from any dissatisfaction with my reception. The Dewanjee now retired to take his breakfast, and sent me mine, of which I stood much in need; for the sun was now high, and I had ridden sixteen miles. Additional cushions were now brought in for me to rest on, and the meal was spread on a little platform, about half a foot high: it consisted of wheaten chepatties, fresh butter,—which tasted however more like curds,—candied sweetmeats, and almonds, with native tea, which had an unpleasant perfumed taste, but was drinkable enough with milk and sugar. A fine-looking man in native dress, but with European countenance, sat beside me. His father, he told me, was sergeant-major of the 2nd Regiment N. I. He had been several years in the Rajah's service, and was lately promoted to the command of an infantry battalion. His

feet were bare; and though his fair hair, which hung down below his turban, and the fashion of his features, betrayed his origin, he well became his costume, of which he lauded the convenience. . . . .

"At 3 o'clock, the Dewanjee, with his train, escorted me in due form out of camp, and a large body of horsemen attended me, despite all remonstrance on my part, all the way to Kotpootlee. We rode up to the Chabootra, which has a large enclosed court before it, and the Darogha received us with the respect which my showy escort claimed, according to native usance. A separate apartment was assigned to me and Bookhaut Singh, a commander of horse in the Rao Rajah's service.

"16th.

"Started at daylight with my regular escort of three Shootar Suwars and five Suwars, including the commander, Meer Saheb Farzund Ulee. I now rode a camel, which the Rao Rajah had sent for me, and the Chowdry took Shums-ud-deen's camel, which I had hitherto ridden. What we call camels in India are the one-humped animal, properly called a dromedary. The native names are oont, shootar, and sanee; and the rider, who is armed with a carbine and pair of pistols, is called a Shootar Suwar. . . . .

"We turned off the road to Shapoorah, the residence of Hunwunt Singh. . . . I had sent on a letter from Blake, and was met a couple of miles from the place by a party of two horsemen, not very splendidly mounted, and a couple of Suwarree camels, bearing each two riders. Our cavalcade passed under a high arched gateway, and

up a wider street than is usual in native towns; but when nearly opposite the palace, we were stopped short at the Chabootrie, rather, methought, to the mortification of Meer Saheb and Mojee Ram, who seemed to expect that the palace gates would open to our reception. I alighted, however, and in due time received a basket of very fine oranges from the Rajah, who begged to be informed whether I would have my dinner served where I was or at the palace. I decided for the latter. I perceived that the open arcade, in which I was, was upon a level with the roofs of the houses of the street; but as the torches around prevented me from seeing anything distinctly beyond the space allotted to me, I fancied myself private, like the ostrich when he hides his head, and proceeded to my ablutions — in view, as I afterwards found, of several parties assembled upon the houses opposite, to gaze upon the white stranger. I had stipulated for a horse if I went to the palace, and I found a nag ready. Crossing a couple of courts, I was shown through a dusky gateway, and sundry apartments crowded with lumber, and up dark narrow staircases of stone, until at length I arrived in a small open pavilion at the top of the building, in which there was a small Brahminy cow, clothed in wadded resai, and lying upon a carpet. In due time, the curtains were let down, chair and table brought in, and my dinner was served; it was a regular Rajpoot dinner. The pickles I did not like, but the pilaws and sweetmeats were very good. A bottle of native shrab (spirit) was brought; but it was so awfully potent, that I could scarcely bear to put it to my lips. It had a taste between eau-de-Cologne and whisky, and a little whitened the

water, which I largely mixed with it, but still could not swallow it. About a score of persons, squatted on the floor, were staring at me all the while, beside the little cow, who alone was pleased to stand.

"My repast concluded, Hunwunt Singh received me in Durbar. There were three ordinary dancing girls squalling in the midst of a little court, on the same level with my pavilion, and under an arcade at the upper end of it the Rajah was seated in the midst of his people. He rose to receive me, and I then squatted down upon the carpet on his right hand. Considering that I never served an apprenticeship at Stulz's, I can maintain the cross-legged position passing well. . . . On signifying my wish to retire, attar was brought as usual, and then a couple of trays of shawls. The Dewan added that there was a horse for me below. The Rajah is a good-looking young man and wore a handsome shawl; but his people were very plainly clad; and from the appearance of his residence, I judged that he could not be very sorry at my declining to accept the trays and horse.

"17th.

"Started at daylight, and regained the Ajmeer road. . . . The road leads up a narrow heavy pass between sand-hills, and debouches upon a plain surrounded by detached ranges of rocky hills, each of which bears its fortress or temple. Crossing this plain we came to Mohur, and disturbed at the entrance of the place a large assembly of monkeys; they crossed the road before us to the number of thirty or forty, one by one, and were of the large grey kind, with coal-black faces, white whiskers, and tremen-

dously long tails. The town, which is built of stone and surrounded by an embattled stone wall, is nestled under a hill, and commanded by a handsome castle. The gate of the town-wall is so low, that, though I lay down flat upon my camel, I barely cleared the top of the arch. . . . Reached Samote. We enfiladed the place, and passing out of the further gate alighted at a well shaded by some noble banyans. There was a comfortable building near, the open door of which invited entrance. I passed into the court, and, seeing no one, into a second and a third. There were cots around, good store of grain, culinary utensils, and all the appurtenances of an opulent eastern *ménage*, which I was surveying at my leisure, when a naked old Brahmin appeared, declared that I had intruded into a temple, and showered forth a volley of abuse. Meer Saheb and Mojee Ram found means to pacify him, but we deemed it prudent to retreat. The fact is, one side of the first court was devoted to the worship of an idol, ensconced in a recess, but four-fifths of the building were allotted to the worldly comforts of Monsieur le Brahmin, who appeared just in time to prevent my obtaining a sight of a Madame or Mesdames that were probably to be found in the fourth court. We now took possession of an old tomb, and I had taken my book to while away the time till the arrival of my palkee should enable me to breakfast, when the Moonshee of the Rawaljee came to present salaam on the part of his master, and ask whether I would have a tent and breakfast sent out to me, or would visit his palace. Not having calculated upon stopping at Samote, I had no letter to its lord, and this civility was therefore perfectly voluntary.

I accepted the latter alternative. A palanquin was sent for me, and the Rawaljee's two sons met me at the gate of the palace, and, taking me by the hand, one on each side, led me across a couple of courts and up all manner of staircases to a large hall, where we found their father, a most gentlemanly kind old man, whose cordial and unaffected reception I shall ever remember with pleasure. He placed me between himself and his eldest son, and, after a few minutes' conversation, dismissing all his train, led me into a small side room, where I found a table, formed by piling one upon the other four of the little platforms which they use for the same purpose, and an excellent breakfast. There was a large brass dish of chepatties, and a number of vessels containing rice, variously dressed meat, and sweetmeats; a large silver bowl of milk, another of sugar, and a brass lota of hot tea. There was a little silver fork with an enamelled handle, and a small pocket knife, and a funny little silver ladle, so that I was not at a loss to dispose of the viands set before me. An old Rajpoot attendant mixed the tea and milk as I wanted it, in a silver pan, applying the sweetening with his fingers. When I had well eaten, the old Rawaljee retired with his two sons, to break his own fast, having first ordered a cot into my room, upon which he advised me to rest while one of his people shampooed me;—advice that I did not neglect.

"I fell asleep under the operation, and on awaking and regaining the hall, found my host giving audience to his people. He immediately rejoined me, and we had a long conversation, in which he expressed great gratitude to the Governor-General, who, he said, had twice saved

him from the destruction with which he had been threatened by Jotah Ram. The Rawaljee was simply clad in white, wearing, however, some handsome jewels in his turban and in his ears. His sons, two very modest pleasing young men of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, were very plainly dressed, each carrying a broad-sword in his hand. They are both married, and were surprised to find that I have not their advantage. Natives, not knowing how the womankind have turned the tables upon us in Europe, think it very strange to find men past the first blush of youth and still single—how much more an old fellow like me! . . . .

"18th.

"Started before daylight, and rode a long twenty-five miles over a dreary country to Jobaer. Not liking the low mud chabootrie, I rode on and alighted under a large tamarind tree, near some Rajpoot huts, which were thronged with a large collection of decrepit old women. I waited till near three o'clock, but no palkee appeared. Faint for want of food, I applied to my escort. Mojee Ram produced some coarse sweetmeats, Meer Saheb made some chepatties of dhal, a sort of pulse seasoned with chilies, and a draught of milk and water completed the meal. I thus made the breakfast of a Rajpoot soldier in no unpicturesque bivouac, the camels reposing on one side, the horses picketed on the other, while the naked men of my escort, reclining here and there amid spears and shields and saddles, and sundry old women spinning at their wheels, completed the scene. Pushing on again, I reached the camp an hour after sunset. It was dark, but the long line of fires along the border of the lake,

and the hum of many voices, bore evidence of a multitude that astonished my attendants. I thus went over in six days the same ground that occupied our camp, in 1831, nearly a month; and for my bearers, who came in early the next morning, it was no bad going. The distance is 200 miles! . . . .

"I have since performed a longer journey in the same manner, having been recalled to Calcutta after I had been three weeks with the army in the field. I left it at Sukur, and crossed the country to Agra, whence I took dawk; and I now write, December 22nd, from Allahabad. I start again to-morrow, and shall, God willing, reach Calcutta just four months after the date of my leaving Lord William Bentinck at the hills; in which time I shall have travelled 900 miles by sea and river, 2400 dawk, and nearly 600 on horse or camel!"

CHAPTER VII.

In January, 1835, it appears that Lord William Bentinck resolved to leave India, and Major Mountain determined to return to England at the same time, and try whether the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel could be obtained for him.

Writing to his brother, he says: —

"Lord William offered me a few days ago the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General, king's troops, for two years certain, with a very good chance of succession permanently. This would give me 1000*l.*: the man who holds it is going on sick leave to the Cape. — Not to be sneezed at. . . . But his lordship added that he thought it would be hardly worth my while, and that I should be right to go home and try my fortune. I therefore said that, as my own hopes and wishes led homewards, and as the rank was my great object, I was glad to hear from him an opinion, which, without undervaluing the acting situation, I should consider decisive. So that nail's clenched!"

He left Calcutta on the 24th March, in the ship

"Orient," and had a tedious passage of five months; but this time was not unprofitably spent. He had a good cabin, and, having brought on board a supply of books, spent many hours of each day in reading and writing. He read through several theological works; and from these, especially Paley's works, his mind was more and more established in the faith: and in the weary monotony of the long voyage, after five years of continued active employment in perpetually varied scenes, he was led to realise more than ever the hollowness of this world's interests and amusements, and to seek, with increasing earnestness, to live above the worries and vexations of daily life, and fix his heart and thoughts more constantly on the precepts and promises of the religion of Christ.

On his arrival in England, Lord William Bentinck exerted himself to procure the step of rank for his aide-de-camp; but *one* such step alone is usually granted, and to this the military secretary has a claim. His efforts were ineffectual, although Lord Dalhousie and Sir Colin Halkett lent their aid; and Sir Herbert Taylor was very desirous to forward Major Mountain's wishes; and King William, who had a kindly recollection of Bishop Mountain's family, would have been glad to serve them. There was one constant opposition, and the anxiety and disappointments were

no small trial to a man of eager and sensitive temperament.

An attempt was made in another quarter to procure him promotion, but this also failed. Colonel Oglander, who commanded the Cameronians, a high-minded and devoted soldier, whose whole soul was given to serve his God and to promote the temporal and eternal well-being of the men committed to his charge, found his health failing, and was anxious to retire from the service. He felt that he could safely confide "his boys" to Major Mountain, who would, he knew, carry out his views and plans for their benefit; and he agreed to retire if the command of the regiment could be ensured to him.

This, however, could not be arranged; but the knowledge that such a man as Henry Oglander placed such entire confidence in his junior officer, is a striking testimony to the uprightness and consistent conduct of Major Mountain. Colonel Oglander retained the command of the regiment, and remained with it till the breaking out of the war with China, in 1839. He had been very ill upon going on board, but embarked with the head-quarters of the army, on board the "Marion," and did not live to land in China. His memory is gratefully cherished by the men of the Cameronians, and many of his plans for the bene-

fit of the soldier, though scouted at the time, have since been adopted.

The next two years, 1836 and 1837, were spent by Major Mountain in visiting relations and friends in England and Scotland, his home being chiefly at his brother Robert's house, where his mother and sister were living; and, after having been for five years separated from all those whom he loved best, he fully appreciated the happiness of returning to them and to his own country.

His brother, the Archdeacon of Quebec, came to England at this time, and in 1836 was consecrated Bishop of Montreal; and thus the widowed mother enjoyed the delight of seeing her four sons once more around her. But this happiness was of short duration. In March, 1836, Mrs. Mountain was seized with an unusually severe attack of a malady to which she had been for some years subject; and, after a few days of acute suffering, her gentle spirit passed to its rest in Christ.

Armine was absent when she was taken ill, and when he arrived she was lying apparently unconscious; and in an agony of grief, at the idea that she would never speak to him again, he threw himself down beside her; but his sister repeated his name loudly, and added, "He thinks you do not know

him." She instantly held out her arms, exclaiming, "Not know my own darling son, who never crossed my path but in love!" and laying her hand on his head, she added, "God bless my own dear Armine!"

The loss of such a mother was indeed a heavy trial. Armine had loved her with all the deep devotion of his loving and ardent nature — with all the tenderness which so peculiarly marked his character; to her his thoughts had always turned, wherever he might be; and with her and his sister, all his pleasures, and all his cares had been shared. But his mind was too unselfish to dwell long upon his own sorrow, and his chief aim now was to sooth and comfort the sister, whose loss he felt was greater than his own.

In July, 1836, Sir Samford Whittingham, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, offered him the post of Military Secretary. Writing to a friend, he says: —

"I must go on half-pay to take the appointment. I therefore wrote back word that I would not do so as a Major, but that, if I can obtain an unattached Lieutenant-Colonelcy, I am ready to go. I came here to ask Lord Fitzroy the question, and shall see him to-morrow. I am not anxious about it. I must get promotion in my own corps before very long, and there is not perhaps much to choose between the East and West; yet Barbadoes is near

home, and the rank as soon as possible is an object to a soldier. I shall be satisfied either way. . . .

"I have seen Lord Fitzroy. He told me at once that an unattached is not to be had, and that he thought I should be wrong to sacrifice my regimental position for the staff appointment."

This appointment was, therefore, gratefully declined.

The failure of so many attempts was disappointing; but he bore all cheerfully and unmurmuringly, always saying and feeling that there was a "God above all," and that all must be right in the end.

One of his greatest pleasures was in the society of the Bishop of Montreal, although the numerous engagements of the latter left only short intervals of of time for the enjoyment of family intercourse. The love of the two brothers was unusually deep and strong: they had not met since 1825. The bishop returned to Canada in July, and they were destined never to meet again on earth.

In June, 1837, Major Mountain married Jane O'Beirne, a grand-daughter of the Bishop of Meath, from whose family he had received much kindness when quartered in Ireland, and with her he sailed for Calcutta in October.

On board the ship there was a young officer going out to rejoin his regiment in Bengal. Some similarity of feeling drew Major Mountain towards him,

and they associated much during the voyage. Many years after, this gentleman wrote to Colonel Mountain, acknowledging with the deepest gratitude, that to the conversations they had held on board ship, and to his influence and example, the writer owed his success in his profession, and, yet more, his hopes for eternity.

No man ever possessed a larger share of the power of influence than did Armine Mountain, and this power was constantly exerted to win the young or the wavering to the path of virtue. Numerous instances of his successful influence are known to those to whom he at times spoke of his past life; but he was singularly diffident, and his extreme humility always made him doubt that he could have been the means of doing good to any one. But facts cannot be disbelieved, and there are many now living who would bear willing testimony to the good he effected, while the full extent of his influence will only be known in that day when "they that turn many to righteousness" shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever."

He joined the Cameronians in Fort William in the beginning of February, and looked forward hopefully

* The Editor has in her possession a letter from another officer, expressing the greatest gratitude to Colonel Mountain for having taught him, "amongst other lessons, not only how to command others, but to command himself."

to the possession of domestic happiness. His professional prospects, which had at one time looked so bright, were now clouded: the friends likely to aid him had left India, and he had no immediate prospect of commanding his regiment. But he resolved not to despond; he knew that everything was overruled by a merciful Providence, and that as he had earnestly sought the guidance of his God before he linked the fate of a young and tender girl to the wandering life of a soldier, so even for her all would be well. Heavy trial was, however, in store for him. A few weeks after their landing in Calcutta his fair young wife was prematurely taken ill, and died three days after giving birth to a daughter.

To a man of his acute and tender feeling and devoted attachment, this bereavement was no ordinary trial; but no murmur ever passed his lips, nor, as he himself wrote to his brother, ever found entrance into his heart. He had received his young wife as from the hands of God, and to Him he resigned her. His letters written at this time to his sister are full of the touching eloquence of grief. His home was desolate, and he was unworthy, he felt, to enjoy the happiness he had longed for; but in the Spirit of God he truly said, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." To fulfil his duty in his profession, to watch over his

motherless child and train her up to be a Christian woman, and to devote himself more faithfully to the service of the God who had so suddenly blighted his hopes of earthly happiness, were now his chief objects; but many were the bitter tears, the lonely hours, and the earnest prayers, before the victory was won, and the character, already so lovely, perfected in the furnace of affliction.

He lived now in almost entire solitude, attending regularly to his military duties, but otherwise never leaving his lonely room except in the early dawn, when he used to ride to the spot where his young wife had been laid. A few kind friends visited him occasionally; but he had only just returned to the place, and his grief was such as could not be shared with comparative strangers.

As his child grew old enough to notice him, his greatest solace was in watching her; but when about two years old, she suffered in teething, and he resolved to send her to England before the commencement of another hot season.

In August, 1839, he was offered the command of a large party of recruits, who were to proceed in boats to Meerut, and, though unwilling to leave his child, he felt that the change of scene would be good for his own health and spirits, while the additional allowances for the command, would enable him to send her home

in greater comfort. He therefore accepted the offered change, and started in command of fifty boats on the 14th of August. On reaching Cawnpore, he found that the 3rd Light Dragoons had been ordered to that station, and that the recruits for this corps were to remain there; and as these formed more than a third of his men, the detachment would cease to be a field-officer's command. It was therefore settled that he should return to Calcutta, and on the 16th of November he left Cawnpore.

Early in the year 1840 the war with China broke out, and Major Mountain was selected by the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, to fill the post of Adjutant-General with the expeditionary force.

He immediately made all the arrangements for sending his child home. The English nurse, who had tended her from her birth, was to take her to England: kind friends promised to watch over her, and, on reaching England, she was to be confided to the care of his sister. Many were the letters he wrote on the subject of his child's education, and some extracts from one of these are here given, as they are eminently characteristic of the writer: —

". . .My first object, hope, and prayer is, that my daughter, so God wills she live, may grow up a faithful Christian. I have, however, my own notions on this point,

and to a certain extent, at least, they should be attended to, as, unless when a father is materially wrong, it can answer no good end to promote difference of feeling between him and his child. I hold all Roundhead tendencies in abhorrence; and pretension in religion, as in other things, repugns me. I shall be thankful, most humbly thankful, to my God, if my child be as good as her mother. I shall be disgusted if she *fancies* herself better. I should wish her with all propriety and cheerfulness to conform to the rules of the house which she may inhabit; but I do not wish her to be debarred, in proper time and place, from any recreation or amusement that her grandfather, my revered father, would have sanctioned, or that her mother would have partaken in; still less to be led to condemn others for partaking in them. I hope and pray that her religion may be of the heart,—one of practice, not formalism, the guide of her life, the comfort of her soul, about her path, and about her bed, the spring and moving power of her thoughts and actions,—one that will not be thrown aside, as a tight corslet, if she should succeed to considerable property and chance to marry a man whose career may lead her amidst the fascinations of the world, but that will be in all situations her stay and safeguard! To effect this grand, first, leading object, good and regular habits from earliest infancy are doubtless important; but I should avoid over-teaching and tasking; should be careful not to connect the sombre or the irksome with her first ideas of God, should wish to lead her imperceptibly, cheerfully, and naturally, to look up to Him as the Author of all that is good, and the fountain of all her hopes, as her God, and the God of her fathers; should take daily

incidental occasion, in amusements as well as lessons, in a walk or drive, of producing these impressions naturally and *without effort*, rather than by set speeches or restrictions; but I do not mean to undervalue the force of stated observances and appointed times, provided they be not rendered unnecessarily distasteful; and, though prayer hereafter may and should become an habitual movement of the heart on any occasion, I regard the fixed, rooted habit of private prayer, morning and night, as being of vital importance, as the foundation and support of all the best impulses of our nature and the check and prevention of the bad.

"The next point—and yet hardly the next, for it is too closely interwoven with religion to be separated,—is *temper!* I beseech you on my knees to attend to this. Happiness in this world depends on temper, and perhaps salvation in the next. . . . *I* am very passionate, and, though easily pacified by a kind word, am impatient and irritable, and disposed to chafe against opposition or any supposed injustice. My child may have unfortunately something of her father, and I think nurse's indulgence may have brought it forth. . . . Upon the whole, however, I should really say, favour and affection apart, that she is a manageable, very merry, good-humoured little soul, and very affectionate. Oh! cherish this temper; watch it without appearing to watch it; check at once all that is wrong, but do not let her fret or conceal. I love, I dearly love, a free, frank, loyal temper. I should be distressed by reserve. I loathe dissimulation. . . .

"This leads me to another characteristic of our race,—a characteristic that, under proper regulation, I consider

to be a high privilege, a gift of Heaven, but which, ill-regulated, becomes a curse! I mean a high and generous tone of mind, gentlemanlike tastes, keen feelings, and quick susceptibility. As far as I have inherited any portion of this order of mind, I have made poor use of it. My child may possibly inherit it from her race,—I hope she may;—but watch it, let not the privilege of keen and quick perception degenerate into an uneasy sensitiveness. . . . Beware of this, for mortal happiness at least hinges upon due regulation of feeling; and where feeling is once excited, principle is insufficent to control it, albeit conscientiously guiding the conduct.

"These are the first vital considerations. With regard to Christian qualities, which spring out of religion and temper, I need not say anything to you. I will only observe that I wish my child to be indulged, even now, in giving to the poor, but at the same time to be taught that giving money, which entails no personal sacrifice, is the least part of Charity—the most difficult, not to speak or think ill of others. How full of the milk of human kindness were her grandmother, our mother, and her own sweet mother!

"In manner, 'from my soul I loathe all affectation.' I hate, too, primness. I hope my child will be frank and free, and natural, yet perfectly decorous, attentive to her seniors, kind to her servants and the poor, and affectionate to her friends. . . . You may judge how much I feel in parting with my only child, and will allow for a father's anxiety. . . . Expecting to embark shortly for China, and knowing the uncertainty of human life, I have wished to provide against the event of my not living to

write again, by saying now all that was uppermost in my mind regarding the education of my child. And now, may God in His mercy, whatever be in store for me, take you and her under His especial and gracious protection, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The little girl on whom so much love and thought were bestowed did not live to reach England. She died seven days after leaving Calcutta, and the news that he was childless reached the father, when worn by overwork and anxiety, at Tinghae, in September.

A few sentences from his letter to his sister on receiving intelligence of his child's death are here inserted, instead of in the midst of his letters from China.

"To tell you that I am not heart-broken, that I had not fondly hoped and trusted that, so safely embarked, in good health, her teething finished,—that I had not fondly hoped and trusted that the danger was past, and that she would reach you in safety,— that my only earthly solace had been in picturing your meeting and her sojourn amongst you, — that, for myself, my only hope and thought and vision had not hung upon the prospect that, should life be my lot, I might see her again and ultimately give her a home,—would be to tell you what is false and what you would not believe. . . . But, believe me, even in the first hour of these overwhelming tidings, I grieved for you and Robert too, and poor dear Jane; and yet how vain. God will console you and send you far better

solace, other objects, other motives of thought and action. . . . . .

"Dearest sister, I feel that I have deserved this further bitter, bitter chastisement; that I did not bear the awful calamity of my widowhood as I ought to have done; that I have been selfish in my sorrow. God only knows how I shall bear this further loss of my only, sweet, fair child; but I must try. I fear myself; but she is safe, and I must endeavour to restrain and overcome myself.

"It is a bitter thought that you never even saw her; that the wide sea is drifting her little bones I know not whither; that only one brief week after I had been permitted to embark her with so much thought, and care, and hope, and thankful confidence, my sweet child died, before she had learnt to love or even rightly know her father;—but this is weakness. God knows best. It was no doubt best for you, for her: and at 'that day,' wherever I may be, she will surely be yielded up by the wide waters, and be numbered by her Saviour amongst the angels of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ship 'Marion,' at sea, May, 1840.

"We embarked on the evening of the 10th April, hoping to reach Singapore in about three weeks. Our party consists of Colonel Oglander, who is destined to be our commandant, Captain Caine, A.D.C., Major Becher, deputy quarter-master-general, Major Hawkins, deputy commissary-general, Major Wilson, paymaster of the forces, Captain Moore, deputy judge-advocate-general, Dr. King, Dr. Graham, and the deputy adjutant-general. We have, moreover, twelve clerks belonging to the different departments, a serjeant's party of the Queen's 49th, and about sixty native followers. Belonging to the ship, twenty-two Europeans, including the captain, officers, and cuddy servants; and sixty-five Lascars or native Mussulmen sailors. Of these last, some are active young men, acquainted with their business, others the veriest wretches imaginable. . . . The 'Marion' conveys all the medical stores, a proportion of the ordnance stores, and ten lacs of rupees and dollars. She is therefore of some consequence to the expedition, to say nothing of her being head-quarter ship.

"Wind and tide were against us, and the authorities

gave us a steamer too feeble to tug us, and it was thus the 19th April before we got clear of the sandheads. On the 28th it blew a gale, which gathered strength as the day advanced. While we were at dinner, consuming such viands as we could collect in their dance, a tremendous sea carried away our starboard quarter-boat. The barometer was falling rapidly. We were under close-reefed topsails. The captain lowered his royal and top-gallant yards, and lay the vessel to. The three close-reefed sails, about 5 P.M., split to ribbons with furious flapping and clatter, and the mizen topmast, the bare pole, bowed from sheer force of wind to such a degree that it was evident it must soon go. The fore topmast went first, however, then the mizen, then the main. It was now blowing a hurricane. The stern boat was lifted clean above the poop, where it hovered for a moment, then broke loose and fell. The larboard quarter boat was stove in; and in the attempt to cut away the fragments, which were slashing to and fro upon the poop, Mr. Page, the third officer, and James Gerard, a fine young seaman, were carried away and seen no more. The long boat was flung from her props into the waist, knocking down the nettings, breaking away her keel, and crushing in her fall a native servant, and several sheep, to death. The jib-boom and both binnacles were carried away, and such was the force of the wind that the chief officer could only reach the wheel by creeping along the deck upon his hands and knees. The mainsail and foresail, though closely furled upon their respective yards, were now blown away and torn to pieces. Their furious clatter as they fought to

break loose, the howling of the hurricane, the raging of the sea, the fearful slashing and banging of the topmasts, rigging, blocks, and cross-trees, which were all hanging over the side, the bawling of the officers and the cries of the crew, formed altogether a scene to which it is difficult to do justice in description. At length, about seven, there was a lull, so sudden, so complete, that it was rather portentous than hopeful. In about a quarter of an hour more the voice of the hurricane was heard anew. It had been blowing all day from the north-east. About half-past seven the wind suddenly shifted to the south: the gallant ship, thus taken aback, could not rise quick enough; a wave struck her stern, stove in the dead lights, broke the skylight, and sent, amid a crash of shivered glass, a rushing, foaming torrent forward, that inundated the cuddy. How much longer the 'Marion's' hull could have weathered the storm it may be hard to say, but it pleased God to abate its power about eight o'clock P.M., and by about an hour before midnight it was only blowing a moderate gale. The hurricane lasted about three hours, but the ship was a wreck within an hour after the first rent of the topsails. During all this time three of our party had been lying, still asleep, on their respective couches; C. and H. were dead-sick from the violence of the motion; Colonel Oglander, who was very feeble from long illness, sat composedly holding on with his only three fingers to the cuddy table, to which his chair was lashed, while Graham, Moore, and I, watched the progress of the storm. . . . My cabin on the main deck was completely flooded, and, moreover, the steam and heat below was insufferable. I spent the rest of the night,

therefore, on a chair in the cuddy ; sleep was out of the question. I thought of my little Jeanie, and trusted in God that the Scotia would be visited with no such storms. . . .

"At daylight on the morning of the 29th, the poor 'Marion' presented a woful spectacle. Evidence to the struggle she had fought with the waves was borne by the splintered stumps of the three topmasts, just above their respective yards, which had been lowered when the sails were close-reefed. The force of the wind had thus snapped teak spars sixteen inches in diameter, not only unencumbered, but supported by stays and rigging. Three masts, with all their rigging, blocks, and cross-trees, were still hanging over the starboard side, swinging about fearfully as the ship rolled from side to side. Her decks were heaped with spars, blocks, and fragments of all sorts, and the native crew were huddled together in miserable groups wherever they could find shelter from the driving rain and safety from the swinging of the loose blocks and spars. In this condition we remained the whole of that day and the following night, for the sea was still so high and the wind so strong, that it was impossible to attempt anything. Opinions were divided as to the expediency of attempting to return to Calcutta, which, if effected, would have thrown us out of all chance of joining the fleet at Singapore. I therefore opposed the idea of return ; and as it was luckily the captain's interest to keep his ship employed as a transport, he made up his mind to endeavour to refit so far as to continue the voyage to Penang or Singapore. We were enabled on the 30th to commence operations. It cost us

ten days' hard work to make the ship so far manageable that the captain would venture near the land; but by the evening of the 8th May we had rigged jury-masts to the fore and mizen, and set up a new topmast to the main, and steered for the Andamans.

"May 23.

"The 'Conway' frigate overtook us yesterday; and, as we had no boat to send to her, she sent to us. No Brevet: for the last nine years, various circumstances have led me from time to time to expect my rank of Lieut.-Colonel, when something has turned up to prevent it. I should be pretty well used to disappointment by this time, and, in sooth, the prize has been losing value every year, and is of small moment now. But there is this important circumstance to the force: Colonel Burrell will retain the command, and Colonel, no longer General, Oglander will resume his regimental command. In the evening the 'Conway' sent us two boats, of one of which we were to retain the use as far as Singapore; in the other, Osborne and Lord Jocelyn appeared: the former announced his appointment as my assistant. . . . .

"There is great fear of our being too late. The Commodore, Sir Gordon Bremer, went on to the rendezvous in the 'Madagascar' steamer a fortnight ago. He has orders to take the Bogue or Bocca Tigris; and if he has gone on from Singapore without us, it will be a mortification the more cruel to me, that, but for my staff appointment, I should have been with my regiment. . . .

"May 28.

"A steamer hove in sight, took us in tow, and brought

us on shore (Singapore) this afternoon. The fleet sails to-morrow: we have just nicked it, but it is sharp work, for we are to be transhipped into a steamer; and to begin with a new chief, Colonel Burrell, enter on a new business, change our ship-traps, offices, etc., and arrange for others in twenty-four hours, is no trifling matter.

"God bless you and my little one."

"War Steamer 'Queen,' June 4. 1840.

"I believe I have said that the steamer which hove in sight on the 28th took us in tow; on the 29th we sighted Singapore flagstaff. Nothing can be more beautiful than the entrance into the strait: numerous islands rise on all sides from the sea, which is like a great lake, or rather succession of lakes. Excepting two, which are only long strips of yellow sand, all these islands are magnificently wooded to the water's edge: here and there a bare hill shows that the settler's fire or the woodman's axe has been at work; but these interruptions to the mass of forest rather add to, than detract from, the general effect. On the Singapore hand, some of the hill-sides are cultivated entirely for pine-apples; and a single cottage may be seen here and there peeping through the trees. An occasional boat glides from this little bay, while the mat sail of another disappears in that inlet: still, in the wide range of view, the traces of human life are comparatively few; stillness is the character of the scene, and the desire to explore is perpetually excited. In the afternoon we rounded the last island, and Singapore roads, with the fleet and town, lay before us. Lieutenant Harrison, of the 'Larne,' came off to meet us; and from

him we learnt that the Commodore meant to sail the next day, and that we were to be transferred to this steamer. Colonel Oglander and Captain Caine repaired to the 26th ships. I had to wait on Brigadier Burrell, and went on shore with him to wait on the Commodore. The town, above which there is a very pretty hill bearing the Governor's house and flagstaff, has some good buildings, and looks well from the water. Besides the 74 and frigates, the steamers and transports, there were several Chinese junks, monstrous queer fellows, at anchor in the roads ; and with the various boats, native and European, coming to and fro, the scene was very animating. . . . . The fleet sailed the next day, as soon as the breeze sprang up. My returns and letters were despatched, and a few hasty arrangements made by the evening, when I came on board ; and on Saturday 31st we steamed up to the fleet in a very few hours.

"From the little I saw, Singapore appeared a very pretty place : scarcely twenty-one years have elapsed since Sir Stamford Raffles first selected it as a half-way house to China, and it now contains 35,000 inhabitants, and is daily increasing in prosperity and population. Still the part I saw has not altogether lost the village character ; and the clean soil, bright foliage, white buildings, hills, and sea-shore, harmonise well together. It is unlucky that I did not come down with the 26th ; they were nearly three weeks at Penang, and arrived a fortnight before us at Singapore. I am, however, too thankful to have saved my distance, and be here before the work begins, to growl over the loss of past *agrémens*, or over present inconveniences. . . . . Yesterday, we went

on board the 'Rohomany,' Colonel Oglander's ship,—that is, the brigadier and I. I was distressed to find him so ill that he would only see me. . . . .

"June 5.

"Having heard from the Commodore that Colonel Oglander was worse, upon his ship's approaching yesterday, I went on board, and spent the day there. The Colonel was a little better again, and made an effort to appear more so when I went into his cabin, talking of landing at Macao, and performing his duty; but he sank again. The chaplain of the 'Wellesley,' who had been sent for the preceding evening, was still on board, and administered the Sacrament to the invalid, Dr. Bell, and myself. . . . ."

"June 22.

"Well, I have actually been in China, and walked about, and stared, and we are at anchor off Tyloochoo, or some such place; but all in order. . . . . On the 21st, at daybreak, we moved on, and anchored about 9 A.M. in Macao. The entrance to the roads is very pretty: islands rise in all directions, leaving clear channels between them. They appeared to be for the most part rocky and bare of wood, and uninhabited. But the sea was alive: not less, I should think, than 200 large fishing boats were within sight, all under sail, and generally in pairs; and in the roads before us, we could discern a steamer, a man-of-war, and several merchant vessels. This morning we got up our steam and made for the Commodore. As we steamed in on one side the 'Larne' sailed in, under a pressure of canvass, on the other, and we anchored at the same moment, one on

either side of the 'Wellesley.' We are anxiously looking for letters and orders."

"Tinghae-huen, August 8. 1840.

". . . The feeling that the scene gave me, on entering the harbour the first day, was indescribable. Before the steamer struck, we passed the war junks, which had come out very valiantly to meet us, and were drawn up along the mouth of an opening between the islands. They did not venture to arrest our progress, but they followed us into harbour, passed successively close under the 'Wellesley's' bows, and took up position in line ahead of us, covering the suburb. So far the Chinese admiral deserves credit. He did not provoke aggression; and his conduct betrayed no fear, whatever he may have felt, and was calculated to justify him with his own government, and give confidence to the Islanders. He was killed afterwards on board his junk by the 'Wellesley's' fire.

"But the scene—these junks, just what you see on rice-paper drawings, the Chinese army with a sort of armour and tunics, and all the showy old-time equipment—carried me back in imagination to the times of Froissart. It seemed exactly as if the subjects of his old prints had assumed life, and substance, and colour, and were moving and acting before me, unconscious of the march of the world through centuries, and of all modern usage, invention, or improvement.

"There were the flowing standards to every half-dozen men, the cumbrous equipment, the attempt at fierce display, the queer weapons and insignia of all sorts; and then the junks, with their huge mat sails, their eyes

and tiger heads, and high, elaborately painted sterns and bluff prows! On the other hand, the hills around were cultivated with a care and neatness much more European than anything we had been accustomed to see in India; and the aspect of the suburb, excepting only a temple or two, with up-pointing eaves, as well as the cottages dispersed about the hills, brought England to my thoughts. The sensations thus produced were such as no previous scene in my life of wandering ever excited in the same way.

"The afternoons of the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, were spent in a Barrack (a very curious and rich temple) in the midst of the 18th Royal Irish. I had a little hole without any outlet, except into a sort of court, for office and bedroom; and this to share with Sir H. Darell; and at night such swarms of mosquitos, that I was soon like a man just up from the small-pox. Nothing to eat either; but my servant made free with the monks' tea, which I swallowed in quantities; and it kept me alive.

"On the 6th, we had taken possession of the city, but we did not move into it till the 9th. Had we persevered in the first orders for keeping in the people and their property, I have no doubt but that, after the first panic was over, the shops would have re-opened. Those who had fled would have returned to their houses, and the population have been brought to take us as their masters, in place of the Mandarins. . . . . The interpreters came forward with the maxim, 'Better let the town be gutted than coerce the people;' so free egress was given! The consequence has been that everything

of value has been taken out and literally carried away before our forbearing eyes, and conveyed into the enemy's country by junks, — everything, to the very furniture; and the people have followed their property. So here we are, having captured a large and wealthy town in a deserted place, and unable to get for our money even a little tea, sugar, or common oil of the coarsest quality: and we cannot get a labourer to work for us out of the thousands that were here a month ago. I presume such a thing was never before heard of in the annals of war. . . . The people themselves do not comprehend it. They say, 'You murder us one minute, and overcoax us the next.'

"Tinghae, Chusan, August 8.

"We have been placed here in a position wholly new. There is no government secretariat or officer of any sort, and the Brigadier, now Governor, has no secretary, military, civil, or private; thus my order book, besides containing all the orders for the troops, and all the detail of duty, as there is no brigade-major, is the only means of publishing anything, — in fact, the Government Gazette. Then the correspondence with the commissariat and naval authorities, with returns, copies of orders, &c., and letters from Calcutta, has made a mass of business that my four clerks have had hard work to get through; while I have been for ever at my desk, and, with the anxiety to forget nothing and reply to everybody, and the continual interruptions at all hours from officers of the army and navy, each on his own business, have been fairly worn and worried out of the little flesh I had

before, never having an hour to myself from daylight till night.

"About ten days ago, however, the Chinese, having kidnapped our Compendor, parties were sent out to endeavour to recover him; and I got leave to go with the third, wishing to see something of the island, and fancying there was a considerable — some said a walled — town on the coast, which, if resistance were offered, I could take by uniting the three parties, and get some credit, and perhaps recover the Compendor, which was a great object to us, as he was an active man, and the only Chinese who had come forward to serve us.

"Well, just at the moment of starting, the governor's pony, a little wild brute that I had borrowed for the occasion, broke from my servant. Away he went; it was useless to attempt to catch him. I had then two days' most fatiguing walk on foot, under a broiling sun, up and down hills; and, on the second night, a steamer having come round to us, with Captain Elliot, the Guide-plenipo., he offered to take us off, which, with my harassed men, I was very glad of; but he lost the way, and after wandering till late at night, amid ploughed fields and rocks, we at last slid down a rough Alpine pass to a little cove, where the boats were waiting. I, of course, waited to the last, to see the men off; but lo! when the last boat returned for us, the tide had receded so far, that the boat could neither come in, nor we get to her; so the Plenipo. and I and about fourteen men had nothing for it but to sleep on the wet rocks. We had nothing to eat, and I had had nothing all day but a very bad breakfast, — no cloak, and the only bottle of wine we had, had been sent

on board with the servants. At another time I should rather have enjoyed it; but, having been weakened by the prevailing diarrhœa, I was dead beat, and, the duty done, sunk down on the rocks, wet and sharp as they were, and would not have moved, scarcely to save my life; and thus I slept sound. The Plenipo. laid down beside me, observing, 'that the stones were very good stones in their way, but a bad substitute for a feather-bed.'

"In the morning, with the full tide, we got off to the steamer, and returned here without accident of any sort to the men, or the loss of a firelock. We traced the kidnappers to their village, and, finding that the Compendor had been conveyed away to Ningpo, brought in hostages. One of these, in return for my civility in not handcuffing him, ran from the guard, and got a crack in the leg from a shot, that broke it. The men made a bier with their firelocks, and brought the wounded man off three miles in the dark, over ground no easy walking in daylight, for which they deserve great credit. Captain Elliot was so struck with the extraordinary conduct of the men of the 26th, in bringing this man safe through that night's work, that he begged Colonel Burrell to issue an order of thanks, which he promised to do, but put off and off till it was too late. The fellow is doing well, and is now a prisoner in my temple. The fatigue and exposure brought on an increase of my complaint, and, though I never struck work, I was but a poor devil for many days after our return; but, thank God, I am getting better daily, and able to eat when I can get anything, which is not always!

"Colonel Oglander, who died June 22nd, at sea, was buried a few days ago in a spot that he would have loved in his life-time. The regiment is encamped on a hill within the city walls, behind the governor's house, which seems to have been reserved as a sort of park for the chief Mandarin. On a point of this hill, under a tree, commanding a noble view of the harbour and surrounding islands, the grave was made. The chaplain of the "Melville" read the service, and the funeral was conducted with great decorum and propriety. He was a great loss to the service, and to this expedition especially. . . . . But so was the will of God!"

By the death of Colonel Oglander, Major Mountain became second Lieut.-Colonel of the Cameronians.

"Tinghae, December 4. 1840.

"Since I wrote to you, the truce with Ningpo has been declared, and the Admiral has left us to hold conference with Kishen, the imperial plenipotentiary, at Canton.

"Supplies are abundant, and the health of the force is improving; but we have laid 500 poor fellows here under the sod, victims of inglorious disease, of whom 201 were Cameronians. The interpreters are sceptical as to the prospect of peace with China; the Admiral, who ought to know best, is sanguine, and the troops are told off to transports ready for embarkation. If a peace be effected on decent terms, that will satisfy the public, it may get us out of the scrape, and be for the best; and all will be glad to get away from Chusan! But if it come to blows again, though we are ready and not down-

hearted, we shall miss the poor fellows we have lost,—nearly a seventh of our whole force, — and it will cost twice the number of men and twice the money to effect, next year, what we might easily have effected this. . . . .

"With far less loss than we have suffered from disease, I should say that we might have taken and destroyed one after the other all the principal towns upon the coast, and after taking the little fort at the mouth of the Peiho, I do not consider it at all shown that we might not have pushed on to Pekin. At all events, if we had thrown up an entrenched camp there, with the fleet to back us, all China could not have driven us from it; and they would have yielded anything to get us away.

"If the object was to humble the Chinese Court, this might have been effected by our little force, with the fleet as assailant, in less time than this; but we have been playing at war instead of waging it, which, if diplomacy succeeds, may suit the views of our Government; but if it fail, I shall expect to see our omissions and mismanagements severely handled.

"I have been over to Chin-hae in a steamer. We could not land, but I was glad to have a view of the place. It is at the mouth of the Ningpo river, an important post that we might easily take and as easily hold. Since that I have been completely round this island of Chusan in a steamer with Captain Bourchier. My object was to inspect two detachments that we have at different points, and to see a third point, where, in event of resumed hostilities, we must have a third. We visited, *en passant*, the island and temple of Pootoo, the Iona of

China, which is within our boundary. The trip was satisfactory to me in respect to information gained, as well as agreeable and interesting."

"Macao, March 29. 1841.

"We remained at the Bocca Tigris until the 25th. Sir Hugh made two more reconnaissances to the westward, and we had somewhat tough walks, but obtained a very satisfactory acquaintance with the neighbourhood; but while we were thus amused, Captian Elliot was waging a little war of his own up the river. The navy had it all their own way, and Canton was again within our grasp, and again relinquished upon the promise of the local authorities to trade. These operations were the result partly of accident, and the navy followed them up with indefatigable gallantry; but whether a combined movement on a greater scale and a more fixed and decided plan of operations would not have produced a far greater impression, and whether it would not have tended to a speedier settlement if we had landed the troops and taken up a position beyond the town upon the heights, retaining it without plundering it, until the Court should come to terms, are questions which you may hear of in England. . . . .

"On the 25th I started in a steamer with Sir Hugh Gough and the Commodore from the Bocca for Canton. Among the results of the recent naval operations, has been the discovery of two additional channels of the river between Whampoa and Canton, each of them larger than the only one along Whampoa Island hitherto known to Europeans. We proceeded up one of these. On ap-

proaching Canton we met our old friend the 'Herald,' now reconverted into a frigate; then came to a barricade right across the river, with a fort upon a small island in the centre, now occupied by marines. . . . We came next to the 'Modeste,' then to the 'Hyacinth,' and then we were close upon the suburb of Canton, anchored, got into our boats, rowed off and landed at the factory, where the British flag flies guarded by marines.

"The river is a noble one, and the population of the waters, the vast crowd of boats of every size and fanciful form,—some highly carved and ornamented, and containing suites of highly decorated apartments, some moored side by side in streets, others moving to and fro,—presented a singular and most striking and characteristic scene. Behind the town there is a range of jagged heights, partially wooded and partially occupied by fortifications and other buildings. The opposite shore is covered with buildings, batteries, and wharves; and the view, which extends up and down the river, is a noble one. . . . .

"Many of the houses have at top the funniest little sentry-boxes you can imagine, some merely of mat, others more ornamented. We got a peep into Hog Lane; but it was not thought advisable to penetrate further into the city. On re-embarking in our boats, a crowd of some thousand naked shining pates lined the narrow wharf of the factory, close jammed together like the heads in the background of an old picture. The eyes, and so much of the countenances as was discernible, were all precisely alike, and a more singular spectacle I never beheld.

"We returned down the innermost of the new channels, by far the finest of all as to volume of water and

scenery. . . . . We resumed our route the next morning, and, having joined the fleet at the Bocca Tigris for an hour or two, continued in the steamer to this place, which we reached late at night on the 26th. It is a very pretty and singular place, half Portuguese, half Chinese. The hills are capped with convents and churches; and the Praga ground, which runs around the bay in a semicircle, is lined with a range of handsome buildings, the residence of English or other merchants. In the midst of them is a Mandarin station, and the shore is lined with the singular little egg-boats, piloted by Chinese girls; and Chinese fishing-boats of the queerest construction lie further out in the bay. . . . .

"We are, I believe, to fall back on Hong-Kong, found a settlement there, leaving the advanced squadron near Canton and a small garrison on North Wantong in the centre of the Bocca, and then go off to the north again if the Court will not come to terms. I have no time to say a word, as I intended, of my own feelings, for Sir Hugh makes terrible use of my fingers. We are in the singular position of being at peace with Canton and at war with China. How long it will last, or what will be the result, God alone knows.

". . . . I am desolate at heart; still I strive — strive against myself, and endeavour to do my duty in my office. It is in some sort gratifying to see so much of this world, and I should thank God for the opportunities, but the zest is gone. . . .

"When I took leave of my landlord at Chusan, I gave him two or three dollars besides his rent, an old half-starved pony, some articles of furniture that I had brought

to the house, and a Bible in Chinese, all of which he gladly accepted, the last not with least willingness. The confidence latterly in Chusan was so great, that any officer might take what he fancied from a shop, and the owner having made his bargain, which was always done dearly enough, was perfectly satisfied that his money was safe. The shop people and the lower orders were, I believe, sorry to lose us. . . . Albeit we may leave China inglorious, and the English may still be subject to insults in the course of trade, I am yet disposed to consider this expedition as the era whence the regeneration of China and ultimate prevalence of the true Faith may be dated.'

" March 23. 1841.*

"I think I mentioned our return from Whampoa to the Bocca Tigris on the 9th. On the 10th I landed with Sir Hugh Gough on the little island of North Wantong, in which alone the forts have not been destroyed, and which it is intended to occupy for the present. On the 12th we landed on the Amonghoy side, examined the forts, now levelled with the ground, and made a complete reconnaissance of the neighbourhood, clearly ascertaining that Amonghoy is an island, and that a small body of troops might easily have taken all the batteries of the Bocca on this side in rear, without any assistance from the ships of war. The General transferred his headquarters to this ship (the 'Marion') on our return from the shore. The next morning we were surprised by intelligence that all was war again, and preparations were made for taking up all the effective men of the military force, together with the marines and the few men we

* This letter should have been placed before the last.

have of the royal artillery, again to Canton. So soon as the preparations were made, the movement was countermanded, and we are still lying upon our oars. Captain Elliot, meanwhile, has been up at Canton; all the forts and defences of the Broadway River and in the immediate vicinity of Canton have been carried by the steamers and boats of the men-of-war, and we are really in ignorance from hour to hour of what is to be done. Captain Elliot, however, as he passed down the day before yesterday, told us that we were all to fall back on Hong-Kong, leaving of course a garrison and two ships of war at North Wantong; that, having made a settlement at the former place, we were then to return to the northward and strike a blow somewhere, with a view to bringing the Chinese Court to terms; whether at Amoy, in the Yang-sze-Kiang, or Peiho, is uncertain. At present the light frigates are actually anchored off the factories at Canton. The river and all its branches are ours, and it has only rested with us to occupy Canton itself. This Captain Elliot has forborne to do, and the trade is again open, but open only by the consent of the local authorities. The emperor has ordered poor Kishen to be sent up to Pekin in a cage. The fall of the forts is attributed to corruption on his part, and not to our power and their helplessness. In fact, the system of mystification has been carried so far, and the ignorance and arrogance of the Chinese Court is so great, that I confess, for my part, I have given up all hope of a speedy settlement of our quarrel. . . . . I am very decidedly of opinion that we have only now begun to do what we ought to have done a year ago. In fact, after a loss of 1200 men and an

immense expenditure of money, we came back to the Canton river to negotiate, and after concluding the basis of a treaty and sending part of our force away, found out that the Chinese commissioner had no authority to treat, and that it was only a trick on their part to get the fleet away from the Peiho and induce us to evacuate Chusan. . . . . .

"Dearest C., I thank you for your kind sympathy, and the anxiety you have felt for and with me. I feel indeed the vanity of earthly sorrow as well as of earthly happiness and earthly hopes. I grieve over my inability to act upon the truths that I acknowledge and feel; but I strive and I pray, and I hope that I have made some little progress in attaining to more resignation, and more hope for another world, if not for this."

"Transport 'Marion,' off Hong-Kong, April 24. 1841.

"We arrived here on the 8th, and here we have been ever since, doing nothing. Captain Elliot, without whom nothing can be done and no location made, has been at Canton, absorbed in the opening of the trade, but we expect him in a few days. I have been all round the island of Hong-Kong with Sir Hugh, who is active as a youngster, and loves a scramble. He has given us a breathing occasionally on shore up and down the hills, so that we have the *carte du pays* pretty well in our numskulls. Hong-Kong is a singularly bare, rugged island, consisting of a single precipitous ridge, rising abruptly from the sea. A few equally precipitous spurs strike off north and south from the central ridge, forming small

bays and harbours; but these harbours, though offering excellent shelter to small craft, would none of them answer our purpose, and the southern side, though the preferable aspect, is out of the question. . . . . This anchorage, which, though there is an entrance at either end, is completely land-locked, will hold a couple of hundred sail, and is, the seamen say, one of the finest harbours in the world. . . . . Opposite the island, a very singular tongue of the main, consisting of a succession of rocky ridges and ravines, runs out into the harbour, and the occupation of this tongue, or at least of such portion of it as commands the anchorage, is essential to secure possession. The question then is, whether the town and cantonment shall be upon the tongue or upon the shore of a bay of the island. . . . I am a tongue-ite; but the difficulties lie in the supply of water and in the extent of fortification required for the land line. The advantages are a more open and apparently healthier site, upon a singularly dry soil, backed by the argument that at all events you must occupy the tongue. Captain Elliot alone can decide the point, and — lo! he is here. . . . . From the tops of the hills the view is grand as hill and sea and endless islands can make it; but there is no wood, and there are no visible habitations, and nothing can be so barren as the general aspect of the land, whether of the main or the islands; and the endless hills are furrowed, scooped, and indented, as if they had just escaped from a vast flood that had worn their sides and washed away every particle of soil. So here we are! But as to the China question — albeit that by truce with the local authorities you will get your teas from Canton — I see

no prospect of the Court coming to terms unless we resume the aggressive with activity and decision. But to garrison Wantong, found a new settlement here, and proceed back again to the north on a fresh expedition with our dwindled force, is a puzzler; in fact, we must wait for reinforcements, although a small force actively employed in aggressive operations may, if well handled, do anything against the Chinese as they now are. But they are a stout, hardy race, by no means deficient in personal courage, and, if we continue to throw away our advantages, will no doubt in time learn to use their strength. Indeed, even Sir Hugh's arrival cannot restore the hopes with which we started, or efface the disappointment of the past year. . . . ."

"May, 1841.

"Such a turmoil! Writing till late last night, writing again since early dawn! . . . . There has been a court of inquiry on the Chusan sickness,—a mighty unpleasant and delicate affair, being connected with matters upon which in fact ——'s conduct is inquired into; and the court, after having me three days before them, have called for all manner of papers and returns. . . . . On the 25th of last month, Elliot paid us a flying visit from Macao, proposed and settled upon a combined expedition to Amoy, and flew back again the same evening. We meanwhile have been busy in preparations to start on the 12th. . . . . And now we find he has gone to Canton, and when he will be back it will be hard to say, and we may not move north without him."

"Head-quarters, ship 'Marion,' June 5.

"Though by no means insensible to the advantages or

the responsibility of my present office, I have always felt the desire to lead my men in the field. I mentioned this to Sir Hugh not long after he joined us; his remark that as D. A. G. I must necessarily be in the midst of everything, while as commanding a weak regiment I might be left behind, was unanswerable. We were prepared for Amoy, and the poor 26th was to be left behind to hold Hong-Kong; then all at once came the counter order, and with it the order to move on Canton with the whole force. . . . . My post is laborious. The toil of conveying orders, under a tropical sun, and under the necessity of haste, on foot, up and down rugged hills and across paddy fields, is more than, but for the strength which I asked and found, I could have gone through. None were so badly off for shelter against sun and rain at Yang-Kang-tai as the head-quarter people, General included. But who could complain? Sir Hugh was always on the alert, always on foot day and night, never thought of himself in anything; and during the approach to, and halt in front of the heights, though he was careful to put the men under cover, he was always exposed himself, eagerly reconnoitring the ground, for which he has a capital eye. The matchlock balls whizzed over and around him, cannon balls ploughed up the paddy fields within a few paces of him; he never seemed to notice them in the least, and never once deviated from his erect posture: many others ducked without scruple, when they saw a shot coming or passed a spot on which a heavy fire was kept up. I dare say at another time, I might not have thought it pleasant to be shot at; but I had now one absorbing anxiety — this was to catch the

plan of movements laid down in an under tone, clearly understand orders, and intelligibly convey them. . . . . On the 30th, when poor Becher expired in the field from over exertion, the heat of the sun was perfectly intolerable; there was not a breath of air, not a particle of shade. He fell near me, and never spoke afterwards. Just before this, I recollect, while Sir Hugh was sitting on a bank, the heat was such I could not sit, but was obliged to walk up and down, tired as I was. An artillery officer gave me a little brandy and water, which revived me (for I was much distressed), and afterwards the thunder storm afforded a very complete and refreshing bath. . . . .

"The Chinese do not want for pluck, and are very powerful men; they only want leading and discipline, and a little experience in European warfare: but they cannot stand a sustained fire of musketry, and with such a leader as Sir Hugh, I should have no hesitation in marching anywhere through the country with a small force of infantry, so long as we could be provisioned. All that I have seen during these eight days has only confirmed my previous opinion of what we might have done last year, well handled; but it was a bitter disappointment, just at the moment of commencing the assault, — sure of carrying the walls, according to all human certainty, within half an hour, and with little loss, — to be checked; and fancy the critical position in which —— placed us,—a victorious body ready for anything, but a mere handful,— a town containing a million of inhabitants and at least 50,000 troops in our front, a hostile unknown country in our rear, and our communi-

cation with the landing places in such a state that no one could move without an escort! This little force, too, after great fatigue, bivouacking in alternate furnace-like sun and heavy rain, in an aguish country, was almost certain to suffer sickness if detained beyond the period of excitement. . . . However, there's a God above all, and it was His will that Canton should be spared. . . . . And this time the Chinese liked too little the sight of the red coats and blue jackets above their town and the British flag on their ports to break faith. It is something to have earned 6,000,000 of dollars in eight days, and to have shown them that we can go where we like."

"Macao, June 22. 1841.

"We came here on the 15th, to bury Sir Le Fleming Senhouse, who died the very morning that the 'Blenheim,' in which he was, arrived at Hong-Kong. . . . . I have been ill since the 13th with some return of Chusan fever. . . . .

"With regard to China, under its own exclusive system, it might remain another hundred years in its present state. A people so utterly without God as the Chinese I never beheld. They are not without good qualities; but all their civilisation, all their industry, all their ingenuity, is directed wholly and solely to the furtherance of the bodily existence, without an idea beyond. God will choose His own time and His own instruments for shaking a system which has thriven in exclusion so wonderfully. The Emperor claims to be a sort of god, but the belly is the people's god. Still I admit the paternal system has its good side: what could

have existed so long without some dash of good? I still think that the time has come when Heaven proposes to shake the Chinese autocracy. That this will be effected peaceably by preaching, is not consistent with all we know of God's proceedings with other people; the sword will probably be called in. For my part, my opinion remains unshaken, that if we had hit hard at first, it would have been humanity in the end. . . . . If the door be once opened, there is a vast field here; hundreds of millions, without any fixed religion, without any of the prejudices of caste, and with no deep-rooted national usages as in India, to remove at the outset."

To Sir H. Verney, Bart.

"Hong Kong Bay, July 8th, 1841.

"Events have only confirmed the opinions which I entertained from the first, and I cannot help thinking that our armament last year, in its health and vigour, well-handled, was amply sufficient to have done anything, and might easily have brought the Chinese Court to our terms. . . . . I admire the navy—they are gallant fellows, know their work well, and do it well, and their peculiar system answers admirably in their own body; but it never answers to put a military force under the navy. . . . It was precisely with and by the soldiers, that the effective blows might have been struck, for the navy can do no more than destroy a seaport; they can neither hold a town nor undertake an operation on shore, and the Chinese acknowledge our supremacy at sea; it was by defeating their troops successively at several points, and then appearing with them off the Peiho, that the mystification and humbug which hangs like a cloud over the

Court of Pekin might have been dispersed, and the Emperor's eyes opened to the real state of the case. . . . The Chinese, who are diplomatists, equally shrewd and unprincipled, outwit us at every turn. . . . If I thought there were any prospect of concluding a stable and honourable peace, I should rejoice; for we are all sick of this amphibious work, and I, for my part, am anxious to get back to India, to be in time for the Punjab or Nipal business: but I feel persuaded that it is only a ruse on the part of the Chinese, who know that we are going north, and want to delay us, and that the upshot will be our farther loss of time, so precious at this already advanced period of the monsoon. . . . A more cruel calumny than has appeared in the papers, and reached Lord Hill, respecting the conduct of the troops at Chusan, never was uttered; on the capture, some men of one of the regiments, having been quartered in houses, which turned out to be full of the liquor called Shumshu, distilled at Chusan, got drunk; but, on the whole, I will be bound to say, that more moderation was never shown by soldiers at the capture of a suburb and city, than was shown by our troops, and the conduct of the three queen's regiments, and, indeed, of the troops at large, was remarkably good during the whole period of our occupancy of the island.

"The eight days before Canton were rather pretty work; and, if our enfeebled diminished force could thus do their business, what might they not have done last year, in their strength and vigour, under such a man as Sir Hugh Gough; but we were angry at the time when Elliot's despatch stopped us at the moment of

escalade. And I still think, though I was against firing the town, as was Sir Hugh, that the effect of our success would have been greater, if the escalade had gone on, and we had taken possession of the hill within the works, as well as those without.

"Of the Chinese I must tell you that I have no despicable opinion; they do not want for pluck; ignorant as they are of war, their patriarchal system is a source of some domestic good qualities, and they are an industrious, ingenious, sturdy race, naturally inclined to peace and trade. But they seem to live for this world alone; the support of the animal seems to be their only object. I cannot make out that they have any religion at all, though they have a number of temples, and inasmuch as they appear wholly given to earthly objects, I hold them inferior to the Mussulmen, and even to the Hindoos. But they have no prejudices of caste, and no deep-rooted national habits, that would oppose at the outset the introduction of Christianity. I have, from the first, been inclined to consider our Expedition as the epoch of better days for China, and to believe, however unworthy the instruments, that this is the commencement of the ultimate conversion of a race, which has been so many ages a distinct portion of the human family. . ."

To his Sister.

"And so we have taken Amoy, and I am now, this 30th day of August, 1841, writing to you in the citadel thereof! It was a mighty easy business — too easy by half for honour and glory. On Saturday, the 20th, the fleet sailed from Hong-Kong, and we anchored outside.

We got under weigh next morning, and on the afternoon of the 25th came dashing into Amoy harbour with a beautiful breeze. It was a lovely evening, and a really grand sight. The fleet consists of two line-of-battle ships, two heavy frigates, two 18-gun sloops, two 16-gun brigs, two 10-gun brigs, four armed steamers, and twenty-two transports. Fancy these under full sail, and all progressing majestically and direct towards the land over the greatly ruffled surface of the expanse of waters! The leading ships passed the batteries on the islands at the mouth of the harbour without a shot being fired. As the next passed, a solitary gun was fired from an island on our left, and five or six from the Amoy batteries; but no return was made, and the whole fleet anchored within the harbour. The next morning I accompanied the General on board the flag-ship, but being sent back, after a brief look round, to give some orders, was not until afterwards made acquainted with the plan of attack. The orders were, to be prepared for landing. The harbour of Amoy is formed, on one side, by the island of the same name, which was defended by a multitude of batteries; one of these was armed with 100 guns. A string of islands, more or less fortified, form the limits of the bay on the other side; and beside several others, there was an 18-gun battery upon the point bearing directly upon the harbour. About noon the steamers and seventy-fours and the smaller vessels proceeded to take up their stations. The 'Blonde' and 'Druid' were to engage the batteries at Corouson, the two seventy-fours the heavy batteries nearest the city, while the 'Pylades' and 'Columbine' amused the batteries along the shore. The

Chinese opened a heavy fire before the ships were placed; and, after the seventy-fours gave forth their thunder, the enemy continued to fire against them for nearly two hours, and were never entirely silenced until we landed and took the batteries in flank.

"Two of the steamers had been allotted for the landing of the troops. Their decks were covered with as many men as they could hold, and the boats of the transports, also full of men, were towed astern. The detachment of the 26th, a company of artillery, and the marines, landed at Corouson from the boats of their own transports and men-of-war. Head-quarters, with the 49th, 18th, and Sappers, landed on Amoy island, leaving the 55th to follow so soon as the steamers could go back for them. We effected the landing without casualty, on a fine sandy beach; a wall was before us, connecting the long line of batteries with the rocky heights in the rear. Of two gates, one was open, and we wanted to make a rush for it, but the General said no. Presently the enemy brought a gun into the gateway, fired one shot right at us, shut the gate, and manned the wall. The General had sent on two companies of the 18th, under Major Tomlinson, to make a lodgment under cover, and protect the attack he contemplated on the gate; but, not content with the Major's position, he sent me to amend it, and we moved on, under some fire from the walls, to the spot which I had pointed out. At this moment the captain of our steamer with a few seamen made a rush upon the hill, and got on the wall. The soldiers could not stand this, and rushed on; and I, doubting a little in my own mind whether the General would not be angry, went on too, clambered over

the wall with the help of a soldier whom I had helped up first, and, taking two men, ran down to the gate, removed some sacks that were against it, unbarred it, and opened it for the troops, who were advancing. Major Tomlinson meanwhile was pursuing the flying enemy. The two columns continued to advance, — the 18th passing the gate which I had opened, and the 49th clambering over the ramparts near the sea; and not a Chinaman, save a few killed and wounded and a few flying stragglers, was now to be seen. We passed on through the open space and took up a position on the heights. . . As soon as the troops had formed, the advance was again sounded; and we proceeded in two columns, and with some little skirmishing occupied the range of rocky heights above the large town and citadel of Amoy. It was now dark and the troops bivouacked on the hills. The next morning we more clearly saw the town extending below us, and in the centre of it an inner fortified town like a citadel, from a mile to a mile and a half in circumference. With a glass I could trace the circuit of the walls, and could see no cannon, nor could I see any troops within. . . After the departure of the Admiral, Sir Hugh desired me to take an escort and go down with Mr. Gutzlaff to look out for a place to quarter a company in the town, as the householders had petitioned for it, to keep order.

"I merely took a corporal of the 49th and a Sapper; and when old Gutzlaff had done writing, we proceeded to the town. The first stall in the first street arrested Gutzlaff's attention. He had promised to buy pears for Wilson, and having bought them, wanted somebody to escort the bearer thereof into the castle; so I sent back the Euro-

pean corporal, and we went on with the Sapper. All the shops, except the fruit stalls, were shut; but we saw numbers of people and met with no incivility. Here was rather a remarkable result of one day's work. No European before probably was ever permitted to put his foot near the town; but we were masters, and the Chinese authorities and soldiery being withdrawn, the people were perfectly inoffensive.

"Ningpo, Oct. 25. 1841.

". . . We left Amoy, having to settle Chinhae and Ningpo, and then recapture Chusan for winter-quarters. . . . On the 25th we reached the fleet at Just-in-the-way, beyond Chusan; but the weather continuing unfavourable, it was thought best to change the plan of operations, and attack Chusan first. I hardly knew the place again, so astounding had been the labours of the Chinese in strengthening the defences. We took them in flank, however, and after a sharpish brush carried all before us and entered the place, the Chinese troops utterly dispersing. All the old Chusanites had remained on board the 'Marion,' I was therefore Shew-the-way General, and, before night, had made tolerably good use of my legs. Some of the shops were opened the next day, and most of them before we left. The 8th was employed in a reconnaissance of Chinhae, after which we returned to Chusan, and came back with part of the fleet to this coast the next day. On the 10th we landed; and that day's work was, as a military operation, the prettiest and smartest thing we have had. The Chinese fire was very heavy, and several small parties of them, after the masses

had fled, stood till every man was shot. Our loss, however, was fortunately small; theirs, very great. It never fell to my lot before to see so many dead, or so many frightful wounds. The killed lay about in groups in all directions, both on the hills and beach, and in the streets of the town and suburbs on the opposite side. All this I saw with comparative indifference: but on the 12th I found in the street before one of the gates, a pretty young girl, well clad, lying dead: she had been shot through the body, and it is to be hoped by a chance shot as she was escaping. Her curious pinched feet were naked: this was a grievous sight; and not less so that which presented itself a few yards further on — an old woman mortally wounded, and her son weeping over her. . . . . There are not, at this moment, above 600 privates available for duty, exclusive of Artillery and Sappers, and regimental deductions: and with these I have to find guards and patrols for a city, which, with its suburbs, is said to contain 300,000 souls. . . . .

"One of the greatest evils is that the mob begin to plunder as soon as we have driven out the mandarins and the troops, and the inhabitants suffer more from their own people than they do from us. . . . .

"So far as we know, the religion of the Chinese is childish in the extreme, and they are generally very indifferent about it. Every town, every village, it is true, abounds with Joss-houses, upon which large sums of money have been spent; but they would rather seem to be looked upon as a sort of public halls than places of worship, and the priests are a despised class. But, so far as we have seen, I should say that, whatever may be in

particular instances the oppression and cruelty of the Mandarins, China is a remarkably well governed, and a prosperous and happy country. The people are better clothed — I mean the poor—than in many European countries; and I have nowhere seen any sign of the scarcity of food, of which writers on China say so much. It is true that earth, sea, and river are laid under contribution, and many things, both animal and vegetable, are eaten which are not thought of elsewhere; but in the aggregate, we have found plenty prevailing everywhere—food cheap and abundant. . . . . You have heard that the Chinese have no circulating medium but cash, a coin composed of brass and copper, about the size of a farthing, with a hole in the centre to admit of its being strung. The banking-houses here are curious places. I saw in one 150,000 dollars' worth of cash, piled up to a height of above five feet, and occupying as much space as a large stack of fire-wood. Silver is used in larger scales, and is exchanged in the blocks called Sycee, according to weight: but gold does not appear to be known, except as an article of merchandise, and to be chiefly used in the gilding of temples and statues, and in embroidery. . . . .

"Nov. 30. 1841.

"We have hitherto been living in a very make-shift way, and in a building consisting of lath and plaster; but now we are about to move into a house, which is really quite a curiosity. It is the residence, not of a Mandarin, but of a wealthy citizen, who has fled, and presents nothing to the street but a long line of blank brick wall. But within there is court upon court, rooms and passages

without end, and I suppose that the whole gave accommodation to about 400 people. It is the Chinese custom for sons and their families, and often daughters and their husbands, to live all under one roof with the papa and grandpapa; and as each man has probably more than one wife, and as they have a host of retainers and servants, the dwelling of a wealthy Chinese is a little town in itself. In the house of which I speak, all the rooms were crowded with furniture, but furniture so unlike what one has seen everywhere else, that it is difficult to give an idea of it. In every room there are one, two, or three beds: each bed is a distinct apartment by itself, having a verandah furnished with a chair, a little wardrobe; and these and their ornaments are perfectly unique, and very pretty. . . ."

"Ningpo, March, 1842.

"On the 4th the General went to Chusan with Sir William Parker, on the strength of information that Commissioner Yih King had given up all present intentions of attack. I was left behind, which I did not like at the time, but am now very glad of.

"On the 4th and 5th all was quiet. . . . On the 6th and 7th reports became warlike again, and Colonel Morris, the senior officer on the spot, asked me to make a reconnaissance, which we did on the 8th, for several miles in the direction of Tse-kee, but saw nothing. On our return, a young corporal of the 49th came breathless to tell us that a mail had arrived, and that Colonel Morris and I were Companions of the Bath. . . . On the night of the 9th I was called up by a report of fire in the town, and, having got the garrison on the *qui vive*, sallied forth to look for

the fire, and on reaching the east gate, upwards of a mile from my house, heard to my astonishment that the south gate was in possession of the enemy. I hastened then to make arrangements with Colonel Morris, and returned to get Colonel Montgomerie, whom I had met moving his light guns, round the rampart. We found the south gate already recovered by a party of the 49th, and proceeded to the west gate, providentially at the very moment of a fresh attack upon it in great force. That gate was without a gun; but those so opportunely brought up opened at once, and attacked the advancing column. We sallied then, and met them in a narrow street. The head of the enemy's thousands met our handful of men, and in a few minutes the street was choked with a pile of slain, extending hip-deep for about thirty yards. We followed up the pursuit for seven miles, inflicting a great deal of loss upon the retreating enemy, and returned. The General's order for following with 300 men, for the attack on Ta-Shun, reached me on the 11th. He had, however, heard of matters here, and arrived soon afterwards himself. . . . I was out with Sir Hugh on the 14th, and at eve we decided to move the next day on Tse-kee, though we did not half believe that the fellows were really there. We found them, however, and gave them a tolerably good dressing. It became a regular chase after the first brush, during which the Chinese stood well, and their killed were scattered over the country for miles round. Our loss was very small. . . . The 17th we returned to Ningpo. Sir Hugh, having sent to Amoy for a small reinforcement, proposes waiting for it to march again against Yih King; but, whether the Chinese will suffer us to be quiet, remains

to be seen. They are flocking round us, and we are ready for them; but, being so very weak, it would hardly be advisable for us to march further inland without the little reinforcement expected, and with which we shall have little more than 2000 men of all ranks and descriptions. The report of the great loss on the Chinese side and the small loss on ours, upon all occasions, will appear strange to people in England, and almost incredible. The fact is, their arms are bad, and they fire ill, and, having stood well for awhile, give way to our rush, and are then shot like hares in all directions. The slaughter of fugitives is unpleasant, but we are such a handful in the face of so wide a country and so large a force, that we should be swept away if we did not read our enemy a sharp lesson whenever we come in contact; but our General is very strict about sparing the country, and the consequence is that the people remain neutral. I don't think that a much finer little force than this ever existed. The men are in capital wind and heart, — ready for everything, and afraid of nothing, and well in hand. I was with the 18th on the evening of the 15th, when a stupid old woman, with her no-feet and big stick, thought proper to totter across the field, right in the view of our fire. I called to the men not to hurt her, and she not only escaped, but was the means of saving several soldiers from biting the dust, as, from fear of hitting her, our people forbore to fire."

"Chusan, April 24. 1841.

"I left Ningpo with Sir Hugh on the 21st, but did not reach this harbour till the 22nd. . . . . Chusan is very much improved; and, if we retain the island

permanently, I think it will become a very pretty place, and by no means unhealthy; but the difficulty of reaching it during the north-east monsoon, which prevails for half the year, will ever be a drawback. . . . . The Chinese seem, for the present, to have given over fighting, but have redoubled their efforts at kidnapping and poisoning. Three men, one a marine and the others belonging to the Artillery, were carried off in one day, not long before we left Ningpo; and so clever are they, that we have never been able to trace the robbers. Their plan of kidnapping their own people was discovered by accident not long ago. All the filth of the city is carried out in boats daily; and these boats being full of this liquid manure, and not very agreeable neighbours, were always allowed to pass the water-gates at once. A few days ago, the man sculling one of these, by some accident, drove the boat against the gate with so much force as to throw him off his balance, and uncover a little locker behind the manure, in which the sentry, seeing something that excited his suspicion, called his officer, who found a Chinaman belonging to our police bound neck, hand, and foot, and gagged, and stuffed into a place scarce big enough to hold a dead pig. The officer made the boatman prisoner, and, liberating the other, put a stick into his hand, with which he gave his whilom jailer a most tremendous mauling. Mr. Gutzlaff was very eager for me to hang this boatman, who confessed that he had previously carried off in the same manner seven of the Chinese friendly to us,—that he had no further hand in it than sculling them out, for which he was paid by the gang that seized them. I would have hung him, had I been General; but as Sir

Hugh was absent, and I was not even senior officer on the spot, I could not oblige Gutzlaff."

On the 18th of May Sir Hugh Gough attacked and took Chapoo. During the action, observing a Joss-house obstinately defended, he desired Colonel Mountain to attack it with a party of the 18th Royal Irish. Here Colonel Tomlinson fell mortally wounded, and Colonel Mountain was struck by three musket-balls: his wounds were at first pronounced dangerous by the medical men, but before the despatches were sent off this report was changed for "severe," but six months was mentioned as the probable time he would be confined to his couch.

He recovered, however, more speedily than had been expected, and shared in the taking of Chinkiangfoo early in August, though with his six wounds still open. His patient endurance and cheerful resignation under bodily suffering no doubt tended to his recovery, whilst they drew forth the admiration of those who nursed him. An officer, writing to Colonel Mountain's sister, says, "His wounds were received in making a gallant rush into a large building that was defended with great obstinacy by the enemy."

We now return to Colonel Mountain's letter to his sister, dated June, 1842.

"It has been mortifying to me, dearest,—to be wounded

at the commencement of an interesting campaign, when we are expecting large reinforcements, and it was bitter to me, having been present in every action, skirmish, and reconnaissance since Sir Hugh joined the force, to see the troops land at Woosung without me; but though such feelings are natural, I do not forget how great cause I have for deepest, warmest thankfulness, and, to show this cause, I shall advert to my wounds; only premising that I was actually engaged with a Tartar soldier, who made a rush at me, at the time I received the fire of the match-lock-men on my flank. Beside the three balls that struck me, three more passed through my havresack, which I wore under my left arm. Of the former, one hit me in the back, near the spine, furrowed deep into the muscles, but ran over the bone, and came out on the other side of it. Another hit me on the left side, and passed out again in front, just under the lowest rib. The third struck me on the hip, ran down my thigh, and came out just above the back of the knee. . . . The doctors say too (and it needs not to be a surgeon to perceive it) that a very slight deviation in the direction of any one of these balls might either have killed me on the spot, or left me a cripple for life! Whereas, by the mercy of God, after eighteen days and nights on my back, and twelve more sitting up a little by degrees, I am now able to creep up on deck, eat and drink, read, and write a little as you perceive! . . .

"However little life may promise, however sorrow and bereavement may have seared the relish and the zest of existence here, life spared, to all who are not fit to meet their Maker, is infinite mercy; but life spared without

permanent maiming or any abiding injury, is still sweeter mercy! I have, therefore, entered into this notice of my wounds, because I would invite you, and those who still recollect and love me, to join with me in thanks to God through Christ, with the prayer that I may use the remainder of a life thus spared better than I have the years that are gone!

"Poor Tomlinson was killed a few minutes before I was hit, and nearly on the same spot. . . . . He was a plain, straightforward English soldier, an honest gallant fellow, much beloved in his regiment. . . . . .

"Poor Captain Campbell was a good soldier, . . . and liked by all who knew him. He and I were conveyed together on the afternoon of the 18th to the hospital ship. I, being allowed at my own request to remain with the force, was removed on the 21st to my own cabin in this ship, . . . while he was necessarily sent with the worst cases to Chusan, where he died in a few days. . . .

"23rd June.

"Sir Hugh just returned from Shanghae. The troops never pulled a trigger, so that I have lost nothing in the way of active service, while I have, thank God, continued to progress towards fitness for all duty. . . .

"25th.

"I have begun work again, and plunged at once into such a load of business, that I have not had time to get my wounds dressed. . . . ."

Some months after this Colonel Mountain's sister went one day to visit a bedridden old woman, a comparative stranger. As she rose to leave the house, the

old woman asked about her brother, saying: "An old neighbour of mine had a letter from a young man in the marines, who was all the while with Colonel Mountain; and he said there was such a grief when he was wounded, for they feared he was gone, and every man cried, for they loved and respected him, he was so good to the men."

To Sir Henry Verney, Bart.

"Ching-Keang-foo, July 26. 1842.

". . . . . John Bull proportions merit by loss, but I can tell you this, that if we have done a good deal with a few men and trifling loss, it is to be attributed in a great degree to the nerve and confidence with which Sir Hugh Gough has led on his men, rushing on the enemy's flank or breaking through his centre, and deciding the day before many others (even men of name) would have ventured to advance. The Chinese are robust, muscular fellows, and no cowards — the Tartars desperate; but neither are well commanded or acquainted with European warfare. Having had, however, experience of three of them, I am inclined to suppose that a Tartar bullet is not a whit softer than a French one.

"Ching-Keang-foo fell on the 21st. Contrary to the usual custom of the Chinese, who generally make a vast show, the Tartar garrison kept quiet and concealed; and so bad was the information derived through our interpreters, that up to the moment of attack Sir Hugh expected no opposition. The Tartars, however, had made up their minds to fight desperately for their homes, and

did so. After we had blown open the outer gate, and unexpectedly met Schœdde's brigade, which had carried the body of the place—that officer having very gallantly and judiciously availed himself of his discretionary power to convert his diversion to the North into a real attack—we were met by a large body of Tartars, who opened a destructive fire upon us from some enclosures near their parade ground, and they were not driven off without some loss. Collinson, of the 18th, and Gibbons, of the 49th, two excellent officers, who have been with us from the starting of the expedition, fell here.

"At length, finding the struggle hopeless, they set to and murdered their families, cutting their wives' throats, and throwing their children down wells, and then, in many cases, committed suicide. You cannot imagine a more frightful scene. The Tartars, unlike the Chinese, who herd in large houses, live in low cottages laid out cantonment-wise. Each man able to bear arms is a soldier, and has his arms in his dwelling; but each division of houses is provided with a common stable for their ponies, and an arsenal furnished with spare saddles and bridles, bows and arrows in huge chests, helmets, match-locks, &c. The panic occasioned has been such that all the respectable Chinese have left the place, as well as the few remaining Tartars. . . . ."

To his Sister.

"August 8. 1842.

"A more pitiable scene than the gates of Chinkiangfoo presented for several days after the capture, has perhaps seldom been witnessed. The storming of the town, the blowing in of the west gate, the struggles

within the walls, the frightful murders in the Tartar city, the continual fires, — some lit by us, some by the Tartars in their fury, some by the population in thirst for plunder, — completed the panic of the people, who were already excited by the Tartar commander's having shut the gates previous to our arrival and denied them egress. Sir Hugh was very unwilling to coerce them, and gave orders that free egress and ingress should be given, and no molestation offered to the peaceable inhabitants. . . . The whole population poured out, from dawn to dark, for several days, in one continuous stream. There were to be seen females of every age and degree, from the time-worn cripple to the infant at the breast; — many a weeping mother, staggering under the weight of a couple of frighted children; . . . . many, young and old, evidently unaccustomed to go abroad, tottering forth under a sun at 140°, — where? — to seek a precarious shelter in the country and subsist on charity, in many cases to die by the wayside! Amongst this throng of Chinese women, scarcely able to support themselves on their cramped feet, were seen the few Tartar women and children that escaped massacre by their own males; they were easily distinguished by their peculiar features, and yet more by their having feet of the natural size. . . . . .

"As this vast multitude streamed forth, Chinese country people of the lower orders slipt in, and, joining the lowest populace, commenced sacking the place. . . . In a few days Chinkiang was completely gutted and destroyed. The owners having fled, there was nothing to oppose the plunderers but bolts and bars, and of these they got rid in the most systematic manner, collecting

silently by hundreds before the building destined for sack, and then with united strength forcing it and carrying off the booty. . . . . To stop the plunder and protect the town was impossible. The attempt would only have harassed the troops to death under a sun fully as hot as in India. . . . .

"On the 23rd the General had ordered a party of 300 men to go into the Tartar city at daylight, intending to accompany them himself. Not being quite well, however, he sent me. After some difficulty, we found our way into it. It is not divided in this place by any wall from the Chinese portion of the town, but is easily distinguished, the streets being all straight and at right angles, instead of labyrinth-like, and the houses all of one, instead of two or more stories. . . . I stumbled upon a large public office, consisting of many courts, with guard-houses recently deserted in each court; and in the rooms that had been once occupied by the head-man we found two chests of Sycee silver. Having secured the treasure, we set fire to the place. . . . After this was done, an officer pointed out to me a door in a corner, doubly padlocked. We forced it. It appeared to be a prison, and contained only a few old cupboards: on opening them, however, they were found divided into pigeon holes, with a block of Sycee silver wrapped up in paper in each hole. As the fire was gaining upon us, I could only get this out by forming a line of Sepoys and handing out the silver thus into the outer court, and so we succeeded in clearing the place of its treasure. Going on further, I came to a very characteristic arsenal. In the front court there was stabling for many horses, and several excellent ponies

were still tied up to their mangers. The centre building was full of saddles, bridles, helmets, bows, and arrows, clothing, and various arms; and in an arm-chair in the midst sat one old Tartar, with milk-white mustachios, in white dress, and bareheaded. He took not the slightest notice of us. I caused the old man to be led out, the best ponies to be secured, and the rest turned adrift. We then brought some of the straw into the armoury and set fire to it, and all was soon in a blaze. As we were leaving the place, an officer called my attention to a well in the outer court. It was full of young Tartar girls, recently drowned. The two upper ones were comely young women, apparently of the higher class, with handsome gold earrings in their ears, and their hair neatly dressed. Returning to the Tartar city that same evening with a smaller party, we came upon another and more extensive stable with many ponies. The adjoining buildings were full of long chests filled with bows and most beautiful arrows; these being set fire to, made a magnificent bonfire. I was thus guilty of three of the many fires that took place in unhappy Chinkiang, and felt some horror at my progress in skilful incendiarism. But we could not leave all these arms to be employed again in taking the lives of our own people. . . . . It was necessary to make an example of the Tartar town, though we would gladly have spared the women and children and the private houses; but their own ruthless fathers and brothers murdered them in the first instance, and then either effected their own escape secretly and joined the force at Nankin, or committed suicide.

In mentioning the attack made upon us within the city

on the 21st, I omitted to add, that, after we had dispersed the Tartars, and were progressing with somewhat heavy heart at our own loss, I observed two Tartar soldiers walking under a wall with a large tank on their left, at some distance from us. Our leading men fired, and I called out to cease firing, as I thought I saw a woman; and presently a line of women and children, following the men, were visible. We fired no more, but the women forced their children's heads under, the men performed this office for the women, and then ducked themselves; and so the whole party was drowned! We were on the rampart, and too far off to interfere; and, not speaking the language, no interference would have availed—perhaps none in any event, as this wholesale immolation would appear to spring more from a feeling of disgrace attached to defeat than from alarm, at least as far as the men are concerned. . . .

"13th. Off Nankin.

"I was a good deal knocked up for several days after we re-embarked at Chinkiangfoo: but heaven is kind; the delays were favourable to me; and though still far from well when we landed here on the 11th, two days' work on foot under a burning sun have done me good. . . . We are now in this position: one brigade is at Chinkiang, forty-five miles from hence, one brigade still on board ship; the remaining brigade and horse artillery landed with us on the 11th, and took up a capital position east of the city. The foot Artillery and guns have since been landed to reinforce that position, at which Lord Saltoun commands. Further operations have been arrested by the

arrival of Imperial Commissioners, who appear to have power to accede to our terms. If so, well; if not, a few hours will put us in possession of Nankin. . . .

"14th.

"To-day the Plenipo. has sent to request the General to stay hostilities. They agree to our terms; the full powers to do so only arrived last night from Pekin, in consequence of the Emperor's hearing of the fall of Chinkiang-foo. The fate of this city, though dreadful in itself, has, as I thought at the time it would, proved a fortunate event, and led to peace."

To Sir Harry Verney, Bart.

"Nanking, August 29. 1842.

"I have just returned from seeing the treaty signed and sealed on board the 'Cornwallis.' It was an interesting ceremony, and certainly the high Mandarins are very polished men.

"There is no mistake this time, I imagine, as the commissioners have received and shown to Sir Henry the Emperor's very gracious concurrence; — very glad in truth he is, I fancy, to get out of the scrape. On the Chinese side, Keizing, a relation of the Emperor's, Elepoo (the cabinet minister who was degraded last year for favouring us, and has been restored to favor), and Newkeen, the viceroy of the two Kiang provinces, signed; on our side, Sir Henry Pottinger.

"Malcolm will go home with the treaty for the Queen's signature, as soon as the formal ratification of the vermilion pencil shall be received from Pekin.

"We had at the meeting, beside a lot of inferior Man-

darins, the old Tartar General, a very fine old fellow, and Shoo, the chief civil Mandarin, whom we ousted from Chusan last year. He appeared to owe us no grudge for the unceremonious expulsion, but enjoyed the cherry-brandy and cakes exceedingly.

To see, however, a crowd of Mandarins in their cumbrous boots, long petticoats, and conical caps, with their distinctive balls and peacock feathers, like beings of another planet, mingling in amity on the quarter deck of a British ship, with our military and naval officers, was a sight novel and striking, which led the mind to future visions of God's purposes, and to the hope that the day was an era of blessing to China, and to our own country also, being chosen as a means of blessing to a new world."

To his Sister.

"Head-quarter ship 'Marion,' approaching Chusan,
"October, 1842.

"A mail came in a day or two ago, and brought me the news of the failure of my agents in Calcutta. . . . I have reason to believe that I lose about 6000 rupees, and perhaps the whole of my earnings; but what is gone, is gone. I can lose neither more nor less than God wills; and He can give me, if He pleases, twice as much to-morrow. I do not grieve, therefore, about the matter, though, as my nest-egg had been earned somewhat hardly, it is not altogether pleasant to see it wasted. . . I look forward with pleasure to returning to India. In a few days more our work here will be done: we then go to Hong-Kong, and, after about ten days there, to Bengal, when I hope nothing will prevent my taking the Cameronians in tow, and marching them up the country.

"Formosa Channel, November, 1842.

"On our visit to Ningpo, we found it not only rebuilt and swarming with life, but positively a better and gayer-looking place than we found it in October, 1841. The Chinese are a wonderful and singularly elastic people. . . .

"You suppose the Chinese to be slaves. Any man of any rank may be bambooed, it is true, or beheaded by the Emperor; and similar power is exercised by Mandarins of the highest rank; but I imagine the instances are rare as regards the middling classes. Their manners are remarkable for an independent ease, that, but for its exceeding good-humour, would have savoured of impudence: and I should say that China was a well-governed country, that the police was admirable, that the people enjoy, upon the whole, great plenty and general security! Bookmakers will tell you a different story; but, so far as our three years' residence in the country — visiting the coast of various provinces, taking possession of various towns, and penetrating in one province fifty miles, in another 450 into the interior — could enable us to judge, I believe there is hardly an officer of any experience or reflection in the expedition who will not say as I do. . . . . .

"Of the English missionaries I know nothing. . . . . There have been, and no doubt are, eminent and excellent men amongst them; and though the very air is mercantile at Macao, I think it probable that there, as well as at Singapore and Malacca, the seed is sown, which in God's own time will bear fruit. But there is a class of men in China to whom, however mistaken in their belief, we cannot refuse respect,— the Roman Catholic missionaries, —men who, in the guise of natives, live in the interior, un-

known to the government, in hourly danger of their lives, subsisting upon the precarious contributions of their followers. What may be the extent of their work, I have no means of judging; but the fact that some threescore are scattered through the country, proves that they have some followers, and the further fact of their remaining unharmed, because unknown to their enemies, shows that these followers are sincere. They are chiefly Frenchmen; but I met a couple who were Spaniards, one in native dress, whose air and manner at first deceived me, but, on a second glance, his grey eye and thick beard betrayed him to be not Chinese. At Canton there is Dr. Parker, the American surgeon-missionary, an excellent man and first-rate practitioner, who has devoted himself to the cause, and gets at the souls of the Chinese by curing their bodies. Why the Church of England is last in the field, I know not. . . .

"A subscription for a Church of England place of worship at Hong-Kong was circulated some months ago, to which Sir Henry Pottinger promised a donation equal to the amount subscribed, so soon as the pleasure of Government should be known as to the retention of Hong-Kong: and so the matter lay dormant, until the other day the navy chaplains set a second subscription a going for a a temporary building for divine service. So now, I hope, they will have the means of congregating for that purpose. It is not altogether as it should be, that, when we are first in commerce, we should be last in acknowledgment of the God who gives us our prosperity. I speak of public acknowledgment. God knows best who are inwardly most his own!"

To Sir H. Verney, Bart.

"At Sea, proceeding to Singapore,
"December 30th, 1842.

"A happy new-year to you, my dear Verney, and many returns with blessing! 1842 is near the last gasp, and, looking to the successful termination of the China war, and to what we have just heard from Affghanistan, may be considered, I trust, as a fortunate year for England.

"You will hear of the outbreak of the Canton mob, which detained us some days, as Sir Hugh had run up for a last look, while preparations for final departure were going on at Hong-Kong. We chanced to arrive the day after the fire, and found the merchants and the populace in a state of excitement, the former, indeed, in alarm for their throats and their purses! We could not, therefore, decently leave them, until, on the sixth day, a miserable little schooner having arrived, and all being quiet, Sir Hugh took her up to return, leaving the steamer, for the satisfaction of the merchants, as a protection to the remaining factories. The Commander-in-Chief of the land forces was two days on board the schooner, huddled with nine other officers into a small cabin, where the the littlest fellow amongst us could not stand, and on mighty short commons to boot! The plenipo. seems to think that the outbreak will not affect the treaty, and deemed it unnecessary to detain the force, which I rejoiced at. It is very certain that there is a strong party at Canton opposed to the terms of the treaty, which, by opening ports to the northward, strikes a blow at their monoply, and that the mob in the late riot was acting on a preconcerted plan under the instigation of influential

persons; but I believe the Chinese government has had enough of war, and though Sir Henry has, no doubt, a hard task before him in carrying out the details of the treaty, I do not think a fresh rupture at all likely. The Quang-keep, the officer next in rank to the Viceroy, who waited on Sir Hugh, and whom I was deputed to receive, told me that the government much regretted the outrage, and was prepared to consider the question of reparation to the sufferers. This delay at Canton caused me to be dreadfully hurried on our return to Hong-Kong, which we left on the 20th, and I have been so busy ever since, that I have had no time to enjoy the yacht-sailing with this favourable monsoon over these well-behaved seas! We are approaching Singapore, when Sir Hugh Gough proposes to break up the returning force, and proceed himself to Calcutta in the 'Endymion,' touching at Malacca, Penang, and Moulmein, I shall, *Deo volente*, accompany him. . . . ."

When Sir Hugh Gough was preparing the despatches announcing the conclusion of the war, he offered to send Colonel Mountain to England with them. This would have secured to him the rank of full Colonel. Before positively accepting this offer, he asked for a few hours to decide, and whilst debating in his own mind, a young officer came to him, and, unconscious of this offer, begged Colonel Mountain to use his influence with Sir Hugh to send him home with the despatches, pointing out how important

the step of rank would be to him. Seeing the truth of what this officer said, and considering the possibility of active service in India, Colonel Mountain determined to risk his own chance of promotion, if he could procure it for his young friend, and, without mentioning his own prospects, promised to recommend him to the General. The young officer was sent home with the despatches, and received in consequence the rank of major, whilst Colonel Mountain waited three years before the rank of Queen's A.D.C. was conferred upon him.

He reached Fort William early in 1843, and found that the 26th was to proceed to England. Preparations were rapidly made to embark the men, and in three weeks they were ready to sail.

During this interval Sir Hugh Gough heard privately from England that he was to be nominated Commander-in-Chief in India. He immediately proposed, in the most flattering manner, that, if this report proved true, Colonel Mountain should become his Military Secretary.

This appointment was in every way suited to Colonel Mountain, and his personal attachment to Sir Hugh would have made it very agreeable to him; but the previous evening a nephew of Sir Hugh Gough's had confided to him his desire to fill this situation,

and Colonel Mountain, ever considering the interest of others before his own, thanked the General for his kindness, but declined his offer on the grounds that he did not wish to interfere with his nephew's prospects.

Sir Hugh kindly replied, "Well, there's time enough to decide; I am not Commander-in-Chief yet."

The next mail from England brought the Gazette appointing Colonel Mountain Deputy Adjutant-General at Madras.

Sir Hugh Gough strongly urged his acceptance of this appointment, renewing his offer of the Military Secretaryship in the event of his own nomination to the command of the army in India.

But as Colonel Mountain had resolved to refuse Sir Hugh's offer, for the reasons already mentioned, he had no wish to remain in India in a less influential position; and, again gratefully declining the General's kindness, he embarked with the head-quarters of the 26th regiment for England.

CHAPTER IX.

In June, 1843, the "Queen" arrived at Chatham with the head-quarters of the Cameronians.

Colonel Mountain's great desire now was to see his men quietly settled in their barracks, and prevent the excesses which might naturally arise on the return to their own country of a regiment fresh from active service and composed chiefly of very young men, who, hurriedly levied, had been sent out, almost entirely undisciplined, to fill the vacancies caused by the ravages of disease and the casualties of war.

His next aim was to secure for the men such trifling memorials of their visit to China and presents to their friends, as they had brought from the seat of war. He obtained an order that the soldiers' baggage should pass, untouched and free, through the Custom House; and, leaving his own property to the mercy of the officials, by which he suffered considerable loss, he saw these orders fulfilled, and then went to London, in the hope of securing a good quarter for his regiment.

Colonel Mountain still held the situation of Deputy Adjutant-General at Madras, to which the Duke of Wellington had appointed him; and a most kind letter from Sir Hugh Gough again renewed the offer of the Military Secretaryship; but he had made up his mind not to stand in the way of his friend, and for the third time declined Sir Hugh's kind offer; and, throwing up his appointment at Madras, he determined to devote himself to the command of his regiment.

It may here be mentioned that the Duke of Wellington, on looking over the list of officers who had served in China, put his finger on Colonel Mountain's name, saying, "This man has done his work remarkably well; I should like to do something for him."

When the Brevet for the China War was published, an officer of the 26th was staying with friends who were totally unacquainted with Colonel Mountain. A gentleman, who afterwards became closely connected with him, entered the room, saying: "The Brevet is out, here it is." "Oh!" exclaimed the officer, "what has Mountain got? Of course he is at the head of all."

His name was not mentioned in the Gazette, and great was the disappointment to all who had served with him in China, and who had witnessed his un-

wearied energy in the midst of sorrow and sickness, his unceasing labour, his care for the welfare of the army, and his calm undaunted bravery in the field.

An officer of high rank, writing two years after this time, mentions being in company with a large number of military men, who one and all spoke of their great disappointment that Mountain had not received for China the reward he so justly merited; and they said this was the feeling of the whole army.

The only reason assigned for the omission of his name in the list of promotions was that he had only lately attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and that it was not in accordance with the custom of the service to give the rank of full Colonel so soon; it not being considered that he had been thirteen years a Major.

That he himself keenly felt the omission, none, who knew his acutely sensitive nature, will for a moment doubt. He had worked zealously and well, had sacrificed health and strength in the service of his country; and when heartbroken by domestic affliction, and worn down by illness and the want of proper food, he had toiled, by night as well as by day, to secure the success of the expedition; and he had looked, as a chivalrous soldier must do, for some

acknowledgment from his sovereign and his country, that his conduct was approved. But he would not sue for what he felt he had justly earned, and no one ever heard him utter a complaint, though to some of his trusted friends he occasionally spoke of his disappointment.

He took this, as he uniformly did every trial, as overruled by a higher hand, and patiently submitted to the mortification.

His time was now much occupied; and when the order came for the Cameronians to proceed to Edinburgh he had not yet seen any of those relations who were anxiously expecting him.

He then confided his regiment to the next in command, and took a fortnight's leave to visit his brothers and sister, and rejoined the Cameronians shortly after their arrival in Edinburgh.

The pleasure of his friends in again seeing him was sadly marred by his careworn appearance. He had suffered severely in mind and body since leaving England in 1837; and anxiety and sorrow had left traces that were not easily to be effaced; but they had also left marks which showed that the chastening hand of God had not been laid on him in vain. His calm, dignified, soldierlike bearing, his extreme humility, his courteous manner, his tender affection,

his delight in the services of religion, his kindness to and forbearance with the young, his power over a naturally impatient temper, won the hearts of all who associated with him, and showed that the trials through which he had passed had perfected his character, and drawn him to serve still more earnestly his God and Saviour.

The difficulties he now had to contend with in his regimental command were great. The 26th consisted chiefly of young men; for the Chusan fever and the chances of war had swept away almost all the men who had left Calcutta in 1840. They had reached the shores of China about 900 strong: nearly 900 recruits were sent out to them there, and only the original number returned to England.

A large sum of money (1700*l.*), which was due to the men for accumulated pay and arrears, was sent from the India House. Colonel Mountain had hoped to persuade his men to invest their hardly earned gains in the regimental savings' bank; but though warmly seconded in this by the officers commanding companies, but few men left their money with their captain. The remainder took it, and the temptation unhappily proved too strong: whiskey, the curse of Scotland, did its work, in spite of every endeavour of the Colonel to prevent the evil; and considerable

severity, most repugnant to the character of their commanding officer, became absolutely necessary. But this was only for a short time; the men soon learnt to love and trust their Colonel, who would, they knew, be just, and who, though he never passed over neglect of duty, was always mindful of the comfort of his men, and anxious to reward those who were steady and well-behaved.

The comfort of the soldiers' wives and children was a great object of his attention. He provided for their decent accommodation as far as was possible (though the present plan of barracks allows of very little arrangement for the poor women); but even the knowledge that they were thought of and cared for gave them some feeling of self-respect, and the majority behaved with the greatest propriety.

He established a Sunday School; and in the children's school and the adult school he took the greatest interest, inducing the men to attend, not only by persuasion, but by making a rule that no man should be promoted to be corporal or sergeant unless he could read and write.

The regimental reading-room he considered as of great importance, and he always set apart a good room in the barracks for this purpose, where tables with baize covers were provided, a good fire kept up,

books and newspapers supplied, and coffee could be procured at a moderate rate.

Nor were the eternal interests of his soldiers neglected. Bibles and other religious books were supplied to the hospital, and the visits of the chaplain in every way encouraged. The 26th being a Scotch regiment, Government provided only a Presbyterian service; but as there were many Episcopalians amongst the men, and no room for them in the Church of England chapels, Mr. Suther, one of the Episcopalian clergymen in Edinburgh, most kindly undertook, gratuitously to perform Divine Service at the Castle early on Sunday morning, for all who chose to attend; and whilst in Edinburgh, forty-two of the young men were induced to present themselves for confirmation.

It was the custom of the Cameronians that the band should not play in marching to and from Church; and it was remarked by many how well the men behaved during service, every man having his book, and at the Church of England service kneeling during the prayers; and this, as well as the large attendance at the school, was attributed to the influence of the Colonel. Colonel Mountain always attended service with his men in the morning, and

then went into the town for the fuller service in one of the English chapels.

He was very desirous to keep up a sentiment of *esprit-de-corps* amongst his officers, and to infuse a high tone of gentlemanly feeling; and in this he succeeded: indeed, it was not easy to live with him, and not catch some spark of the generous, high-minded, unselfish energy, which, in him, was to be seen in every word and action. He steadily repressed all extravagance amongst the young officers, and kept the mess expenses as low as was possible, feeling that it was unsuitable for soldiers, and inconsistent for men of small income, to spend a large portion of their pay in eating and drinking.

He entered very much into society in Edinburgh, receiving great hospitality, and enjoying the company of intellectual and cultivated people, for which he was, by his varied acquirements and fine taste, peculiarly fitted; but anxious for the welfare of his soldiers, and needing the sympathy of a companion in his cares, he was often weary, and longed for a home.

In the Autumn of 1844 the Cameronians left Edinburgh for Newcastle, carrying with them the good wishes of the whole town and the hearty

approbation of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Niel Douglas.

An instance may here be recorded of Colonel Mountain's judicious conduct, and this may be done the more readily, as the officer to whom it refers has since left the service.

When the regiment was about to leave Edinburgh, Colonel Mountain addressed the men, told them how much their dissipated conduct had been commented upon, and besought them to abstain from drinking during the last days, so that they might all march out of the Castle sober. The soldiers nobly responded to this appeal, and when the regiment paraded for the march, not a man was the worse for liquor. But alas! there was a sad blemish in the appearance of the corps,—one of the lieutenants came intoxicated to parade. He was placed in arrest. Had he been brought to a court-martial, his prospects in life would have been destroyed; and as the officer had done good service in China, Colonel Mountain felt averse to such a measure of severity. Yet an example was imperatively necessary; the private soldier could not be expected to abstain, if his officers were to transgress and the fault not be punished. It appeared that the young man had dined at the mess of another regiment; they had remained at table

till late in the night, and the lieutenant had not had time to recover from the effects of his carouse. Colonel Mountain acted thus: it appeared in Orders, "Lieut. ——, of the Grenadiers, will do duty in one of the battalion companies." Thus every man in the regiment witnessed the comparative degradation of this officer, whilst his prospects in life were not injured. It may be mentioned, for the information of civilians, that to be attached to one of the flank companies is an honour, and also an advantage.

In February, 1845, Colonel Mountain returned to Scotland, and married Charlotte Anna, eldest daughter of Colonel Dundas of Carron Hall. After a few months spent amongst their relations, he rejoined his regiment at Manchester; and now, if sorrow and suffering had brought forth good fruits, in purifying his character, the happiness of home was to increase those fruits, and lead him to strive yet more earnestly, whilst enjoying the blessings of this life, "to live less to the world and more to God." This was his daily prayer; and it was often observed by those who knew him best, that when his happiness was most complete, his heart turned most closely to his God, most thankfully in humble gratitude to his Redeemer.

In June the regiment was ordered to Belfast, and

remained there till the following spring. The curate of the parish, who acted as military chaplain, found a steady friend and helper in Colonel Mountain; and, speaking a few months ago to a friend, this gentleman said that he had never in the course of his ministry had so much comfort and satisfaction as in his intercourse with the 26th Regiment, which he attributed to the personal character and influence of their commanding officer.

Fitted as Colonel Mountain was to shine in public life, he was even more admirable in his own home. He had asked the blessing of God upon his marriage; and his daily prayer with his wife was, that they might so follow Christ in this world that they might be together in His presence in eternity.

Trusting all the management of his home to his wife, and employing her in the direction of the children's school and amongst the women of the regiment, he considered that, as a Christian master, he must be the head of his own household; and wisely and kindly was this control exerted. His sensitively diffident nature required entire affection to be shown to him, and in return he gave the strong and deep love of his unselfish character—the complete trust of his confiding and generous nature. He had become from illness and exposure in India and

China) slightly deaf; and though this did not interfere with his comfort when with one person only, it was a daily trial when mixing with others, for he could not hear conversation unless addressed to himself. This was indeed a great trial; but the expression of sweet, patient resignation, with which he would look around, when he saw others enjoying pleasures from which he was excluded, endeared him yet more to those who saw it, and who knew how much he delighted in cheerful conversation and innocent merriment.

Although naturally of an over-anxious temperament, he was always cheerful, thankfully accepting the blessings granted to him, and ready to draw enjoyment from any passing occurrence: but his greatest pleasure was, after his day's work, to explore with his wife the country around Belfast; and the daily rides along that beautiful coast, with one who delighted as he did in the beauties of nature, were a source of constant happiness. There was a purity and freshness in his mind, a love of all that was holy and beautiful, that made him a most delightful and instructive companion, whilst his refined taste and feeling and quick perception of character gave a peculiar charm to his conversation.

In the spring the regiment was sent to Ennis-

killen, and remained there for four months. The barracks were small, and, finding great difficulty in carrying out his usual plan of separating the married and single men, he took a house in the town for the accommodation of the soldiers married with leave.

In June a small Brevet for Gwalior was granted, and, to Colonel Mountain's surprise, he saw his own name in the Gazette as Aide-de-camp to the Queen. Some weeks afterwards, being at the Horse-Guards, he asked whether any of his friends had applied for this honour for him, and he was told that his name had not been brought forward by any one, but that, on the names of other officers having been laid before the Commander-in-Chief for promotion, His Grace considered that it would be unjust to promote them whilst Mountain was unrewarded, and therefore he was included in the Brevet.

It was remarked at Enniskillen how many of the officers of the regiment attended Divine Service in the afternoon, and what a number of the soldiers with their wives and children were also to be seen there; and this was justly attributed to the influence of their Colonel, who was never absent when the doors of the church were open. Even when there was no service, he had a peculiar delight in being in the house of prayer, and rarely passed a church, if the

door was accidentally open, without going in. He always said that a few minutes spent in the solemn stillness calmed and soothed his mind; and no one, who saw the heavenly expression that at such times passed over his face, could doubt that the spirit of his God was with him.

His brother Robert, the rector of Havant, was taken ill at this time, and died in a few days. So sudden a termination of his illness had not been expected, and Colonel Mountain was not able to be with his brother before his death. He went to England to attend his funeral, and, by his tender affection and sympathy, helped to comfort his sister, to whom the loss of this dear brother was a very severe trial. His own words will give the best account of his thoughts, and the respect shown to the memory of this faithful minister of Christ.

"I have seen him to his grave, and knelt beside his coffin and our mother's coffin in the narrow vault!

"It was an affecting sight to see the coffin placed in front of the pulpit, where for twenty years he laboured faithfully in his Master's service! Everything was neatly arranged: there was no hearse, no coaches, no heartless pomp. The coffin was borne by men: six of the neighbouring clergy were the pall-bearers.

"In the road outside about sixty of his principal parishioners, headed by Sir George Staunton, and all dressed

in mourning, formed a lane, and followed after we had passed. The school children, about 100 in number, preceded the coffin, and, on arriving at the church gate, opened out into a lane, through which we passed. I saw the teachers and many of the girls sobbing as if their hearts would break. The church was full; and all along the road, as we passed, were groups of poor people, many dressed in mourning for the occasion. The shops have had half-shutters closed since the body came down, and are so still!

"He desired in his will that there should be no funeral sermon, and no unnecessary expense for his funeral; but he could not prevent the universal testimony of feeling; and it is a meeter tribute to his memory, a higher testimony to his worth, than any pomp or public panegyric.

"It appears that his illness was brought on by over-exertion. . . . But it is useless to look to second causes: God was pleased to take him. His last words were: 'I have no pain, but I am weary. Why don't I go to my rest?' The mouth of the body asked the question, the spirit met the answer in heaven! . . . .

"Sunday.

"I have been to church, and prayed . . . ., and that we may find acceptance through the merits of our Saviour.

"The *whole* congregation attended in mourning, and there were 154 communicants, being at least half of the whole; — a striking instance, both of respect to his memory, and of the effect of his teaching!"

In the autumn of 1846 the regiment was ordered

to Dublin, and quartered in the Royal Barracks. The adjutant of the 26th had just obtained a company: and thus, with a newly appointed and inexperienced officer, who had to learn his duty, in a large garrison, with frequent field-days, and the regiment broken up into numerous detachments, the work of the commanding officer was very arduous. He was also appointed Inspector of Military Prisons; and this, though a subject in which he took great interest, added to his work. He was extremely fond of hunting, and rode remarkably well; but during the nine months that the Cameronians remained in Dublin he never once went out with the hounds, — finding it impossible to give up his time to this amusement without neglecting his duty.

In spring he was anxious to have a few weeks' leave, for family reasons, and also that he might attend a levée and drawing-room as the Queen's A. D. C.

The following passages from a letter written at this time show his feelings about his profession, both as a Christian and a soldier.

"I have not much time to spare. In fact, writing takes up almost all that is not broken in upon by some regimental call, or employed abroad. When I shall get away I know not. . . . All the arrangements consequent on the

augmentation I must superintend; and while we are together and the Prince hot upon his field-days, I do not like to ask for leave. In fact, I should be very sorry to lose the chance of commanding a brigade again. . . (Just had the servants up to prayers, and now resume my pen.) If I were a clergyman, no one would ask me to desert my parishioners; if I were a doctor, I could not leave my patients in the lurch; if a lawyer, I must attend to my clients; and why, because I am a soldier, should it be supposed that to do the least possible duty would be meritorious? I have no fancy for soldiers who like anything better than their duty. I have not only a regard for my professional character, not only take a serious view of my responsibility, but feel a very great interest in my people. Let those smile in scorn, or shrug their shoulders that like! I am a soldier at heart, not for the name, or the sake of an idle life, or a gay coat; . . and despite all disheartenings, all worries, all the labour and little pay, all the more kicks than halfpennies, I like my situation better than any I have ever held. . . . Sir Edward Blakeney, high as is his position, observed to me the other day that there was no situation so gratifying to a soldier as regimental command,—none which brings with it so much immediate authority, or in which a man has so much direct influence for good.

". . . I am only now beginning to reap the reward of years of exertion. My regiment is beginning, I think, really to get a name, and I must be more than ever careful that it is not swamped in this fresh deluge of ragamuffin recruits. . . . The difficulty of command lies in making officers do their duty, and do it cheerfully, and with

good and kind feeling towards their subordinates and towards their chief; and the man who succeeds in commanding a regiment well through his officers, and is yet passing well liked by them, is either one of those lucky dogs who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, or a superior man. . . . I have fallen very far short of my visions of younger days! . . .

"I am very glad that you like your clergyman. . . . I feel my own short-comings, and fully admit that we cannot live too much to God, that is, have in all things too constant respect to His will and to our hopes of eternity; but I rather distrust religious impressions that are the result of impulse or excited feeling, and lead to changes of conduct that may change again under new circumstances. I have seen my father, my mother, my brothers, my sister, take for their guide certain fixed Christian principles, which, in health, in sickness, in joy, in sorrow, in distinction, in disappointment, remain the same, both in respect to views of the use of this world without abusing it, and to the means of salvation; and these are the principles which I desire to cultivate in myself, and to see in my wife. . . . An unreserved communion of thought and feeling upon religious subjects is the base and groundwork of domestic happiness. . . ."

This year was the worst year of the famine in Ireland; the distress everywhere was frightful, though it was less apparent in Dublin than in the country; and Colonel Mountain willingly gave his assistance to relieve the sufferers. Even amongst

the soldiers' families the distress was very great, owing to the high price of provisions; and, in order to give work to some of the women of the regiment, he set on foot a system of having the shirts for the soldiers made up in the regiment, instead of getting them from the contractors. This, of course, gave a great deal of trouble till it was well established; but the plan was found to answer well. The men liked the shirts, as they were rather cheaper than those procured from the contractors; and the women were very grateful for the employment. This system was carried on in the regiment for many years with great success.

In June 1847, the 26th was ordered to Buttevant, a small village in the south of Ireland. There was little society in the neighbourhood; but, occupied with his regiment, and delighting in his home, Colonel Mountain was more than usually happy, and often looked back with pleasure to the short time he spent there. He set on foot various plans for the comfort of the soldiers' wives and for the improvement of the school, and took great interest in the training of the band to chant in church. Whilst in Dublin they had improved very much in church-music, and had always chanted the Canticles and sung the Psalms in the church of Kilmainham Hospital. At Butte-

vant the parish church was too small for the soldiers to be admitted to the morning service, and there was therefore an earlier service for them in the church, when it was a pure and holy pleasure to see how many earnestly joined in the service and raised their voices in praise to God.

In August, the Earl of Dalhousie, having been selected as the Governor-General of India, wrote to Colonel Mountain, offering him, in the most gratifying manner, the appointment of Military Secretary; and after some deliberation the offer was accepted.

He felt that he should like the post of Military Secretary, that he could work well under such a man as Lord Dalhousie, and that, having lately refused two staff appointments, it would be unwise to decline a third; but he hesitated to take his wife to Bengal, he was sincerely attached to his regiment, and he knew that his own health had been shaken by his residence in India, and by three years' hard work in China. After calm consideration, he resolved to accept the appointment offered to him, and, laying aside all over-anxious care, to trust all things in the hand of his God and go cheerily forward.

The departure of Colonel Mountain from the Cameronians was marked by many demonstrations of warm attachment and regret. Every officer and man felt

that he was losing a friend; that their Colonel, possessing every quality of a soldier and a gentleman, had devoted himself to their best interests, to promote the efficiency of the regiment, and to further the welfare of each individual.

On the day previous to his departure each officer waited singly on the Colonel, to take a kindly farewell; and many of these interviews were most touching.

On the following day, at the hour of departure, the carriage came to the door: the whole of the regiment assembled without orders, the officers in front of the Colonel's quarters; the privates formed in companies, but without officers or serjeants; for these last had selected a duty for themselves. They advanced respectfully to the carriage, and, taking out the horses, they supplied the place of these animals, and in spite of all remonstrance insisted on drawing the carriage, which contained their beloved commander and his wife. The privates formed in sections before and after the carriage, the officers were on each side, and the *cortége* moved on: not a word was spoken, for affection was evinced far beyond anything that words can express. When they had proceeded a mile from the barracks, the horses were attached to the carriage; the soldiers formed on

each side of the road; each officer once again pressed silently the hand of his late Colonel; the privates stood at attention; and the carriage moved slowly between the ranks of affectionate soldiers. Many a tear was shed: and who shall deny the grandeur of this silent tribute to the worth and assiduity of a good man!

It may be mentioned that the officers resolved to present their Colonel with a breakfast-set of plate; but Colonel Mountain refused this token, most kindly, but most resolutely. The object of the regiment was, however, attained; the plate was sent out to India a year and a half later, with Mrs. Mountain's name added to her husband's; and, thus presented, it could not be refused.

CHAPTER X.

In October, 1847, Colonel and Mrs. Mountain left England for India. He had determined to spend a fortnight in Egypt, and hoped, by proceeding from Suez in the next steamer, to reach Calcutta before Lord Dalhousie's arrival.

The French mail having been detained, gave the passengers of the "Sultan" three days to spend at Malta; and here Colonel Mountain made acquaintance with Sir Charles Napier, who was afterwards to be his immediate chief, and who was then returning from Scinde.

After two days spent at Alexandria, Colonel Mountain proceeded to Cairo, and there remained for a fortnight, visiting all that was worth seeing in the town and neighbourhood. This was a time of great enjoyment, and, through the kindness of the English and French consuls, he gained greater insight into native life in Cairo than is usually granted to strangers.

One interesting visit that he and his wife paid was

to the house of a Syrian gentleman. After entering a court, into which the windows of the house opened, and going up various stairs, the visitors were shown into an ante-room, where the gentleman and his wife met them, and conducted them into a saloon paved with marble and surrounded by divans. The two ladies sat down together on the low cushions, while the gentlemen were honoured with European chairs. Pipes were brought in, for every one; but as they perceived that the English lady did not smoke, but only held the pipe in her hand, she was courteously requested to lay it aside, and the hostess did so likewise. The Levantine lady was a young and rather pretty girl, dressed in full trowsers and a tunic, over which, when she left the house, she threw a long pink cloak, which entirely covered her; and a strip of thick white muslin, with interstices for the eyes, concealed her face. Her greatest interest seemed to be excited by the wedding-ring of her guest. She could not understand why such a simple ornament should be used when the lady had prettier rings, and, untwisting the end of the scarf that formed her girdle, she showed triumphantly a diamond ring as her spousal band. Soon after, a very interesting and pretty old lady glided into the room. She was the host's mother. No one paid the least attention to her; but Colonel

Mountain, yielding to the impulse of his feeling for a woman and his reverence for old age, started up and brought her a seat, to the utter amazement of the gentleman, and not less so of the little old lady. Then tiny cups of coffee, flavoured with amber were brought in, and afterwards a tray containing small spoons, with a piece of comfiture which tasted of violets on each; and the visit was at an end: but an invitation was given to go the next day to a private garden outside the town, where the lady appeared carefully veiled.

Early in January, 1848, Colonel Mountain arrived in Calcutta, and set to work at his new duties. These were often laborious; but it pleased God to grant him good health, and, enjoying the confidence of his Chief, and knowing that he was in a position to benefit his fellow-creatures, he threw his whole mind and heart into his work. He rose always at gun-fire, and, as soon as there was sufficient light, he got on his horse and rode for an hour or two: returning home, he joined his wife in her dressing-room, and spent an hour in reading the Bible; and at these times he would open his heart and speak freely on religious subjects, acting on his often expressed opinion, that "unreserved communion of thought and feeling upon religious subjects is the base and

groundwork of domestic happiness." Some few standard works of old writers he liked to read; but generally he preferred studying the Bible only, finding that God's own word gave a stay and comfort to his mind that nothing else could.

The same habit was continued at Simla, when he was Adjutant-General. If any unexpected business prevented this daily reading, he would come to his wife during the day and say: "Don't let me forget our morning reading; I need the poise to my mind, and cannot get on without it."

At ten o'clock he was at his office at Government House, and remained there till five o'clock, or sometimes later, rarely leaving his desk even to join the luncheon table.

The constant applications from officers, of whom perhaps he knew nothing, to obtain his influence with the Governor-General to get them appointments, were very worrying; and, as many of these must necessarily be refused, it was an ungracious office: but he invariably answered these letters, and in so kind and courteous a tone, that many young men, far from feeling aggrieved by his refusal, were won to admire and esteem him. In recommending officers to the Governor-General for staff employment, he

held it a sacred duty to consider first the interests of the service, and, setting aside other considerations, always named those whom he conscientiously believed to be the best qualified for, and most deserving of, promotion.

His day's work done, he returned home, and with his bright cheerfulness made the light of his dwelling. A drive with his wife through the luxuriant woods near Calcutta, and then a quiet evening, concluded the day. He was too tired by the evening to have any wish for society; but it was not possible to avoid occasional engagements; and when in company, his easy, graceful manners, quick tact, and agreeable conversation, made him a universal favourite.

After the murder of Messrs. Anderson and Vans Agnew at Moultan, when war with the Sikhs was decided upon, Colonel Mountain asked and obtained leave from the Governor-General to join his regiment in the field.

His only anxiety was in leaving his young wife alone and with a long journey before her; for it was arranged that she should follow, to be as near the army as possible: but the nearest and dearest ties (and no man ever gave more pure or tender love to a wife) never interfered with what he knew to be his duty as a soldier. As soon as the order was published

for the 29th (the regiment into which he had exchanged) to join the army, he made preparations for his departure, allowing himself only four or five days. He made every possible arrangement for his wife's journey, and, confiding her to the care of kind friends, started alone on the 4th of October. His dâk had been laid so that he might reach the camp in the shortest possible time, and he expected to be able to rest for four hours during the heat of each day; but, from various untoward circumstances, this necessary halt was daily shortened, sometimes to little more than an hour, and, the heat being still very great, he became very much exhausted with the fatigue of thus travelling night and day; and the exposure and over-exertion brought on derangement of the system, from which he suffered during the whole campaign.

At Umballa he stopped for a day to secure a house for his wife; and, having arranged for her comfort there, he went on to Ferozepore.

His own letters now take up the thread of the narrative; but it must be borne in mind that, these letters having been written with complete unreserve and confidence, portions of them only can be laid before the public. With regard to his own religious feelings, his delicate and refined taste would have

held in horror the idea that they should hereafter be made public; but occasional passages, which show the motives of his actions, will be given; whilst it can be no transgression of true delicacy to mention that the study of God's own Word was his daily occupation, and the comfort he drew from it the constant theme of grateful thanksgiving. In camp life, surrounded by native servants, with no doors to prevent continual interruption, it was very difficult to secure an undisturbed half-hour; and his delight was to rise early and get far away from the tents, and, in some quiet place, with none but his God to see, to offer up earnest prayers for his own guidance, that he might perform his duties like a self-possessed Christian soldier, and for the welfare of those he loved. His constant reference in moments of difficulty, or at the time of any new mercy received, to the God who overrules all things, and his simple trust that his Saviour and Redeemer, whom he never forsook, would not forsake him, were no doubt the secret of his success in his profession and of his great influence over others.

"October 22. 1848.

"Here I am, safe and sound at Ferozepore, having arrived at 7½ A. M., after walking the last twenty miles. I have been on foot since 2 A. M., but, having had

a wash, really feel but little tired . . . . . I said I did not recommend horse-dâk . . . . . The horses are restive, the road abominable: the brutes will do nothing sometimes for half an hour but turn round and round, and then start off at a gallop. Have you ever seen a man tossed in a blanket? — such was I. My head repeatedly knocked against the top of the palkee; the drawer came down; all the small things knocked about and smashed; and I seriously apprehended that the palkee would break to pieces and that I should be left in the lurch.* However, I got safe to Seharanpore, went on at evening, and at daylight was met by a buggy and body-guard trooper, and reached Umballah early. . . . .

"M—— drove me to Umballah city on the 19th, and there I empalanquined again; — roads very bad and bearers very slow. On the morning of the 20th I walked the stage to Lasker-Ke-Sarai (ten miles) in two hours and twenty-two minutes, but did not reach Loodiana till 3½ P.M. There was a dusty, parching, hot wind blowing all day. The whole country, with exception of a few patches near villages, is sandy waste, and nothing could be more drear. . . . . .

"At 3 A.M. on the 21st, my bearers put me down in the middle of the road and disappeared; none others were to be had. After waiting about two hours and a half, Major T——, of the Commissariat, who was in the same fix, but was attended by two Shootar Suwars, lent me one camel; and, mounting the other himself,

* For horse-dâk the palkee is put upon a truck; but this is only done when there is a regularly made road, and in 1848 this was only as far as Meerut.

we rode on to Dhurrumkote (about twelve miles). The petarrahs were placed on elephants that chanced to come by, and the palkees left to their fate. We passed the 4th troop Native Brigade of Horse Artillery on their march, and very well it looked. At Dhurrumkote we got men to go back for the palkees. . . . . At length the palkees having come up, we got bearers, and sent them on. Major T. and I followed on camels, and, overtaking the palkees half stage, got into them. The remainder of this and the next stage all went right; but, at the third relief, my bearers put me down. On getting out, I found but six very tired men: this was about 2 P. M. I walked this stage, the six men bringing on the palkee. At the next stage, not a bearer was to be seen; but, after some delay, I procured six from a village, and walked on. Midway the bearers proposed to me to get a Tattoo. I found one at a sort of police station, but he was blind, stumbled dreadfully, and the native saddle so galled me, that I did not ride long, but resumed my footies, and reached this place about half-past seven. You can have no conception of the dust; it lay upon the road, if road it can be called, six inches and more deep. I had arranged with the Brigadier about going down by water to Bhawulpore, when a note from Lord Gough arrived, telling me to wait for him here, as the Sikhs are stirring, and he may perhaps change my brigade, and give me the 29th.

"October, 30.

"My fate is settled, I am transferred to the 5th brigade and get the 29th Queen's and 13th and 30th N. I. This

cuts me out of Moultan, and I felt sorry at first; for if the campaign in the north end in smoke and Moultan hold out, it will be cruelly mortifying. On the other hand if Moultan surrender and Chutter Sing gain head, I am all right: all is in the hands of God.

"Camp, Gunda-Sing-Wala, October 23

"I rode over here this morning to General Cureton's camp, which is in the Punjab, eleven miles from Ferozepore, excellent bridges of boats having been formed over both channels of the Sutlej. . . . It was a very picturesque ride, on account of men and cattle, for Godby's brigade was on the march; but the country is miserable—except in patches round the wells, little better than a desert. They have only had two slight showers at Ferozepore this year. There is not a blade of grass to be seen, and the rain crops, on which the lower people depend, have entirely failed. . . . Camp is a pleasant life—to me it is now exciting, and I feel as well up to fatigue as ever I did in my life. . . . We must hope that the Khalsa will show fight, and that we may push on to Cashmir.

"November 2. 1848.

"Here I am in J. G——'s tent. I left Ferozepore at a quarter before four this morning on an elephant, attended by a couple of Suwars; soon after daylight I came to a carriage and two fresh Suwars, and at the end of the third stage fresh Suwars and a horse for me. I cantered off merrily, and found the Commander-in-Chief's camp nearer than I expected. The Chief looks as young and vigorous as ever. He asked me to stay and march in with him, and so I dismissed the dâk, with which I

meant to return, though I had but a clean shirt, and was quite unprepared. On the 4th we sent a tent on for breakfast at Sobraon, and after going over the field of battle it began to be fearfully hot. . . . At three we started for this place. We saw a large wolf, some jackals, a few rock pigeon and black partridge, and quantities of hares, of which a few were bagged. We did not reach camp till dusk, having gone about forty miles and been ten hours on the elephants. The country far and wide, for scores and scores of miles, is of precisely the same character, an open plain, perfectly level, with scarcely a tree. . . . The villages are far apart, of mud, and of the poorest description; each has its well, and around the well there is an oasis of cultivation, for the soil is a fine clay, and only wants irrigation to make it produce anything. The water is very near the surface, and, if the people were less poor and less supine, there is no doubt but that cultivation might be greatly extended. There is fault, however, I dare say, on the part of the Government. . . . We go in to Ferozepore to-morrow (6th), but shall not advance, I fear, for some days. Chutter Sing and Shere Sing are behind the Chenab, but have their foraging parties on this side, collecting revenue and grain. General Cureton has advanced to Eminabad to keep them in check. It is supposed that they will not fight on this side of the Jelum, but will show fight on the other side, where they will have the advantage of the hilly and difficult country, which is so much better known to them than to us. . . .

"November, 6.

"At dinner yesterday, I observed the Chief grave, and on getting on the elephant this morning he told me that the Peshawur troops have rebelled, that Attok has fallen, and that the Sikh army is in full march towards us. Thus, I am in the right box! Moultan has sunk into a secondary business, and we are like to have our hands full. It has pleased God to put me in the right place, and you must pray to Him for me that my duty may be done as it ought. We had service in the C.-in-C.'s tent. His excellency said the responses himself, and *knelt* during the prayers with his whole staff, Colonels, A. D. C., every one.—See the effect of good example! . . . .

It was a fine sight this morning. We started on elephants at four, and reached this place just after sunrise. A regiment of N. I. was marching in at the moment past the tents of my two regiments, and further on we found the camp of the 24th Queen's, and beyond it that of the Commander-in-Chief: staff officers were galloping about, and the sun was just beginning to gild the tops of the tents. My two regiments, the 13th and 30th N. I., are pitched near the 29th barracks; so that I have my brigade together, and hope in a few days to advance.

"Ferozepore, November, 7.

"This morning I had ordered an inspection of all my regiments on their own parades, and meant to say a few words to the 29th. But at night I heard that the Chief meant to go round the camps at gun-fire, and to the Hospital; so I went down to attend him. He first went to the 24th, a noble regiment, 1140 under arms; then to

the 29th hospital; and there he stayed some time, speaking to every one of the 121 which I am sorry to say it contains. I then rode to dismiss my native regiments. It was the first time I ever appeared on parade as a brigadier. My brigade-major is a very nice fellow, Lieut. M'Donnell of the 29th . . . . . After breakfast I rode to wait on my general of division, Sir Walter Gilbert.

"November 9. Gunda-Sing-Wala.

"Here I am for the second time, not as visitor, but as head of a camp of three regiments, extending over the plain and containing about 3000 fighting men, but perhaps not less than 11,000 human beings of one sort or another. My general of division, however, is not far from me, that is, with the C.-in-C., about a mile to the rear. We move to Kupoor to-morrow.

"We marched at four from the 29th barracks, my two native corps coming up in rear. It was a beautiful moonlight, and the band was inspiring. . . . We had to ford the first branch of the river, which is only ankle-deep, and then came to the bridges, where there was an immense crush of cattle and followers. The General had stopped to let the brigade pass, and the bands played as they passed. On crossing the second bridge, General Gilbert, who was on the bank, welcomed me to the Punjab. He is a fine, frank, soldier-like fellow, and I am very glad to be in his division. . . . I live alone: it would be a bore to me to dine at mess every day; and in camp a mouthful when you want it, at your own time, is the comfort."

The commencement of the campaign was in-

auspicious; the cavalry having made a charge at Ramnugger, which was repulsed with the loss of seventy or eighty men, amongst whom were two distinguished officers,—Colonel Cureton, a most valuable officer of great skill and experience, and Lieut.-Colonel Havelock. Feeling, as we are justified in doing, the immense superiority of British to Oriental troops, we are apt to forget that in subtlety these last far excel us. The Sikhs laid a trap, and our young men fell into it. The enemy occupied a level of land, which during the rains becomes an island, but was then surrounded by a mass of heavy sand: this space they had entrenched and furnished with three batteries; and, having thus secured themselves, a body of cavalry was placed in front for the purpose of inviting an attack, which our horsemen accepted, and when the Sikh cavalry melted away before them they found themselves exposed to a tremendous fire, and the only wonder is that so many escaped, for they appeared to be exposed to certain destruction.

Such is the purport of Colonel Mountain's letters on the subject, which are full of regret that so valuable a life as that of Colonel Cureton should have been sacrificed. His letters are addressed to an old cavalry officer, who well knew the difficulty of keeping dragoons in hand, and that such accidents are likely

to occur at the opening of a campaign, whilst Colonel Mountain also knew how deeply his correspondent would sympathise in the death of two such gallant men as Cureton and Havelock.

The death of Colonel Cureton, who was Adjutant-General of H.M. forces, having left that office vacant, Lord Gough sent for Colonel Mountain and offered him the appointment, subject to the Duke of Wellington's approval; but it was arranged that he should retain the command of his brigade till the answer from the Horse-Guards was received. Colonel Mountain, though unwilling to separate himself from Lord Dalhousie, to whom he was sincerely attached, felt that the office of Adjutant-General was too honourable and influential a post to be declined, and the offer was gratefully accepted.

When the news of Colonel Cureton's death reached the Governor-General, he wrote to Colonel Mountain in the following gratifying terms: —

"If the Commander-in-Chief (as I conceive he will) should offer you the succession to the Adjutant-General's commission, do not let any consideration of me lead you to decline what would be so much for your interest. . . . I need not assure you of my confidence and attachment, and of my pleasure, therefore, in your continued service with me personally; but I hope I need as little assure you of my greater pleasure in seeing your interests substan-

tially promoted in official, though less close, connection with myself."

We return to Colonel Mountain's letters.

"Dec. 27.

"A report came that the enemy had carried off some of our camels. I went instantly to General Thackwell, who asked if I meant to go out myself. I said yes. He gave me a picquet of the 3rd Light Dragoons and sixty Irregulars, but supported me with a squadron of the 3rd and a troop of the 14th, and came out himself. I left him to join the advance of the 3rd: they had scent of the enemy, and were going at a slapping pace. I had some trouble to overtake them. They made such a dust that I could only see once in a few minutes a gleam of their white caps. At last I overtook them, and just then the enemy's round shot from a battery on the other side of the river came dropping amongst us. I drew the men out of fire, and proceeded to reconnoitre from behind a sandbank. They had 6 guns, about 50 cavalry, and 200 infantry. I had 250 European Dragoons, and 50 Native Irregulars. They crossed a few men, to tempt me, and it was very tempting; but I resisted. It was near sunset, and the ground very heavy and intersected with ravines. They had a battery and a river in their front, and, if I had attacked, I might have lost a number of men to gain nothing, for the camels were gone long before; so we came home. A horse of the 14th fell into a ravine, and I went back to get him out, and this detained me with a small party till late, the main body having gone on. I took a guide from a village, promising him a rupee if he took us right, and to part company with his head if he

took us wrong. It was well I did, for it soon became dark, and in galloping out the dust had prevented our taking any landmarks. I reported to General Thackwell. He said I had been right to draw off; that he had heard the firing, but had come in when he saw us in the right direction. I felt pleased that he had trusted me with this little command, and still more that I had brought back my gallant Dragoons in whole skins. I rode this day about thirty miles, most of them in a gallop. . . ."

To Sir H. Verney.

"Camp, Jonojee-ka-pindee, New Year's Eve, 1848.

"I have to thank you for two most interesting letters, which followed me from Calcutta. . . . I entirely agree in your views. I love my country and love my queen, and, more than that, I look upon the doctrines of Socialists, and Communists, and Red Republicans, and such like as impiety little short of that of the projectors of Babel: there is nothing new under the sun, and Babel was a type of the profane attempts of later times to improve upon God's government of the universe. God never made man to be equal, either intellectually or physically, or in any worldly respect: the aristocracy of birth and aristocracy of classes have Scripture warrant, and must and will prevail till the second advent, because it is God's system, not man's.

"But I have always felt that we suffer from the abuse of the aristocratic system. Our Government did not take the initiative, did not give the impulse; our Church was supine, our nobility and gentry chiefly occupied with *self*, our aristocrats of classes eagerly devoted to amassing wealth, and for the most part utterly regardless of

the hands by which that wealth was made. Thus a vast population grew up in our great cities and manufacturing and mining districts, in the heart of a Christian country, and in self-boasting enlightened times, in destitution, vice, filth, and ignorance, more barbarous than Hindoos, more really deserving of pity than Negro slaves. God is too merciful to allow such abuses to continue longer than for wise purposes He sees fit. Sooner or later they work their own cure! and so we must always go on through the imperfections of our nature. Powers and principalities must subsist; but power will be always more or less abused, and the abuse of power will always, in the end, lead to convulsions, till the machine rights itself, and then we come back to the point from which we started.

"The disgraceful horrors of Paris, of Pesth, of Vienna, are only a proof that man, unsubdued by the power and love of God, is a savage, just as bad as he was in the days of Noah! Happy, that in England abuses are so far redeemed by Christian principle pervading a large portion of the land, that God has seen fit to deal leniently with us! May all be duly impressed with a thankful sense of this great mercy, and may the aristocracy and the wealthy learn wisdom from the miseries of other countries, and avert the chastisement which must fall upon us, if we suffer abuses to continue!

"We are encamped here just about half-way between the Acesines and Hydaspes, which we call Chenab and Jelum, about twenty miles north of Pind Dadun Khan, which you will find on any map. We have the Salt range before us, and on our right the snowy range of Cashmir rises like a wall from the vast plain, apparently

within a morning's ride, but really at the distance of 100 miles.

"Our campaign has not hitherto been particularly successful. Unaccountable delays have occurred in the arrival of the Bombay troops at Moultan: at last they are there, and, we suppose, now, at work. You will have later news from thence than through me. We soldiers consider Moolraj a plucky fellow and a gentleman, and are almost sorry that our Government would not give him terms. . . . The Sikh is on our front, about twelve miles off, with his left near a spur of the Bimber Hills, the Jelum in his rear: his right is said to be entrenched, his front protected by a belt of thick jungle. He has about 35,000 men and 60 guns. We have 15,000 men; but a part of this force is at Ramnugger. . . .

"Jan. 1. 1849.

"The 1st January, 1849, has come in with a fine day and good news from Moultan. The first day's work ended with the capture of the suburbs and the retention of an advanced position, which almost secures the fall of the place. . . . I had a longish ride this morning to the look-out hill, in front of the other camp. It is a fine view over an endless plain — endless, apparently, save in front, where the salt range, twenty miles distant, bounds the view, and on the right, where the snowy range of Cashmir, at a distance of 100 miles, towers into the heavens. . . .

"Camp, Lussoorie, January 10th.

"This is a day we were wont to think much of in old times, — my revered father's birthday. On the eve all the

children, little and big, sat up secretly—an allowed secret: one drew some vignette or ornament for a couplet or two on the honoured parent's birthday,— breathing love and duty, however lamely; and, after midnight sounded, another was deputed to creep into the father and mother's room, and lay the scroll upon the bed, that it might greet them in the morning. They pretended not to know what was going on; and we were always allowed to rejoice in the complete success of our supposed secret. This observance was maintained from the time I was four years old till I left home to join the army . . . . My father would have loved you, and you would have loved him. He united to all the true dignity of a bishop a kindness and tenderness peculiar to himself, and the easy grace of a highly accomplished man, accustomed from early life to the society of men high in station and in attainments. At once manly and mild, and full of sparkling conversation, he was the delight of all ladies who came near him; and in the pulpit I have never heard his equal; his fine countenance and noble figure, his sonorous and melodious voice, his impressive action, suited to the occasion, because natural, but never studied, produced an effect, that none who ever heard him can forget. But even more he used to make my blood thrill through me, when he read God's commandments: he placed the open book upon one hand, came forward to the rail of the altar, and read the word in a voice that went to the heart of every Christian, and made the scorner tremble. There was no escaping from that voice, it searched into every corner of the church, and every other sound was hushed. Changed again was his tone, when he came to 'Glory be to God

on high,'—it was so fervent, so impressive, almost a chant, but not from intention, solely because the speaker was lifted up towards heaven by his own feelings: and then there was a tender solemnity in the final blessing, which none but a heart of stone could resist!

"Forgive this tribute to the memory of the most dignified, the kindest, and most accomplished man that it has ever been my lot to meet during my pilgrimage on earth!.....

"The liturgy of our Church is beautiful. The human part of the structure of the Church of England may be imperfect, and has defects, but there is no other such Church! Let us cling to it. Where will you see real Christian dignity, humility without affectation, self-possession without conceit, the milk of human kindness springing from the love of God, stability of principle without obstinacy, so beautifully exemplified as in the conduct of the genuine children of the Church of England. I do not speak of this or that party, but of those who are of no party but of Jesus Christ's!...."

The battle of Chillianwalla, fought on the 13th of January, 1849, has been so fully detailed in the public journals, that it is unnecessary to enter on the subject at large; and as there is a delicacy in narrating the part Colonel Mountain's brigade took in that serious struggle, it has been deemed best to give his own impressions, as contained in a letter written from the camp to Lord Dalhousie. This

letter had been sent to Mrs. Mountain, and, in answer to her request that it might be published with this memoir, his lordship writes: —

"You are most welcome to publish the letter of which you enclosed a copy.

"It would cost me no effort to write a letter expressive of deep and sincere regret and of high esteem for my friend, whom you have unhappily lost. If I avail myself of your permission to decline doing so, it is only because I feel that such letters, obviously written of set purpose, do not carry the weight which belongs to other letters, in which the same sentiments appear without being elaborately set forth. I am sure that regard and respect must be apparent in any of my letters to Mountain, and any extract which contains them you are very welcome to introduce into the memoir you are preparing."

The following is Colonel Mountain's letter, dated January 14. 1849.

"My dear Lord,

"We marched from Lussoorie on the 12th, and reached ground, the name of which I forget, after a march of six and a half hours. We marched again yesterday, 13th, in order of battle, and about noon had a scrimmage with the advanced post of the Sikh, who was soon induced to abandon it after a salute from our heavy guns.

"We then formed up, and a head-quarter officer told me in passing 'Major Mackeson has persuaded the Chief not to attack to-day,' and our baggage was ordered up

from the rear: but about half-past one the Sikh opened the ball with artillery; our heavy guns were then thrown forward and replied. My brigade was lying down in line; the round shot toddling spent were picked up, and only hurt two men. After a time the Chief passed down and said "Advance:" so up and forward was the word. We had what is the severest trial for infantry, to charge against grape through jungle. The Sikh had brought his field-guns into the jungle, dug trenches, which were evidently fresh, for his matchlock-men, and supported them by cavalry. I had not gone 100 yards before I lost sight of any superior officer as well as of any support; but we pushed on till we had taken the last gun in our front, on the skirt of the jungle. The Sikh cavalry were on the open to my right front, and if I had had cavalry I might have swept them before me; but as the enemy were all about the jungle and on my flanks, I could not advance further, and after a time I got an order to move to my left to support General Campbell; thus the guns that we had taken were left to be carried off by others. We brought away two, however, and the rest, I believe, were brought away by spare horses from the artillery.

"I can give no account of the whole, as in such a jungle each brigade, and in some cases each regiment, had to act for itself.

"My loss has been heavy: it has pleased God to spare me; but I grieve for officers of my brigade, and for men too, though I do not yet know the number.

"The 24th Queen's suffered severely; Brigadier Pennycuick, Colonel Brooke and one of the majors killed; Bri-

gadier-General Campbell wounded; Major Ekins, D.A.G., killed.

"After the enemy had been driven back and had disappeared, it was near nightfall, and we had to come back here (the line of the Sikh advanced post) for water; it was quite dark before we arrived, and we had to bivouac as we could; we lay on the ground without covering, shelter, or food. Fortunately we had only two or three slight showers, the heavy rain having kept off till after we got our tents this morning, and we are now all comfortable. The Chief intended to have pushed his advantage this morning, but a report came that the enemy had abandoned their camp;—happily, for if we had advanced and been caught in this heavy rain after the fatigues and losses of yesterday, the troops would have suffered much.

"The Chief was pleased to say on the ground last night that my brigade had done its duty well . . . ."

The following extract is from a letter from one of Lord Gough's staff, who, writing this year to a friend, says:—

"I remember when Colonel Mountain received the order for his brigade to advance being much struck with his bearing and appearance. He was always well mounted, and was, as you know, an excellent horseman. His countenance lighted up with animation, and the gentlemanly, even graceful and self-possessed, manner in which he came forward, waved his sword, and ordered the brigade to advance, struck me very much. His

whole bearing betokened at that moment what in every sense of the word he was, a gentleman and brave soldier.

"As I was ordered away after this, I did not see anything more of his brigade until the close of the action, but the active share it took in it is well known."

The local newspapers, in publishing accounts of the battle of Chillianwalla, mention Colonel Mountain's share in the action with great praise. One of them says: —

"The 4th Brigade was sent against the centre of what was supposed to be the enemy's line, and advanced under their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, in the most undaunted manner, through the jungle, in the face of a fire (a storm), first of round shot, then grape, and lastly musketry, which mowed down the officers and men by dozens. Still they advanced; and, on reaching the guns, spiked every one in front, and two others on the left, which had subsequently opened a flank fire upon them."

Another paper says: —

"The 29th charged nobly like a wall, and took many guns, but how many have been actually secured is not known. Mountain, in the thickest of the most murderous fire the oldest officers ever saw, escaped unhurt by a miracle. What a gallant fellow he is!"

Lord Gough, in his despatch, says: —

"The right attack of Infantry, under that able officer

General Sir Walter Gilbert, was most praiseworthy and successful. The left Brigade, under Brigadier Mountain, advanced, under a heavy fire, upon the enemy's guns, in a manner that did credit to the Brigadier and his gallant brigade, which came first into action, and suffered severely. . .

"This division nobly maintained the character of the Indian army, taking and spiking the whole of the enemy's guns in their front, and dispersing the Sikhs wherever they were seen. . . . . I remained with Brigadier-General Campbell's division, which had been reinforced by Brigadier Mountain's brigade, until nearly 8 o'clock, in order to effect the bringing in of the captured ordnance and of the wounded. . . . Sir Walter Gilbert speaks warmly of the charge led by Brigadier Mountain against a large battery of the enemy, and followed up on his right by Brigadier Godby, and of the subsequent conduct of these officers."

The loss in Colonel Mountain's brigade was very heavy; the 4th Brigade went into action 2491 strong, and 840 were killed or wounded. Writing on the 18th, he says: —

"I went to see my wounded again last night. The sight of fine young fellows without legs or arms, or otherwise fearfully maimed, gave me a wretched feeling. It was I who led them on, who upbraided when they shrank, and cheered when they rushed on; but it would have been worse for them had I not so urged them, as, if

we had failed, we should have been cut to pieces. I had 800 killed or wounded. A man must have a heart of stone not to feel it. . . . .

"I told you how near my horse was losing his head by discharge of cannon within so short a distance that the wind of the shot, passing through the air, slapped him on the nose, and made him wheel round; but I did not observe at the time that he had another escape. My steel scabbard, which hung by his side, was struck by a shot, as I will show you, please God I live to return, and saved him. It would have been awkward for me if he had been shot, as my duty can never properly be done on foot, but in that jungle I should have been quite unable to exercise much control dismounted.

"In truth, both horse and rider had a merciful escape.

"19th.

"Poor Metge died of his wounds this morning. I had hoped he would live, for I saw him fall; and it pained me not to assist him; but we were under a tremendous fire, and all depended upon keeping up the charge. I could not have stopped for my brother. He was a fine young fellow, always foremost in any sport, as in the field. I saw him yesterday, and asked him if he saw me when he fell. He said yes. I told him how sorry I was not to assist him, kissed his forehead, and commended him to God. His body was doomed. I trust his soul may, through Christ, have been accepted."

The editor has endeavoured to avoid entering closely into the personal feelings of Colonel Moun-

tain; but the following extracts from his letters, written in the turmoil of a camp, whilst the army was awaiting the approach of the Moultan column, show so well the turn of his mind and his principles of action, that they are here given.

"I always get up by candlelight, and, when dressed, pray for you and myself, and all of ours, and then generally read till the day is clear enough to go out. The Psalms of the day and two or more chapters of the Bible form my reading. How highly poetical, beautiful, and encouraging are the Psalms of this day! The history of Jephthah and his daughter, and 1 Peter i., are also deeply interesting. I then went out, being brigadier of the day. . . . .

"Ulle Buksh, the Sikh commander of artillery, his two sons, and Ameer Khan, a commander of horse, came in yesterday. They are Mussulmans, and, feeling themselves suspected by the Sikhs, escaped from them. . . . .

"I quite go along with all you say as to poetry; — a judicious selection of poetry tends to elevate and purify the heart and mind. The sublime and beautiful are one. The same feeling which leads to the love of God tends to a perception of the beauties of His creation, of melody in sound as well as harmony in colouring, and of the works of art. I do not mean to say that the spirit of religion cannot exist without this perception, but I do mean to say that this perception is a gift of God, which, under due regulation, heightens, and warms, and purifies religious feeling. It is this perception that makes the

poet, the painter, the vivid historian, when with it God grants also the power of expression. To others, He gives the perception without that power; but all of these, all who feel, are one class of human beings; and *provided* their feelings be under Christian regulation and divested of self-conceit, they form the real aristocracy of nature. To use a poetic figure, some few bathe in the rill of Parnassus; but even those who are allowed to taste the stream so far as to receive the gift of perception, are favoured mortals. Alas! the gift is often perverted and lost amid the cares or pleasures and selfish indulgence of the world; but when it goes hand in hand with a humble Christian spirit, it brings man as near to perfection as a son of Adam can be, unless specially inspired. . . .

". . . We are all too self-indulgent. It is sadly to be regretted that the discipline of our Church is so relaxed, and the simplicity of the old times so gone by, that this discipline cannot be revived without giving the alarm about Popery. Outward ordinances are essential,—there is Scriptural authority for them; but, as human nature ever will fly into extremes, the Romans multiplied and abused them, and the reformers abolished many, that were not only harmless, but useful and right. . . . . There is Scriptural warrant for fasting, and it is a pity that the set seasons of our Church have fallen into disuse: but I also regret the non-observance of festivals; we should rejoice in the Lord; and though to persons in our class of life there is no need to feast, it was meet that we should give of our abundance at certain seasons to better the fare of those whose humble enjoyments are restricted

to the daily meal in the company of their immediate families.

"But after all to us the real difficulty lies in habitual control. There is little difficulty in an occasional fast; but to most men there is a great deal in not eating and drinking more than is good for them, in not using the world without abusing it. I feel the difficulty grievously myself, though in principle I see my way clearly. I do not love ascetic habits: I approve enjoyment, even conviviality. I do not approve of abstinence totally from wine, which God gave to gladden man's heart, or from any reasonable enjoyment or comfort of life; but I see that we should always enjoy with reference to the Giver, and that the point to stop at is that where we begin to lose sight of Him. . . . The criterion by which we may judge how far the pleasures of society are admissible, is their taking or not away from our peace and relish in prayer. The moment that our spirit is disturbed by them, so that it becomes an effort to pray, we may be sure that they are hurtful. To wear a kindly, cheerful, thankful heart, to enjoy with and for others, but to exercise constant self-possession and habitual self-control, and yet without cold caution or mechanical check, but in a benevolent Christian spirit, is very, very difficult; God intended it should be, and who shall say the imsmenity or reward that attends success! Few persons have been or are more deplorably deficient than I in the very things which I know and feel to be right. May God, for Jesus Christ's sake, forgive and help me!"

On the 21st of February the battle of Goojerat was

fought. The Sikhs had evacuated, a few days previously, their strong position at Russool, and had assembled in the rich country around Goojerat.

Lord Dalhousie, writing to Colonel Mountain at this time, says: —

"I should have thought they would have put the 53rd into your brigade. However, of whatsoever it may consist, I am very certain it will gallantly do its duty, and well if you lead it."

In writing of the battle to an old friend some time afterwards, Colonel Mountain says: —

"It was a glorious day. The sun shone bright, but not hot: the snowy range was distinct and in great beauty, the country rich and green as England, interspersed with occasional trees. I never saw such a sheet of luxuriant crops; I felt as if I were treading down gold from the time we came within eight or ten miles of Goojerat.

"When we paraded on the morning of the 21st February, General Gilbert rode up to me and said: 'You are to open the ball; the enemy hold a post in your front, with four battalions and six guns, and you are to knock them out of it.' Of course I was delighted; but the ruffians did not hold it; and the second post, which they did hold, about half a mile further on, was in front of Penny, and he got the order for that. I was thus cut out of any prominent duty, though I was with the right wing, which, in fact, won the battle. . . . You observed in your last letter, that no doubt the lesson given by the British

infantry at Chillianwalla was not lost upon the enemy. One of their Sirdars, who was in the battle of Goojerat, being asked why the Sikhs ran, replied, 'What could we do, after three hours' cannonade, supported by that tremendous wall of infantry?' When their artillery, which stood manfully, was knocked over, they had no mind to try again the taste of the white man's steel and musketry. . . . I had a few men knocked over, and my field battery lost a great many horses. I had one narrow escape myself. I had a light company out with my battery, and, as the officer was much more under fire than was necessary, and I could not make him hear and did not like to send any one, I went myself. A round shot struck the ground close to my horse's hoof. He started at the splutter of earth, so that I thought he was hit, but we were all safe. . . . Goojerat, in its results, the utter rout of an army of 60,000 men with 70 guns, the prostration of the Sikh nation, and the conquest of a noble kingdom, is certainly a great victory."

That Colonel Mountain felt a little disappointed at not having had a greater share in this battle, may be seen in this letter, and also from a letter written to him by a friend of high rank, who, in acknowledging the account of the action, says: —

"Bravo, my dear Mountain. I like that little grumble about *the infantry having so little to do*, and the big guns thrashing the Sikhs to their own tooth.

"I condole with you, my dear fellow, on not having lost a leg or an arm, or anything to gratify your tastes

for fire-eating! . . . . I thank God heartily . . . for keeping all of you in whom I am interested under the shadow of His shield."

It was decided on the evening of the 21st to send a force under Sir Walter Gilbert in pursuit of the Sikhs, and the Commander-in-Chief appointed Colonel Mountain to command the Bengal division of this force as Brigadier-General. His own letters again give the best account of his proceedings: —

"February 22. 1849.

"Last night at 12 I was awakened by orders to march this morning; at 7 I was on parade. General Gilbert rode up and said: 'I am going to Dingee with the Bombay and Bengal columns. You command the Bengalees as Brigadier-General: take the troops on, and I will follow.' So we have made a forced march here, go to the Jelum to-morrow, and on for Attok and Peshawur.

"23rd. Pooran on the Jelum.

"Fane joined me at night, and I gave him what I could get to eat; all night long it blew a toofan. I was on parade at 5;—quite dark, and such a dust-storm that, even after the usual hour of daylight, we could not see a couple of yards before us. In this dust we marched till towards noon, when it moderated . . . . we arrived at the mouth of the pass. We rode through the pass at a canter. It is rather picturesque. It was determined to bring the men on, with a view to secure boats, and

have the better chance of rescuing Mrs. Lawrence: before we got them through the dust-storm came on again; then thunder; then a hail-storm—such huge stones that they quite hurt me through my clothes; then pelting rain, with a cold wind. We got wet through; had then to stand for two hours while the encamping ground was being marked out, and then to wait for two hours more for our things. I was desperately cold. Kennedy got a touch of ague, and Fane said it was the roughest day's work he ever saw.

"This morning (24th) Sir Walter Gilbert sent for me, and said that, though unwilling to harass the men, it was most important to get to Jelum, or rather opposite Jelum, and that he would go on and leave me to bring the force; so I started. . . . . After we had marched about an hour, General Gilbert sent back for the 14th Dragoons and a troop of Horse Artillery. I gave over command of the column to Brigadier Penny, and started with the dragoons. The irregular cavalry had cut up some parties of the enemy that were trying to cross, but there were no more to be seen. We rode down to the river, and saw plenty on the other side; they were all as busy as bees. I rode along the shore a long way, and they never fired. We remained reconnoitring a long time, and at last they fired five or six cannon shot at us, but hit no one. We then came back to camp, which is pitched about a mile from the river. . . . . We have had hard work, and lost no time. We must halt to-morrow, for our men and cattle are tired, and, unless we get a chance to cross and attack, may remain a week or ten days for orders, stores, and artillery. We saw the fire

of the boats which the enemy burnt to-day; and this makes me think they will not stand, but fall back on Attok."

The following letter, though not written till March 12th, will best explain the severe mortification which it pleased God now to send upon Colonel Mountain.

"March 12th, 1849.

"We could not cross at Jelum, so we moved seven miles up to the Fords, which are in Goolab Sing's country, and the same that Alexander is supposed to have crossed. There are five streams, all deep and rapid. On the 27th I threw part of my division across the first stream. On the 28th I threw this part over two more, and the whole across the first, and rode down with a Risala of horse to Jelum, which the enemy had abandoned, leaving two mortars and a quantity of ammunition. On the 1st March, having slept on the great island, I went down at daylight, with my staff, to superintend the completion of the operation. After about four hours, we came back to breakfast, then called for our horses, to return to our duty. I was in the act of mounting mine, when a bearer ran up with my double-barrelled horse-pistol. I put it into the holster; one bang, and I was a helpless cripple. The ball went through the palm of my left hand, passed slanting through, and came out under the wrist joint, breaking a metacarpal bone.

"I was most anxious to go on, but the President of the Medical Committee, which sat on the 6th, said, 'If you go on, you will lose your hand, and the loss of your hand

in the hot weather may entail the loss of your life; and though you should choose to take the risk, there is no chance of your being fit for duty.' There was no use in saying more. General Campbell has taken my place, my envied place, and I am transferred to his division at Wuzcerabad. . . . . God has been pleased to lift me up and cast me down. His will be done! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

This accident was a bitter trial to a chivalrous soldier, at the moment when he had attained, unsought, a high command; and the mental conflict was great, before he could bring his mind to that entire submission to the will of God for which he earnestly strove, and to which he attained. The bodily pain was very acute: two bones were found to be broken, and the ball had lacerated fearfully the nerves and muscles of the hand. His account of the conflict in his mind, and the intense bodily suffering is most touching. In one letter he says: "It was almost more than I could endure, but I thought of the Redeemer's hand nailed to the cross, and tried to be patient. . . . ." His letters are full of self-reproach for his want of submission; but the testimony of those who were with him in those days of suffering is, that no word or sign of impatience ever escaped him; and his young aide-de-camp, writing about

him to a friend some years after, says: "I can never forget Mountain's sweetness and patience after that terrible accident."

He never recovered the use of his hand, though after a few months he ceased to suffer pain in it; but the loss of his left hand was a daily trial to a man whose great amusement was riding. It was a satisfaction, however, as he said to a friend, to feel that—

"The last shots fired this campaign were the six rounds fired at General Gilbert and me as we reconnoitred Sheer Sing's position on the other side the Jelum. . . . . I think that the surrender of 38 guns and 18,000 stand of arms to General Gilbert, and of all the Sirdars and remaining troops beyond the Jelum is a much more grand result, politically considered, of the battle of Goojerat, than a dozen more victories. Nothing could prove more triumphantly the utter prostration of the Sikh army and nation."

The mail of the 2nd of February from England brought intelligence of Colonel Mountain's appointment as Adjutant-General; and on this occasion Lord Dalhousie wrote to him as follows: —

"March 16th, 1849.

"My dear Mountain

"I wish you joy with all my heart of being Adjutant-General to Her Majesty's forces in India. . . .

"I know very well that I gain a loss by this; and I

know that you will feel I am sincere in saying so: but I rejoice unfeignedly in the testimony thus paid to your character as a soldier, and in the reward which has by anticipation been bestowed, to make up for your late disappointment.

"It opens up to you a most favourable professional career; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that your coming here with me has been, in all respects, advantageous to you. . . . .

"Once again I wish you joy, and am, now and always,

"Your sincere friend,

"DALHOUSIE."

The following letter from Sir Walter Gilbert is inserted, as it shows the confidence and esteem of that gallant general for Colonel Mountain.

"Lahore, 22nd May, 1849.

"My dear Mountain,

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 14th. . . . . Be assured I was by no means unmindful of one to whom I was so much indebted for his judicious and gallant leading of my left brigade at Chillianwalla, and again at Goojerat, and whose *every* act, whilst serving with me, had gained my *most unqualified* approbation. . . . . Next to yourself, no one regretted your absence so much as I did, inasmuch as it deprived me of the services of one I could place the most implicit confidence in under all circumstances; so none of your numerous acquaintances grieved more than myself for the accident which caused your absence.

"I thank you most heartily for your very kind congratulations on the success of my march to Peshawur: it is always agreeable to have one's acts favourably thought of, but especially so by those whose judgment we value: and from the estimation I had formed of your opinions, and the good understanding there always was between us, a friendship had sprung up, which I trust will long continue to exist.

"I shall be delighted to hear that your wound has entirely healed, and that you are recovering the use of your fingers.

"Believe me, my dear Mountain,

"Always most sincerely yours,

"W. R. GILBERT."

About the middle of April, Colonel Mountain joined his wife at Simla, and in the delightful climate of the hills the wound in his hand began to heal, and he regained his health and strength. Although suffering considerable pain, and having his hand still upon a splint, he assumed charge of his office of Adjutant-General on his arrival at Simla; and from that time he never was absent from his post, except on two occasions, when, after continued suffering from neuralgia, he took a few days' leave for change of air.

The house that had been taken for him was at the extreme end of Simla; so that, whilst too weak to mount his horse, he could be carried out upon the

wild hills, and, alone with his wife, enjoy the pure air and grand scenery. Writing at this time to a friend, he says:—

"I wish I could communicate the enjoyment of the mornings and evenings in our isolated abode. The mornings put me in mind of the best time of year at Naples; and at even I wish you could see the broad silver moon shedding a light almost as clear as day upon the khuds, save where they intervene so as to shade one another and produce irregular dark lines upon the illuminated sides of the larger khuds. Jacquot, our great mountain, is covered with wood, chiefly rhododendron; but the khuds are mostly bare and brown, and the exquisite green of young fir and larch, sprinkled here and there on the khud-side, contrast most strikingly. The native houses are chiefly nestled at the very bottom of the khuds, in some bosom or hollow, and generally have about them a few trees of beauteous foliage. What a privilege it is to be here, when on the plains, within fourteen hours' ride, the thermometer stands at 120° in the shade. . . .

"Two of my Hurkarers (messengers) are specially told off as the lady's attendants, and wear, as a distinction, silver breast-plates with my name, crest, and motto. This morn, as I was seeing a horse trotted out, one of these men held an umbrella over my head. The motto on his breastplate, "Cum cruce salus," caught my eye. I felt the wish that the words could be written within his heathen breast. But, humanly speaking, it is impossible—

to a person not thoroughly master of the language impossible, and even with such knowledge almost impossible—to convert an adult uneducated native: — with a certain degree of cleverness, they cannot understand reason, much less Gospel truth. Education must precede conversion, unless God see fit to interpose, except in the case of young children brought up in missionary schools. The hill people are a quiet, well-behaved race, and in some cases intelligent, but their temples are little huts of unhewn stone, piled without mortar, and roughly roofed with coarse slate. There is but one opening, that is the door, through which a man can only enter on his hands and knees; and, if you peep in, you may see upon a shelf at one end three or four bits of wood, rudely carved into a distorted imitation of the human form, much the sort of thing that a schoolboy would cut with his knife. A hill man will point out one of these, and gravely tell you it is the house of God! Is it not wonderful that, amid scenes so grand, even unassisted nature should not arrive at some better notion of the Creator?

"In the interior the temples are much larger, and roofed with wood after a fashion akin to the Chinese. There too the natives sell or kill their daughters, reserving only as many as will allow a wife to every four males, brothers or kinsfolk, to whom she and her children are common property.

"Talking of this horrid usage to Mr. Thomason, the Lieut.-Governor of Agra, I was surprised to hear from him that female infanticide is still very general in the plains. . . . . But the Mussulmen are not much more enlightened. Yesterday a servant who was with me

throughout the China war, and who found me out again on my return to India, came to me to ask for a dose of castor oil. A——, who was sitting by me, called for a glass and spoon, and was going to measure out a dose, when I suggested that a little water should be first put in the glass. She was going into her own room to get the water, when the man, who understands a little English, begged her not,—not because he was overpowered by her condescension, but because he could not touch water from her hand, though he was glad enough to take the medicine. Really, such miserable prejudice is provoking, though it should only excite pity : . . . . and yet, while we lament or ridicule such absurdities, we must admire the power of self-denial that these natives possess. My bearer thinks as much of a single pice as you do of a gold coin ; but, offer him the gold he covets, to touch an egg,—he will not do it. The Brahmin sepoy on board ship will rather die of starvation than eat bread or meat of our preparing. Not only that ; give him a little earth, and he will cook his food and eat, but he will not eat anything cooked upon boards ; he will only eat a little sugar or raw pulse if you do not give him earth. If it cannot be had, he sits down and dies, but he will not break his caste."

To Sir H. Verney, Bart.

"Simla, May 24th; 1840.

"We think here your panic, I mean the popular panic in regard to the Punjab war, very unreasonable, and we are very indignant at your calling Chillianwalla

'*disastrous;*' even we small-fry, who fought and won there under circumstances the most disadvantageous, are rather disgusted, that, instead of getting any credit, we only hear lamentations, and the absurd apprehension that the British would be driven back to Delhi.

"I presume that the utter defeat of the Sikh army, the prostration of the Sirdars, the disarming of the nation, and the annexation of the kingdom of the Punjab and the principality of Peshawur, which have become British provinces, and are as quiet as if they had been so for years — I presume that these events will have a little allayed the tremour of John Bull's nerves, and caused some reaction in favour of the gallant old Lord Gough.

". . . . Sir Charles Napier justly said that the line of the Indus was more defensible than that of the Sutlej. But the Indus is not our line, at least not our frontier; we go beyond the Indus; the Suliman range is our boundary. This range, of many miles in depth, and only to be crossed by difficult passes, is inhabited by various tribes, more hostile to the Affghans than to us. We do not, therefore, come into contact with these latter people. Peshawur is likely to become one of the brightest gems in the Indian wreath, and the tract of country between the mountains and the Indus is valuable, and the people well disposed. As a general rule, I admit that extension of territory is weakness, but our former boundary was a continued and greater source of weakness. The line of the Sutlej, with a Sikh population on both sides in constant easy communication, was a very bad one. I was one of those who

anxiously desired annexation, and I am now one of those who believe that our Indian Empire has been more consolidated by this act than by any former event in our annals. A great deal depends upon the new rule of the new kingdom; but Lord Dalhousie is generally admitted to have made a good selection, with a happy admixture of the civil and military services. The Sikhs and Jâts, though soldiers by birth, are also eminently agriculturists: if we do not interfere too much with their customs, and allow them a fair share of their produce, I think there is every prospect of their taking to the new government; while the Mussulmans, who compose the major part of the population, were never well affected to the Sikhs, and gladly accept the change. I look forward to the navigation of the Indus, to a great extension of internal commerce, and a new era for British India. I am well pleased to have had an humble share in the conquest of the Punjab, as well as in the opening of China, both events the importance of which lies in the womb of time, and will be, I think, more apparent some years hence than now.

"Peshawur is described by all our officers as a rich country, resembling England more than India in its productions, and in the more clothed, and comfortable, and industrious aspect of the people. Rawulpindee, the capital of our new Sind Sagur district, is said to be a delightful station, and we found all the country about Goojerat and Wuzeerabad, and along the Jelum richly cultivated; it is indeed a vast granary, and capable of extension to any amount, as the soil is good, and water lies everywhere near the surface; indeed, for miles and

miles before reaching Goojerat I felt as if treading on gold : the country was one sheet of luxuriant crops in every direction, interspersed with occasional trees. As I have some agricultural, as well as soldier-like propensities, I was quite unhappy at the unavoidable devastation committed by our army, followers, and cattle."

On the 21st June Colonel Mountain rose at his usual hour, and at breakfast remarked that he was really beginning to feel well and strong. He sat down to his work as usual; but, about twelve o'clock, feeling very unwell, he lay down upon a sofa. Soon after, his wife coming into the room, and being instantly aware that he was very ill, sent for a medical man, who, fortunately, came at once; and soon after the Commander-in-Chief's surgeon, who was on a visit to Colonel Mountain, came in. There was no doubt that he had been seized with cholera, and the progress of the disease was fearfully rapid. About two o'clock the doctors told his wife that he was in imminent danger; but it pleased God to spare his life, and by the middle of the night a favourable change took place. During these hours of suffering he never spoke, except once, when, opening his eyes, he saw his wife's face of anxiety, and, putting out his hand to her, he said, " The Will of God, my Annie."

The two doctors never left the house till all danger

was past; and to their skill and tender care, under God's blessing, his recovery was owing. In a few weeks he was apparently well, but he never regained the same good health he had previously enjoyed. His hurried journey from Calcutta to Ferozepore, then the anxieties and exposure during the campaign, the accident by which his hand was disabled, and now the severe attack of cholera, had told upon his constitution, already shaken by illness in China. He suffered increasingly from indigestion, in addition to the violent headaches to which he had been for many years subject, and his rest at night became very much broken; but he never complained. He was always cheerful, thankful for the many blessings he had, and winning the affection and esteem of all with whom he was thrown, by his consideration for the feelings of others and his unvarying courtesy and kindness.

When the Gazette containing the honours for the campaign reached Simla, disappointment was felt by very many, including those of highest rank in the country, that Colonel Mountain's name was not amongst those who received any mark of distinction. Here, again, the old system of routine was continued, and as Colonel Mountain had only commanded as Brigadier, and not as Brigadier-General, in the battles of Chillianwalla and Goojerat, and as the

awards to brigadiers were the rank of C. B. and Aide-de-camp to the Queen, both of which had been bestowed on him for former services, he was now left unnoticed. For, it must be remembered, that the appointment of Adjutant-General was conferred upon him from home before the news of any general action had been received.

Some friends in England, feeling that the omission of his name in the Gazette might be misunderstood, brought forward the subject in the House of Commons, when, in answer to a question from Sir H. Verney, Mr. Fox Maule explained the reason why the name of Colonel Mountain had not appeared in the Gazette, amongst the list of officers who had received honours on account of their conduct in the Indian war. "It had been determined," he said, "that the honour of the second class of the Bath should be given to those officers who commanded divisions in the action at Goojerat, and Colonel Mountain did not come within that category. Colonel Mountain was in the action, but commanded only a brigade, and for that was entitled to the honour of the third class of the Bath, and also of being appointed Aide-de-camp to the Queen. It happened, however, that Colonel Mountain had already gained both those honours by his gallantry in another field, and, therefore, they could not now be conferred upon

him. It must not be supposed that the gallantry and skill of that distinguished officer were not adequately appreciated, both by the Government and the military authorities. So far, indeed, was that from being the case, that, on the recommendation of the Governor-General backed by the Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Mountain had received the offer of the highest military appointment in India, that of Adjutant-General to the Indian army."

To Sir H. Verney, Bart.

"Simla, August 29th, 1849.

"I was equally surprised and gratified at hearing, by 7th of July mail, the very kind and active interest which you have taken in my reputation. Looking to time and distance, no person can suppose that I was a mover in the matter, and what passed therefore in the House between you and Fox Maule can only be gratifying to me and my friends. I did not expect the K. C. B., as I foresaw the rule that would probably be laid down, and felt that the very unfortunate shot which cut short my career as Brigadier-General would also cut short my chance. . . . .

"I get on well with the new Chief, and am glad to serve under so first-rate a soldier and a man of such originality of mind. He will do good. . . . . His object is all right. He works hard, and writes a great deal; but I see that age so far begins to tell on him that he does not write quickly. You know he is very

bitter where he has established a raw, but otherwise I think him both just and considerate. . . . .

"All appears quiet in the Punjab. You see Lord Dalhousie has sanctioned an expenditure of five lacs per annum in canals and for purposes of irrigation. Under God's blessing, if only tolerably managed, the country will soon yield an enormous revenue: in the cultivated parts nothing can exceed the fertility of the soil, and in the uncultivated parts all that is wanting is water and labour. It is by nature one garden, was so in the days of Alexander, and may be so again. Indo-Greek coins are found all over the country, and the ruins of old-time cities are discernible at frequent intervals, from the pieces of clay and pottery intermingled with the soil for miles in extent."

In the winter of 1849-50, Colonel Mountain accompanied Sir Charles Napier, then Commander-in-Chief, on the march to Peshawur, and returned to Simla in April. He entered warmly into Sir Charles Napier's plans for improving the barracks in India and promoting the discipline of the army, whilst he endeavoured, by encouraging amusements, in themselves harmless, to keep young men from seeking excitement in vicious habits.

The work of his office was often very heavy, and the constant interruption to which he was subject, by officers coming to him on their own affairs, was very

trying; but no arguments could persuade him to give up what he considered to be a means of usefulness. When remonstrated with, and urged to keep some hours of each day free from the disturbance of visitors, he always said, "How can I? They come to me for advice, or to tell me their difficulties. If turned away, perhaps they do not come again, and I lose an opportunity of soothing down disagreements or giving a man a caution which may prove of value to him hereafter." Sometimes, when he was giving his whole mind to the consideration of some question affecting the welfare of hundreds, an officer would call and keep him for half an hour discussing his own affairs. But though his naturally impatient temper inwardly chafed at the interruption, he would quietly put aside his papers, and, turning to the new-comer with his gentle smile, would enter into his difficulties as if he had no other cares.

In November, 1850, after bidding a cordial adieu to Sir Charles Napier at Ferozepore, the head-quarter staff marched to Agra, to await the arrival of Sir William Gomm; and the three weeks spent in that most interesting of Indian towns was a time of relaxation and enjoyment. Writing to his sister at this time, he says:—

"Here again, after sixteen years of wanderings, the tide of life has brought me. . . . Our visits to Secundra (the tomb of Akhber), to the Taj Mahal, and the Fort, have been most enjoyable. So far from being disappointed, I have found my recollections surpassed, visions of Oriental scenes realised: indeed, no imagination, after reading the Arabian Nights or Tales of the Alhambra, could in its dreams exceed the splendours of the Moghul creations which we have here before us, neglected and known only to a few.

"A—— says of the Taj, she wishes it were a church: it is a natural feeling: there is a certain degree of solemnity attaching to the sight of whatever is at once chaste, and beautiful, and grand, that elevates the mind; and all that elevates the mind, if such mind be right, leads it to its Creator. But the memory of the great dead, even heathen, is hallowed, and we may therefore, to a certain extent, indulge the feeling of reverence which the structure inspires. It is said to have cost five millions sterling,—an enormous sum for the tomb of one woman. The days are gone by when such vast sums were spent on such purposes. . . . The Mussulmans, however, combined thought for the living with their honour to the dead; all their mausoleums have a delightful garden, and generally with a mosque, or serai, or both, attached. The serai is a receptacle for travellers, generally fortified, an enclosure where they and their cattle could rest securely for the night.

"I was saying to A —— the other day that I think our own aptness to want what we have not and to overlook what we have cheats us of many an enjoyment which

God puts in our way. The stayer at home has his imagination inflamed with the high-flown account that we travellers give of our wanderings, and pines for something more exciting than the every-day scene around him; we, whose lives are spent in wandering, long for the sweet domestic picture of earlier years. . . . It is natural; —nay, to a certain extent, it would argue a cold nature to be insensible to such longings; but it is wise to check the rising wish, and fix the mind upon the enjoyments within reach. . . . . It is a great blessing to have a home of one's own, and, being in India, to have that home at Simla. . . . . And now it is a crowning blessing to have your letter of January 7. It is but natural that you should mourn for ——, but time should by this time have brought its soothing and peace; . . . . and though A—— and F—— should ever retain a tender recollection of their sister, and an abiding desire to be reunited to her hereafter, it is not desirable for them that this event should shed a permanent gloom upon your house. Outward mourning is mere matter of ceremony, and should neither exceed nor fall short of custom. Inward mourning should never be carried to excess, as it then assumes the character of repining. . . . . I am of Walter Scott's mind, that it is a morbid state of feeling which forbids the mention of the dead, and that after a time there should be nothing to cast a gloom upon our circle in any allusion to the dear departed. . . ."

During the summer of 1852 Colonel Mountain's health began to fail; he suffered terribly from neuralgia, scarcely ever passing a night without being

obliged, from acute pain, to rise and sit up for some hours. He also began to spit blood in small quantities; at last, after many weeks of great suffering, he determined to try change of air, and derived great benefit from ten days spent at Mahassoo. His wife at this time urged his return to England, but the medical men gave it as their opinion that the climate of Simla and of the plains in the cold weather was not injurious to him; though they considered his close application to office work as very bad for his complaint. His own wish to remain at his post till he became a general officer was very strong. When it was urged that his health suffered from his anxiety to do the utmost for the welfare of every one, he used to say, "Well, Der Krug geht an die Brücke bis er bricht—I had rather wear out than rust out."

To Sir Harry Verney.

"Simla, October 3. 1851.

"I was very sorry not to see your name, as I expected, as one of the Indian Committee of the old House, and am still more sorry not to see it in the lists of the new House. How does this happen? But you will still take an interest in India, so I write in haste to say that the troops have moved from Rangoon. The plan is to take Prome and annex Pegu. If the white elephant be discreet enough to be content with getting out of the scrape by loss of a province, matters will end there; if

he still resist, the troops will go on to Ava. I wanted very much to command in the field, but Sir William would not spare me, and Lord Dalhousie said I had no right to it as Adjutant-General. So I must be content, but I am tired of this desk work. However, I have no idea of giving it up yet. I have been very unwell this summer, but am much better again. Just now I am hugely busy: there is more than usual work, many questions of importance to attend to, and Sir William is away on a tour to Chini in Kunawar. . . . .

"I want to know your views of the present ministry, and of the state of religion in England. I do not know that I am more conservative than you are at bottom, but I think that I feel more danger than you do, from what I call a false liberalism; and I have a horror of the Manchester clique, who for pelf would soon lead our country the road that Tyre and Sidon, Carthage and Venice, went before her. When England forgets her mission, thinks only of money and shopkeeping, and admits Jews to her council, I think we may fear that God will desert her.

"We have some excellent men among the clergy in India, and I should say that a great deal is doing, both to improve the natives and to promote good conduct amongst ourselves. Some of the Roman Catholic priests whom the Government pays (the Irish) are downright rebels, and do their utmost to foment discontent amongst our Romanist troops: but their success is small, for our discipline is triumphant, and our system such, that upon the whole the men are attached to their officers. The conduct of the troops is very good, and punishment

decreased. We have much to do yet, however, in obtaining better barrack accommodation and providing more means of recreation and employment. I do what I can, and hope that I am of some little use in my generation; but there are difficulties in my position which I have not now time to explain."

The following extract from a letter, also to Sir H. Verney, written in 1848, bears upon the same subject, and expresses Colonel Mountain's strong feeling that the safety of his country depended on her religious character.

"You may believe that we are anxious for further news from Europe. Happy are we that our own dear country is hitherto safe from internal tumult; and so long as she remains true to her God we may hope that she will so continue. You may possibly smile at my notion, but I imagine that England is saved for her righteous' sake, and that France is suffering because her people are the most immoral and irreligious in Europe. But this should not make us proud, but humble: if we falter,—if, in false liberality, we are ashamed of our Saviour, and do not carry our Christian principles into our public Councils, then the sun of England will set in its turn."

When the Church Missionary Society proposed in 1850 to establish a mission in the Punjab, as "a thank-offering for the success of the campaign,"

Colonel Mountain took a keen interest in its success, subscribing liberally himself and influencing others to do the same. He subscribed to most of the Church Societies for the extension of the Gospel. Although fully aware how little fruit had hitherto been granted to the labours of missionaries, he considered it a positive duty to bear his share in endeavouring to spread the religion of Christ, and that our wonderful power in India had been given to England for that purpose. Nor was his aid restricted to money. Kind words and letters cheered the hearts and strengthened the hands of English and American missionaries, who were earnestly working in a field where there was much discouragement and no hope of reward in this world.

To Sir H. Verney.

"Head-quarters, Camp' Goojerat, February 6. 1852.

"... I can well understand the reluctance with which you gave up the winter at home.* I look upon absenteeism, without sufficient cause, as a crime. The strength of our country is our God; but I believe His best servants are to be found amongst the country gentlemen and rural population; and I conceive that no man has a more important or more arduous duty to fulfil than the country gentleman, who may influence for good or ill, both politically, morally, and devotionally, his tenants, peasantry, and

* In consequence of domestic anxiety.

neighbours. Though I love soldiers, and do not take a Cobden and Bright view of my profession, I should have chosen a country life had I possessed land. My people, on father's and mother's side, up to my father's time lived on their own land, and all my early impressions are in accordance with yours.

"I am jealous, I confess, of any departure from old English principle and feeling, or any introduction of continental usages. I did not look without some apprehension to the great influx of foreigners to the Great Exhibition, and I rejoice that the results have been so satisfactory. . . .

"Matters at the Cape seem to be passing from bad to worse. There is no greater mistake than leniency to savages, for leniency sake even. When you have the upper hand, and your motive cannot be mistaken, be as lenient as you please, but you must first assert the mastery with an unrelenting hand. Your Cobden and Bright gentry, who mouth about humanity and sell arms and ammunition to strangers for the destruction of their own countrymen, ought to be hanged in my opinion, together with every Kaffir found within certain limits.

"Here there has been and is some disturbance to the north-west, but there is no prospect of a big row. The hill tribes are very much in the same state that our border clans were 300 years ago. They love a foray, think little of human life, consider the best cattle-lifter the finest fellow, and despise the peaceful agriculturist, and yet more the industrious mechanic. But they can do no more than steal a few horses and camels, and here and there cut up a party caught off its guard. An entire

change in the manners and feelings of a people is a work of time : we must have patience. Affairs in Burmah look ugly. It has been found necessary to reinforce Moulmein with Europeans, lest the Burmese should take advantage of its weak state and attack it ; but Lord Dalhousie will not in any event send a force to Ava until after next rains, and will probably find means to settle matters without coming to further blows.

"We must not, however, neglect our position with the court of Ava. Rangoon is daily acquiring consequence as a commercial port, and it would not be convenient if either France or America were to step in and take possession. To hold our own in India, without further absorption of native powers, is the great difficulty: but, send to India as her rulers able and upright men, unfettered by European politics, and let England be true to her great mission in the East, and I should say interfere as little as possible. John Company, whatever may be his faults, is infinitely better than Downing Street. If India were made over to the Colonial Office, I should not think it worth three years' purchase."

To the same.

"Buttala, March 6. 1852.

"I wrote to you on the 6th of last month, and hope that letter, although by no means so full and satisfactory an answer as you may have expected, will have absolved me in your eyes from the charge of neglect. . . .

"The troubles on the Peshawur frontier have subsided, since we came away, but the torch is lighted at

the other extreme end. The army is ordered to assemble, and though we have not yet got the news of its embarkation, I fancy that there is little doubt of its being wanted. The Governor-General wishes to strike the blow before the rains. General Godwin is to command, and has been sent to Calcutta for the purpose. One brigade, beside a considerable force of Artillery, go from Bengal, and the rest of the troops from Madras. The plan is to take Rangoon and Martaban at once, and, if that will not do, to proceed up the Irrawaddy after the rains. The cause of quarrel is the commercial exactions and oppression of the Governor of Rangoon. . . .

"The plan of a staff corps has been often suggested, but as often rejected. The chief difficulty is, that if the officers did not give satisfaction, you could not remand them to regiments; and on return from furlough, or sick certificate, they would have to be employed upon the staff, whether capable or not, and to lie idle, waiting for vacancies.

"The present state of things, in Bengal particularly, needs revision. An officer, perhaps after eighteen years' service in the commissariat or other civil department, on promotion, or on return from sick furlough, falls back upon his regiment as major, and commands it. All the captains, but one, are either on furlough in Europe or on detached employ, so are most of the senior subalterns, of whom perhaps the adjutant and quartermaster, and three or four young ensigns only, are with the regiment. The commanding officer knows nothing of regimental duty, or of teaching the young officers their work,—is either harsh, or lax and careless; and the boys run wild. This

is not at all an extreme, but a very common case, and it is only wonderful that the service gets on as well as it does. It is impossible that the Sepoys can feel attachment to commanders who have not seen their regiments for fifteen or twenty years—or to boys, who have their duty to learn.

"The recent regulations requiring officers to pass in the language, are working well; and, as matters stand, it would be perhaps undesirable to restrict the choice of Government, or to deprive the military service of the share of political and military employments which of late years have been opened to it: the remedies might be to increase the number of officers proportionally to the increase in the number of detached employments, and to make a certain and reasonable term of regimental duty a necessary condition to regimental command. But the Company's service is a great lottery. Many men get on by merit, where opportunity has favoured them and brought them into notice; the majority, however, are selected in the first instance by interest. From the moment that a youngster is posted to a regiment, particularly an infantry regiment, his first object is to get away from it. Can you blame him? His regimental rank goes on the same, whether he see his corps for twenty years or not. In a local corps, particularly of irregular cavalry, his pay is better, his situation more independent, and his promotion progressive in that corps as well as in his own. In the commissariat or other staff departments, the same remark holds good in greater force; but if he gets into the civil or political line, before he becomes a captain, he is probably in receipt of better allowances, and a far

greater and more independent personage than the lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment to which our political belongs.

"These things cannot tend to keep up a soldier-like spirit, still less 'esprit de corps,' but they are difficult to alter; and under what human government can a system of selection by merit only be carried out? It is very certain that, amid many anomalies and many abuses, talent is often elicited early, and that the Company has many active and enterprising officers. The commissariat department and the department of public works I hold to be great abuses. . . . ."

To the Same.

"Simla, May 25. 1852.

". . . I see that a Committee of the House has been appointed, and that Lord Ellenborough has suggested a string of changes, some of which are good, but others more fundamental than are likely to be adopted, or than are desirable; for, take them for all in all, the Directors have done their work well, and the less India is mixed up with party politics at home the better; and its being so mixed would be the unavoidable consequence of giving the ministry a larger share than they have at present in the management of the country. . . . .

"I am anxious to hear whether you are on the India Committee. I do not think there is much difference in our views, for, though I am a staunch conservative, I am a friend to improvement and an enemy to abuses. I confess I hope that Lord Derby may hold his own. I do not understand the question of Protection fully, but free

trade all on one side seems to me a doubtful advantage: the agricultural population is the sinews of the country, and I doubt whether, under the existing preponderance of what is called the manufacturing interests, the real good of the manufacturing population is so much considered as the individual advantage of the fat leaders of the Manchester party. What we want is a strong Government. . . . .

"I do not know that I have anything to add to what I have already said in my letters dated the 6th February and the 6th March, though I feel that I must have disappointed you; the truth is that my life is spent so much amongst professional details, and my time so much occupied in office routine, that I cannot collect information on subjects that would otherwise have much interest for me, and I feel diffident of giving you my own opinions and impressions without giving the data on which they are founded. My situation is in some respects mortifying: there is here an inherent jealousy of the Queen's service, and especially against the Queen's staff. I am obliged to work through others, not being allowed to correspond direct with the secretary to Government, except in respect to pecuniary or other claims of individuals; but, by not standing upon dignity, and working through others, I have been instrumental more or less in obtaining from the Government several reforms and not unimportant boons for the soldier; and I have been working hard for a long time past at the establishment of military prisons and barrack cells on a proper plan, which are much wanted. . . ."

In the summer of 1853 a young lady, whose husband had unexpectedly been ordered to a station in the plains, and whose delicate health made a journey in the hot weather unadvisable, came to spend some months with Colonel and Mrs. Mountain. They became much attached to her; and when she returned to her own house in September Colonel Mountain often said that he missed his sweet, gentle daughter, as he always called her. Ten days after her confinement, this lady became alarmingly ill, and Mrs. Mountain was summoned to nurse her. During the succeeding nine days which elapsed before her death, Colonel Mountain passed all his spare moments in her house, spending the nights in a room adjoining her bedroom, that he might be at hand to save his wife from unnecessary fatigue, and be ready to procure anything that might be required, only lying down towards morning to get a few hours' sleep, and being at his work at the usual hours.

When her gentle spirit passed from this world, he felt the loss very keenly, and not the less so from the fact that, about the same time, letters from England told of the deaths of several dear friends, one of them his young Brigade-Major, M'Donnell, who had been his constant companion during the campaign, and to whom he was sincerely attached. As he wandered

with his wife in the beautiful mountain paths near Simla, his conversation turned frequently on the nearness of the unseen world, and the blessedness of the change to those who die in the Lord.

His health this year had decidedly improved, and when the Commander-in-Chief moved into camp in the beginning of November he looked forward with pleasure to the change of scene and comparative freedom from society which the life in camp afforded.

But he was not well. Instead of gaining health, as he had previously done on the march, his ailments increased. This was partly owing to the weather, which was unhealthy, partly, no doubt, to his having increased labour in his office. Soon after moving into camp, his assistant Lieut.-Col. ——, was attacked by low fever, and, being unable to do any duty, left the camp, and did not return till January. This necessarily increased Colonel Mountain's work; and he was urged by his friends to have a temporary assistant, but, as had often been the case before, his kind consideration for others led him rather to overtask himself than to let them suffer. His reply was: "No, no; L —— has been put to great expense this year, and if I put any one in his place that person must draw half his allowances, and it would be hard upon him. I will get on as well as I can."

His nights now became very much disturbed, and he began to long to go home; and, alone with his wife, would constantly speak of the chance of a Brevet, of which there were rumours, and which, by giving him the rank of a Major-General, would enable him to return to England. He always said it would be distasteful to him to return as a Colonel, and with nothing to do, and to feel that he had given up a post of extended usefulness. The Brevet was not given that year, and the rest for which he longed was to be granted in a heavenly home.

On the 24th of January, 1854, the camp left Cawnpore. The weather was unusually hot for the time of year, and the heat of the day, under canvas, was very oppressive.

Some very harassing questions were under consideration, and Colonel Mountain came to his wife one day, and said: "You must keep the servants out of my tent for me, for these things weigh upon my mind, and when I am continually interrupted the irritation it causes is too great." Earlier than usual that week he closed his office, saying he must go out and breathe fresher air; but excepting this there was no sign of impending illness. On the 29th he complained of feeling very ill, and lay down on the sofa; and from that time he never rose, except for the two

days on which the camp marched, and he travelled reclining in a carriage.

On Thursday the camp reached Futtyghur, and a house belonging to the Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, was set apart for Colonel Mountain's use. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown by the whole head-quarter staff, and by Dr. and Mrs. Login. The Maharajah sent horses to enable him to make the march more easily, and begged that anything required might be sent for to his house; whilst Lady —— passed each day in the house, watching over the invalid, and ready to prevent his wife from being called away from his side, or to send for anything that was wanted.

On Thursday he first spoke of the probability of his death; but though his strength rapidly gave way under the violence of fever, he constantly rallied, and his friends' hopes revived. One day when he seemed very ill, his wife was repeating some texts and Psalms to him, and whenever she stopped he patted her arm and signed to her to go on.

The soreness of his lips caused by the fever made articulation difficult, and it was not easy to make out what he said; but the calmness and gentleness with which he would repeat any particular expression, till it was understood, were very touching.

He suffered very much from lying constantly on

his back, and still more from the pain of extreme exhaustion; but no expression of impatience passed his lips,— so that all those who were with him were struck by his peaceful smile, and the gentle way in which he thanked them for any little service.

Throughout his illness he was perfectly composed, perfectly resigned to whatever might be God's will for him; but he sometimes expressed a hope that this might be death. His hands were constantly raised and clasped, as if in prayer, but he spoke little. There was one remarkable proof of the strength of his faith. He was of an unusually anxious mind, and on any occasions when he had been obliged to leave his wife, he had almost fretted at the impossibility of shielding her from every trouble or annoyance; but now, though he was fully aware that he was about to leave her alone, and far from all her friends, his trust never failed that the God who called him would protect her. When told on Sunday the 5th that his life could not be prolonged many days, he turned to his wife with a smile, saying, "Say the Lord's Prayer, my love, and then leave me; I have more to do than I thought for." He sent for a friend, and with perfect calmness gave directions about his property; and having wished this friend good-bye, and begged him

to take care of his wife, he said, "Now my work is done."

On Monday, as a lady whose devoted kindness can never be forgotten by the editor was sitting beside Colonel Mountain's bed, she said, "I have read of a death-bed like this, but I never thought I should witness such a scene of calm resignation and peace."

On Monday and Tuesday his weakness was very great, but on the evening of the latter day he spoke more than he had previously done. He asked for a glass of water, and after having drank it he sat up in bed and said, "Thank God, thank God! What am I, to be so blest — I who am unworthy? I am dying. I have made one step on Jacob's ladder. Peace with God through our Redeemer." During that night he spoke frequently, bidding his wife follow him; and when she repeated texts of Scripture, he said, "Speak to me more words of inexpressible comfort."

His last words were: "Peace — mercy — salvation, through Christ Jesus." He then turned upon his bed, and clasping his hands, lay for some time without moving. After a while he turned to his wife, showed that he recognised her, and, without a groan, his pure spirit passed from earth to Heaven. His work was done; — the tender loving heart, the noble chivalrous spirit had been purified by the religion of Christ, and

his sensitively anxious mind had learnt to trust all things unreservedly in the hands of God.

In health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, he had adorned the Gospel of God his Saviour, and when the summons came he was found watching; and surely we may believe that his faithful spirit passed from serving God on earth to the "General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn who are written in Heaven;" and we may say with the Psalmist, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

CONCLUSION.

When it became known in the camp that hope was past,—that the kind friend who had ever been ready to share the joys or sorrows of others would no more be seen on earth,—that he who had been foremost in the field of battle, zealous in professional duty, kind and forbearing in social life, who had always promoted kindly feeling and cheerful intercourse, whilst, by his consistent conduct and example, he had set forth the beauty of holiness, had indeed passed from this world, —the mourning was sincere and universal.

The Commander-in-Chief had halted the camp from its arrival at Futtyghur; and although the approaching hot weather made every one desirous to reach the hills, all had agreed that they could not desert their friend: and now they vied with each other in showing respect and love for his memory, and by kindness and considerate attention to Mrs. Mountain proving their sympathy for her loss and their esteem for the departed.

Nor was it only amongst immediate friends that this feeling was evinced. Letters from all parts of India, expressive of deep sympathy with her and admiration of her husband, were sent to Mrs. Mountain; and at every place where she stopped on her journey to Calcutta arrangements were made for her comfort, sometimes by those to whom she was personally unknown, which were doubly gratifying, as showing the estimation felt for her husband's character.

Some extracts from letters addressed to friends are here given, as well as from a few written to Mrs. Mountain.

"My dear G——,

"Although you had prepared me for the worst, you will understand the feelings with which I read the loss of our dear departed friend. As he lived, so he died, a thoroughly good man. During the fourteen years since our first acquaintance ripened into the friendship which death has severed, I have known him in sorrow and in sickness, in the hour of mirth and in the hour of battle. I therefore think I knew him well. He was indeed 'sans peur et sans reproche.' Many able pens can record the loss that the country has sustained in the departure of one of her noblest sons. The privilege in him to lament a respected, a dear friend, is yours, as it is my own."

His last letter, which terminates a long correspondence, commences in these words: —

"Many happy New Years to you, my dear C——: all good luck, and above all a mind at peace with itself and with its Maker and Redeemer. . . . . Let us hope that we may obtain grace to meet him hereafter."

"Of my affectionate regard for him I need not speak... I have for years felt it no small privilege to possess the warm friendship of such a man. His loss is most serious, not only to deeply sorrowing friends, but in a public point of view; for his place will not ever be adequately supplied."

"He was one of the few ornaments of India, adorning the Gospel of God his Saviour in all things; and all men bore testimony to his steadfast Christian walk and conversation."

Lord Dalhousie, in writing to Mrs. Mountain, says: —

"You will receive as no empty words my testimony, that a truer heart, a nobler spirit, a mind more refined or more trustworthy, never lived on earth, or passed from earth to Heaven."

The following General Order was published by Sir William Gomm: —

"Head-quarters' Camp, Futtyghur, February 8. 1854.

"*General Orders:* —

"The army will learn with grief corresponding to

that with which the Commander-in-Chief announces to it, the death of the distinguished Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's Forces in India, Colonel A. S. H. Mountain, C. B.

"The melancholy event took place in the cantonment this morning.

"Her Majesty's service has sustained a great loss.

"Doubtless the important duties of the department over which Colonel Mountain has presided through a course of five years have been discharged with equal punctuality by various predecessors, and with equal regard for the discipline and honour of the army,—but rarely, if ever, exhibiting that intimate blending of urbanity of demeanour and considerate feeling with unflinching steadiness of purpose and impartiality unswerving in the performance of those not unfrequently onerous and painful duties,—never with a warmer zeal for the welfare of both officer and soldier, and for upholding the fair name of Her Majesty's service at large.

"The Commander-in-Chief has no need to record for information in India, or of Her Majesty's service generally, that the able official adviser and friend, whose loss he is deploring, served as head of the same department throughout the Chinese war of 1840-2, and held command of a brigade throughout that of the Punjab in 1848-9, was with the force under Sir Walter Gilbert in command of a division, and uniformly acquitted himself in each of those important trusts with the sound judgment and soldier-like ardour which never failed to animate him whenever the opportunity offered.

"In all the social relations of life, Colonel Mountain

made himself extensively beloved and universally respected and esteemed, and Sir William Gomm feels well assured that his departure will be sincerely and deeply regretted by numbers of all classes and orders of society in India, as well as at home.

(Signed) "W. M. Gomm,
"General.
"Commander-in-Chief, East Indies."

The following extract is also from the pen of the Commander-in-Chief, in a letter to a friend: —

"We discharged the last pious offices over his remains and paid the last honours, as best we could, to his cherished memory yesterday afternoon.

"His earthly resting-place is a well chosen site of the ancient cemetery within the Fort of Futtyghur. . . .

"A ponderous gun-carriage obtained from the arsenal furnished the bier over the greater portion of the transit; but the clerks of his own office and of the other departments of head-quarters were his sorrowing bearers from the house door to the park gates, and again from the entrance of the fort to the foot of the grave.

"The union flag hanging half-mast high in front of the Commander-in-Chief's tent from sunrise to midday, was lowered untimely, only to become his pall.

"The heavy guns were absent at Cawnpore for exercise, but the bands of the 2nd Grenadiers and 28th Regiment sounded Handel's great lament, alternately, during the solemn progress, followed by the whole

military strength of head-quarters and of the station in military procession.

"His favourite horse, ridden throughout the Punjab campaign, attended the bier, caparisoned, but riderless.

"The population of the large city of Furuckabad, three miles distant, flowed in upon the scene of such intense interest in vast numbers, densely mingling with that of the cantonment of Futtyghur — all earnest and dejected lookers-on, all preserving a rapt silence throughout the march.

"The sacred rite was performed by the Rev. J. Kellner, Minister of Mynpoorie, whose holy offices beside the sick couch had been invoked some days previously.

"The young Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, stood beside the grave, sharing in the solemnity with all present, and manifestly bearing his share in the general feeling.

"The three full volleys of musquetry pealed a last farewell in arms.

"Thus the devoted and high spirited soldier, the warm and true friend of very many, the cordial well-wisher of all that breathe,—the Christian soldier above all, in the most exalted sense of the expression,—was borne to his earth."

The Commander-in-Chief and the officers of the head-quarters' staff, asked Mrs. Mountain's permission to place a tomb over his grave. This request could not be refused, and a solid and handsome stone monument was erected by them in the cemetery of Futtyghur, with the following inscription: —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF COLONEL ARMINE SIMCOE HENRY MOUNTAIN,

COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

AND AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA:

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT FUTTYGHUR, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1854,

IN THE 58TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THE DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER,

THE CONSPICUOUS MAN OF WORTH,

THE FERVENT AND CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN,

EXEMPLARY IN ALL THE RELATIONS OF LIFE;

THESE WERE THE CLAIMS OF THE DEPARTED TO UNIVERSAL REGARD AND ESTEEM:

BUT CHIEFLY UPON HIS BROTHER OFFICERS

OF THE HEAD-QUARTERS' STAFF,

WHO WITH THEIR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

HAVE UNITEDLY ERECTED THIS MONUMENT

IN TOKEN OF THEIR ENDURING RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

A brass memorial tablet was sent to Simla by Mrs. Mountain, to the church from which her husband had never been unnecessarily absent during his residence in that place, and in the completion of which he had borne a considerable share. And a window, to his memory and that of a soldier nephew, was placed in a new church in Quebec, towards the building of which he had given his aid.

In 1855, Sir Harry Verney wrote to Mrs Mountain, acknowledging some particulars of her husband's illness, which she had sent to him; and though it was written without any idea of publication, some portions of the letter are now, with his permission, inserted.

"Claydon House, November, 1855.

". . . . I need not say how old a friend he was, and how valuable. It was, I think, in June, 1819, that I first knew him; and during these many years my intercourse with him was very delightful to me and very profitable. He always took such a kindly and generous interest in all that was good and elevated, he was so ready to take any trouble in order to advance anything that was to be beneficial, that I always felt I could turn to him with a certainty of friendly and most valuable aid if I ever consulted him on such matters; while his discernment was so correct and his judgment so good that his opinion was a very precious one.

" When I heard that it had pleased God to take him, I felt the great loss that I had sustained. My thoughts at the time were almost entirely engrossed by the war on which we were entering; and the loss which the country sustained in a soldier so likely to retrieve our character, and so sure to obtain the confidence and love of our men, seemed quite to overshadow my own private and personal grief. . . ."

Before concluding this memoir, it was considered due to the commanders under whom Colonel Mountain last served to inform them of the proposed publication, and Lord Gough, in answer to the editor's letter, says: —

"It gives me great pleasure to have an opportunity of stating the high estimation I entertained both of the valuable services as a soldier, and the worth as a private individual, of my lamented friend the late Colonel Mountain.

"Before my assuming the chief command in China he was at the head of the Adjutant-General's department of the expeditionary force. This responsible position he held throughout the whole of the subsequent operations, upon each and any of which I felt it but a duty to express warmly my opinion of the gallantry, zeal, and ability which he displayed.

"Upon the breaking out of the Punjab campaign, he joined the army then assembling, and I appointed him to command a brigade. His brilliant services at Chillianwalla and Goojerat enabled me to appoint him to the command of a division, when the severe accident that befel him at the Jelum deprived the army of his valuable services in the field. I had previously had the pleasing duty of recommending him for the high appointment of Adjutant-General to Her Majesty's Forces in India, which was confirmed.

"I must add that I never met a more chivalrous soldier

or a more highly principled man during the whole period of a long public life.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"GOUGH,

"General.

"Late Commander-in-Chief in India."

Sir William Gomm says:—

"My dear Mrs. Mountain,

"You desire to be furnished with some notes expressive of the regard in which I held one cherished in your memory and in the affectionate remembrance of those who enjoyed the great privilege of being numbered among his friends. . . .

"How should I hesitate to comply with such a requisition — well knowing, the while, how short I shall fall of expressing all I would!

"But what need is there that I should record in any other than the simplest terms my sense of the rare qualities of his heart and mind, — the amenity of his disposition harmonising so happily with his high feelings of duty, all the offices of which he discharged in so faithful and exemplary a manner, to none better known than to myself, eliciting the esteem and regard of all who acted in concert with him or fell within the sphere of his active superintendence.

"And yet he had a still higher claim to general respect: truly the crowning grace of his whole life was the high Christian character which manifested itself so unostentatiously, but so distinctly, whenever it could be

brought to influence action; and it is with perfect sincerity that I make the avowal that there was always something about his presence that reminded me more of what the Christian soldier ought to be than about that of any other with whom I have had so much habitual intercourse. Hence the blank which his departure made for me through many an after day; and his loss was shared, unconsciously it might be by some, but still largely shared by all around us.

"You will give me credit for feeling much more than I am saying, well knowing me always to be

"Yours, most sincerely,

"W. M. Gomm."

The Editor's task is now completed; and if this memoir be the means of confirming any heart in the path of virtue, of pointing out the real source of strength in the performance of duty, or of proving that refinement and elevation of character, delicacy and elegance of taste, and the best qualities of a chivalrous soldier and gentleman, are all compatible with the higher duties of a Christian, her labour will not have been in vain: the chief aim in life of him whose name she bears will be accomplished, and he, being dead, shall yet speak.

THE END.

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